for Dissie
then for Harvey
from Auntie
Mac "96

THE

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

FROM

THIS WORLD TO THAT WHICH IS TO COME,

DELIVERED UNDER

The Similitude of a Dream.

WHEREIN IS DISCOVERED

THE MANNER OF HIS SETTING OUT, HIS DANGEROUS JOURNEY, AND SAFE ARRIVAL AT THE DESIRED COUNTRY.

BY JOHN BUNYAN.

buried in Bunhill Fields Cemetery Lond

With Memoir of the Author by George Cheever, D.D.,

AND ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD BY G., E., AND J. DALZIEL,

FROM DESIGNS BY WILLIAM HARVEY.

"I have used similitudes."—Hosea xii. 10.

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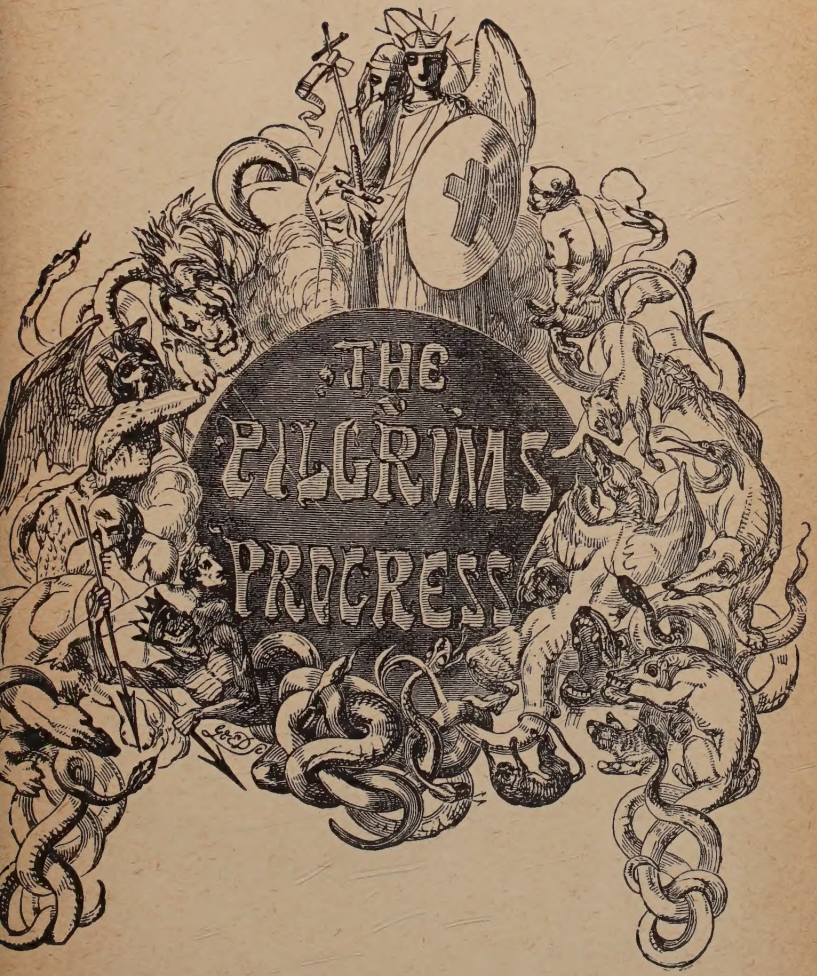
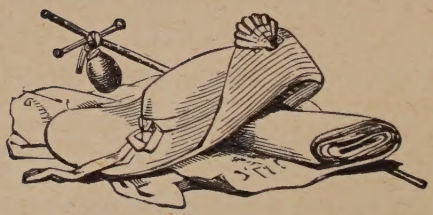

THE
PILGRIM'S
PROGRESS

Advertisement

In preparing the present Edition of The Pilgrim's Progress for the press, it has been the principal aim of the Editor to produce a correct text. At the commencement of his undertaking he was inclined to place much reliance on the very rare edition of 1688, which it was his good fortune to possess—the latest printed in the author's lifetime. He soon discovered, however, that, although less erroneous perhaps than some of its predecessors, it contained a sufficient amount of error, both of omission and of commission, to prevent its being implicitly relied on. He was, therefore, under the necessity of adopting a general comparison of the various editions published previous to the Author's death; and when any discrepancy occurred, to adopt the reading which, in his judgment, was most in accordance with Bunyan's style and characteristic mode of expression. In this labour much assistance has been derived from the edition prepared by

Mr. Offor for the Hanserd Knollys Society, which exhibits with great fidelity the original text, and the various alterations which the Author subsequently introduced.

To Dr. Cheever the publisher is indebted for the very interesting Memoir prefixed to the Volume which he kindly undertook to prepare for this Edition. Of the Illustrations it would be superfluous to speak. The ample Index will, it is hoped, be found an important and acceptable addition to the usefulness of the Work.



Elstow Church.

Introductory Memoir

OF THE

AUTHOR OF THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

MAN must not undertake "to gild refined gold, to paint the lily;" but who that is a lover of natural scenery could ever be wearied with walking on the solemn shore of the ocean, in storm or in calm, or gazing at the sunset, or at the midnight moon, or at Mont Blanc morning and evening, or at the cataract of Niagara, or at any of God's great works in nature? But His works of grace are more wonderful and glorious still; and they are every one of a mystical and inexhaustible variety and profoundness; so that, examine them which way you will, you have never fathomed them, never come to the end,—never, indeed, done any thing more than just begun to behold and measure the *unsearchable riches of Christ.*

Now such is the case in wondering at the work of God in the new creation of grace of a man like John Bunyan. The poets, the critics, and the best literati, may set their sharpest shining wits upon the illustration of this work, but they cannot overcome its novelty; it is always beyond them, always as wonderful and various as before they undertook to describe it. Neither one life, nor three, nor five, nor twenty, of the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress* can make the subject trite, nor exhaust it, because God, not man, is the Author of the author and the Inspirer of the book. So we are content and quiet, while ever so many writers, of ever so various professions, record their admiration, and relate their thoughts, and pursue the stream of an immortal life, as they individually have wandered along its borders.

It is an immortal life, not a record of external events merely; and that is the secret of its powerful interest. And if a man sees not, understands not, reveres not that life,—if he has no spiritual discernment of it, he is no more fit to trace or describe it than a man born blind is adequate to describe the colours of the rainbow or a sunset on the Nile. He may, in the most approved and exquisite style and language, record the chain of events, and note his criticisms upon them; but what does he see, or what can others see through him, of the meaning, the spiritual meaning, of such probationary hieroglyphics?

John Foster, in his essay on a man's writing memoirs of himself, speaks of the *immediate* causes of the greater portion of the prominent *actual* character of human beings, as certainly to be found in those moral elements through which they pass. He speaks of the interest with which, if such a thing were possible, a man might live back again to his infancy through all the scenes of his life, and give back from his mind and character, at each time and circumstance, as he repassed it, exactly that which he took from it when he was there before. It would be most curious, he says, to see the fragments and *exuviæ* of the moral man lying here and there along the retrograde path, and to find what he was in the beginning of this train of modifications and acquisitions.

Now we do not know that ever a human being made so near an approximation to this process in a perfectly authentic, sincere, reliable autobiography, as Bunyan has done in his memoirs of himself under the title of *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners*. If Bunyan had had Foster's suggestion before him, and had laboured to carry it out at every step, he could not have laid apart more carefully, more curiously, the *exuviæ* of his moral being, gathered from childhood onward. And he did this with such wonderful truth and accuracy, simply because he was tracing God's marvellous providence and grace *first of all*, and man's agencies *secondarily*, to illustrate that providence and grace.

Bunyan's whole life, indeed, was *grace abounding*; that is the whole truth; and the pathway and developments of his existence ought ever to be examined in that light. The exhibition, man-ward, is that of original character, intense and deep, developing itself God-ward. It is that of grace changing the character, and then, character and grace united, and wrestling with circumstances, to subdue them to God's purposes And all the way it is a powerful inward life, compared with the reality of which external things are but shadows.

The different stages of this life, and the natural attitudes of the

man, that are in some measure the exponents of it, even from the depths of a native depravity to the participation in a divine holiness, are full of interest and instruction. We set out with what Bunyan calls *my own*, "my own natural life;" nothing of God in it, but, on the contrary, the life of "the spirit that worketh in the children of disobedience." Born at Elstow in 1628, of very poor and inconsiderable parents, Bunyan recognises the Divine hand in that it pleased God to put it into the hearts of those parents to send their child to school, that he might learn to read and write according to the rate of other poor men's children; but again, he says that even that little learning he almost utterly lost through his absorbedness in the vanities, sports, and evil habits of his boyhood. Yet, even at that early period, he was terrified with dreams and visions of the world of judgment and of woe; and at the tender age of nine years, he thought at times so much of his own guilt, and of the utter desperateness of his condition as to any hope of heaven, that, in the barbarous simplicity and originality of his depravity, he wished either that there had been no hell, or that he himself had been a devil; for he supposed that the devils were merely tormentors of others, and if it must needs be that he himself should go into that world of torment, he would prefer the office of tormentor to the place of the tormented. What a singular contrast between the child and the man!—an entire change of disposition; for at any point after his experience of grace, Bunyan, if he had felt compelled to make such a choice, would rather have been the tormented than the tormentor. But these youthful terrors of hell, and these demoniac imaginations, the work of the troubled sea of a powerful mind under the broodings of the storm-wings of conscience, were soon forgotten amidst the activities of sin. "My pleasures," says Bunyan, "did quickly cut off the remembrance of them, as if they had never been."

For a picture of Bunyan in his boyhood, let the painter go with him into the fields, and simply trace the outlines of his own description. His youthful companion is gazing upon him with terror, as he stands, heedless and daring, with a live adder in his hands, forcing open the reptile's mouth with a stick, and plucking out its sting with his fingers. What a

strange and even fierce development of reckless resolution! Was this singular event, through which he passed unharmed, a prophetic symbol, under such a wild external form, of the conquering power of the future man of grace over sin? At this time he had but few equals for cursing, lying, swearing, and blaspheming the holy name of God. These were the growing habits of his childhood; and a fearful precocious ripening there seemed to be in the elements of his character for perdition. Whatever he did, he did with energy. Had he gone on in sin, he would have been one of the greatest sinners the world ever saw. Nor, though he had some few slight checks, did any thing, either of mercy or of judgment, stop this progress for some years. In that dread sin of cursing and swearing especially, as we have said, his boyhood was formidably energetic; and indeed, until the age of more than eighteen years, he was the ringleader of the boys in all manner of ungodliness.

The thought or name of personal religion was during all this while so hateful to him, that he could neither endure it himself nor bear to see others enjoying it. And yet, with all this delight in sin, and abandonment to it, there was never a doubt in his mind of the reality of religion, nor any want at times of conviction in regard to it. And it was a singular point in this experience, that even then, while he could not endure either a man or a book of true piety, and while neither the ideas of heaven nor hell, saving nor damning, were admitted into his mind, and while he took delight, not only in his own sins, but in the vileness of his companions, he had such a clear and delicate perception of the sacredness and awfulness of the Christian profession, that the conviction of his own guilt would come more especially upon his soul, and would grow into a flame within him, if at any time he saw a professor of religion "*dipping into sin*" to hear a man swear profanely who was accounted a religious man, was as a sword in his soul; it filled him with awe, and made his heart tremble. And yet all this while he

himself was becoming more and more profane, careless, and irreligious. This is almost an anomaly; we know of no other instance like it on record. It seemed as if there were a citadel of conviction in Bunyan's soul, into which the evil spirit had not been permitted to penetrate, and into which Christ would first come by His grace, and from that point drive out the strong man armed, and take possession.

In all this account of Bunyan's youthful wickedness, it is plain that there is no exaggeration; the boy's profaneness, for example, was so exceedingly intense and dreadful, that profane and irreligious persons themselves were shocked by it. He stood thus one day, cursing and swearing, and playing the madman beneath a neighbour's shop window. The woman of the house, who overheard him, Bunyan says, was herself a very loose and ungodly wretch; yet she declared that Bunyan's fury of cursing was such, that it made her tremble to hear him; she told him that he was the ungodliest fellow for swearing that ever she heard in all her life, and that he was enough to destroy the whole youth of the town, if they did but come in his company. There must have been an insanity of recklessness in his oaths to have drawn forth such a rebuke from such a source; and the reproof, so coming, struck Bunyan with a sudden and irresistible conviction and shame. He stood silent, and hung down his head, and wished with all his heart that he might be a little child again, that his father might teach him to speak without this wicked way of swearing; for he felt as if he were so accustomed to it, so bound round by it as a habit, that it was in vain for him to think of a reformatiom. And indeed, had it gone on much longer, it would certainly have been a realisation of that tremendous anathema in the 109th Psalm, which is not more a prediction of the Divine judgment in such a case, than a simple presentation of the inevitable consequences of habit in evil things. "As he loved cursing so let it come unto him. As he clothed himself with cursing, like as with his garment, so let it come like oil into his bones. Let it be unto him as the garment which covereth him, and for a girdle, wherewith he is girded continually." Can any man conceive a more terrible retribution for sin, for a voluntary habit of sinning, than its becoming a second nature,—inseparable and insuperable, an eternal law and principle of death in the being!

To this state was Bunyan hastening with most precocious swiftness, had not God's grace interposed. And here again we find the same singularity as before; we find a clear fountain of conviction down beneath all this depth of corruption and of evil habit, and the angel of Bunyan's childhood looks down into it, and the image of

an early comparative purity is reflected back to the memory, and possesses more power than if a thunderbolt had fallen at Bunyan's feet. *I wished with all my heart that I might be a little child again!* Oh, how many have wished that! and for the very same purpose,—that they might go over life again, by the heeding of God's gracious discipline, in freedom from the sins that have eaten into the life of the soul, and the peace and usefulness of the life. Perhaps King David himself was saying, like Bunyan, *Oh, that I might be a little child again!* when he stood and cried out unto God, "Remember not against me the iniquities of my youth!" And Job also, when he said, "Thou makest me to possess the iniquities of my youth." These things trouble and defile the soul, in many cases, long after the heart, by the grace of God, has travelled away from them. And this is the beauty of that poem by Henry Vaughan, that sad consciousness of a purer time and state from which the budding, opening being has but ripened into ruin:

> "Happy those early days, when I
> Shined in mine angel-infancy;
> Oh, how I long to travel back,
> And tread again that ancient track
> Before I taught my tongue to wound
> My conscience with a sinful sound,
> Or had the black art to dispense
> A several sin to every sense."

Let the age of Bunyan be remembered at this time, and it will be seen how near he came to the point where the habits of years pass into unchangeable fixtures of character, and the Providence and grace of God interposing at this point will appear still more wonderful. It is as if a hand divine were reached down from heaven to take up bodily an Indian canoe with a man in it, just whirled to the verge of the cataract of Niagara, and already bending over the brink to shoot into the maddening, boiling gulf below. Just so God snatched Bunyan back from the ruin of his vices. He was on the verge of eighteen years. It was about this time that he was signally preserved from death at the siege of Leicester by the Parliamentary army in 1645. He was drawn out for the attack, but, just as he was

ready to march, another soldier begged permission to go in his stead, and Bunyan agreed; and the man, standing sentinel, was shot in the head, and died. Carlyle says, speaking of King Charles's defeat at this time by Cromwell, "John Bunyan, I believe, is this night in Leicester,—not yet writing his *Pilgrim's Progress* on paper, but acting it on the face of the earth, with a brown matchlock on his shoulder. Or rather, without the matchlock just at present, Leicester and he having been taken the other day." But Bunyan was not then acting the Pilgrim of his immortal allegory, knew nothing about it, had not begun the heavenly pilgrimage, which, indeed, has nothing to do with brown matchlocks; but seemed hurrying, as fast as he could go, the other way, to destruction. His signal preservation at this time did not affect him in the least. He continued to sin as before, and grew even more rebellious against God, and careless of salvation.

"Presently after this," Bunyan says, "I changed my condition into a marriage state; and my mercy was to light upon a wife whose father was counted godly." A mercy, indeed! For the young woman was an orphan, and the only marriage-portion in the world which she brought to her husband was, the affectionate memory of the counsels and character of her Christian parent, together with those two books, which he had left her when he died, *The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven*, and *The Practice of Piety* The dead saint had more to do with the formation of the character of the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress* than those books; for, though sometimes Bunyan and his wife would sit down and read together in the two volumes, it is not probable that he ever read them through, or relished them much, and his wife seems to have read to him more frequently and effectually from her own recollections of the example of her godly father.

At this time they were very poor, not owning, Bunyan says, so much as a dish or a spoon between them; and certainly it was a hazardous and sorrowful prospect for the wife, if now the husband had not begun his reformation. His marriage was the turning-point in his history, the gate of at least an external change, and the means of breaking him away from sins that, persisted in, had been his ruin. His wife's affectionate conversation about the memory of her father, together with her reading aloud from the books aforesaid, begat within him some desires to reform his vicious life, although as yet not the least conviction of his sad and sinful state was produced within his heart.

On the contrary, his mind was turned powerfully at first to mere ritual practices, "to fall in very eagerly with the religion of the

times," which was, to go to church twice a-day, and there very devoutly to say and sing what others did, *yet retaining his wicked life*,—a thing not at all incompatible with that singular spirit of superstition into which he was now running like a zealot. For he adored with great devotion, not God, of whom he knew nothing, nor the divine things ministered in God's Word by the Holy Spirit, of which he was wholly ignorant, but all the things belonging to the church,—the altar, priest, clerk, vestment service, and all other fixtures. All things contained within the church were counted holy, but especially the priest and clerk most happy, "as being God's principals in the holy temple, to do His work therein." What a singularly instructive picture is this, to see Bunyan in his lowest state of ignorance,—beginning just at that point in religious superstition which seems to be the end with multitudes, and, in their utmost knowledge, a lasting delusion. For this enchantment of priest-reverence, this intoxication with the air and form of sacred things, was precisely the same with the mere religious sentimentalism that occupies the place of true piety in so many cultivated minds; a great and tasteful regard for sacred dresses, rubrics, repetitions, and cathedral pieties, to which the Apostle Paul in part refers when he says, "Let no man by these things beguile you of your reward." And all this kind of conceit was so powerful with Bunyan, the fever of this superstition was so intense upon him, that whenever he beheld a priest, though never so sordid and debauched in his life and character, his spirit fell under him, reverenced him, and was knit unto him, so that he could have laid down at the feet of such, and been trampled on by them, so entirely did their name, garb, and work intoxicate and bewitch him.

But if this is singularly instructive, it is still more so to find this state of mind immediately connected with the idea of an *Apostolical succession*, or giving birth to a droll caricature of the same. For, finding in Scripture that the Israelites were once the peculiar people of God, Bunyan thought if he were one of this race he was sure to be saved, and his soul must needs be happy. The inheritance and security of salvation, he thought, would have come down to him by succession and descent, if he could but establish that genealogy. This, therefore, was now the great point of interest with him, "Whether we were of the Israelites or no;" but how to be resolved about it he could not tell, till, concluding to break the matter to his father, whether they were Israelites, his father told him, pretty decidedly, no, they were not. So there was an end to Bunyan's dream of the succession. But it was singular that such things as these, which are the bloom and perfection of some systems, should

have come in the very first stage of Bunyan's most ignorant, delusive, superstitious experience. Perhaps he was saved from much evil afterwards by these things coming first.

All this while he was in no degree sensible of the nature, the evil, and the danger of sin. He never once thought of Christ, nor did it ever, in all these dreams about the sacred appointments and services of religion, enter into his head to think whether there was such a being as the Saviour or not, much less to think that sin would be his destruction, whatsoever religion he might follow, even if his father had told him they were Israelites, and could prove that they were such, unless he found that Saviour. This was one of the most singular hallucinations ever brought to view in all the records of biography. For, wicked as Bunyan was, and had been for many years, he saw nothing as yet of the incompatibility of such a life with his dreams of ritual piety and successional salvation.

The very first time he ever felt what guilt was, the first thrust from the sword of the Spirit that went thoroughly through all these easements of superstition into his soul, was on the hearing of a sermon "On the Sin of Sabbath-breaking." The Sabbath had been Bunyan's day of special delight, in all the evil to which he was addicted, as well as, since his ritual reformation, of special attention to the outward things of the "religion of the times." And thus far he had carried on his sins and his religion very successfully, and without quarrelling together. He would go to church with the foremost in the morning, and to his sports in the afternoon; and the solemn gravity and bewildering earnestness of his manner in the first employment must have constituted a most peculiar comparison with the entire abandonment of soul and concentration of energy in the last. Under this sermon his conscience was for the first time roused, and he went home with a great burden upon his spirit, believing that the preacher had made that sermon expressly for him.

But this was only a transitory disturbance, and even while he was dining the fire went out, as it does doubtless in many a conscience beneath the weight of a Sabbath's dinner. He shook the sermon out of his mind, much as a Newfoundland dog might shake off the water after plunging into it, and ran with eagerness to his afternoon's sports. But now, in the midst of the game of Cat, in which he was one of the players, there came over him a tide of mental experience, which reminds us of the phenomena of memory and consciousness, as sometimes supernaturally quickened in the struggling existence of a man drowning. It was as a vast trance of many things in a moment of time.

Bunyan's bat was just raised to strike a second blow in the game, when, as suddenly as the lightning, there darted into his soul a voice of thought, "Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?" Startled from his sport at this, he looked up to heaven, and it seemed to him as if the Lord Jesus were gazing down upon him in such hot displeasure for his sins, that as they passed in multitudinous array before him, he concluded they could never be forgiven. But from this swift and rash conclusion of despair, his mind sprang madly to the resolution, if that were the case, to go on in sin, and have as much of it as possible before the period of retribution should come. With that resolution the trance was concluded, and he returned desperately to his sport again, persuaded that he should never have any other comfort than what he could gain in sin, for that heaven was gone for ever. All these processes of thought, this play of conviction, remorse, and rebellion, passed perhaps more rapidly with Bunyan, in the midst of his playmates waiting for the game, than the time it takes to relate it. We should like to see the scene depicted by a master,—the dreaming boy gazing up to heaven, the game standing still for a moment, and the companions of Bunyan's activity wondering what spell had come over him. But no pencil could draw the inward conflict, or the remorse and desperation of the mind, with the heaven-defying position of the will that ended it.

In accordance with this, he went on for a season without any restraint, still seeking after some more exciting pleasure in sin, till after the lapse of about a month, when he received that reproof which we have noted, from an evil woman, for his extreme wickedness in profane swearing. This was the occasion of a reformation from that vice so sudden and marvellous, that Bunyan himself was astonished at it; for the evil habit had become a second nature to him; yet now it was broken up. And at the same time with this reformation, he began watchfully to strive to keep all the ten commandments, making *that* his way to heaven, and in this effort he succeeded externally so well, that all the neighbours marvelled at the change. They began to take him to be a very godly man, passing from such prodigious profaneness to such careful morality. They praised the change, and commended Bunyan for it; at which applause the poor ignorant sinner was greatly delighted, and went

on for more than a year, proud of his godliness, and doing all that he did in the way of keeping God's commandments, or endeavouring to keep them, solely either to be seen of men, or to be well spoken of by them. He says himself, in addition to this, that with all his religion and their praise, he knew neither Christ, nor grace, nor faith, nor hope. And, indeed, if he had rested in this external reformation, it must have been merely the assurance of his soul's ruin.

But God would not thus leave him to perish, but in His gracious providence was preparing him for the revelation of better things; this unexpected release from the power of his vicious habits being a wonderous discipline before the coming of grace. It was as when a vessel, grounded at her moorings, and waiting for a high tide before she can be got off, gets up her anchors and casts loose her chain-cables. Though that would do no good, unless the tide came in strong and high; yet it puts her in readiness to be lifted and made to swim, and to move off into the stream more swiftly and easily. So with this beginning of Bunyan's reformation. God would cast off, as it were, the chain-cables of those desperate habits *externally*, even while Bunyan's *heart* was as yet deeply grounded in sin. It was a most remarkable procedure, and a marvellous external moral change. We scarcely know where there is a parallel to it; for it is the case most generally that a mere external moral reformation, thus pleasing and profitable, and received with such applause of men, stops there, and goes not to the heart; and so the ship is merely unloosed from her moorings and set afloat, to founder by a great unnoticed leak, or to strike upon the rocks by a false and presumptuous navigation.

And now Bunyan was led to betake himself to the historical part of the Bible, with which he began to be much pleased, though he knew nothing of it spiritually, and could not endure the reading of Paul's Epistles. He was growing very self-complacent with his reformation, which had now been going on by the space of a twelvemonth or more, although he was all this while utterly ignorant of Jesus Christ, and of the corruptions of his own nature. In one thing after another he seemed to be breaking away from his sins, and every such seeming victory gave him great delight; and whenever he did anything which he thought was good, he had great peace in his conscience, and felt quite sure that no man in England could please God better than he.

If he had been left here, it is plain that he was deeper in the mire than ever; for every chain-cable of sinful habit cut loose from him only let him down into the quicksands of an imaginary

self-righteousness. The weight of pride was increasing in his hold, just in proportion as the chains of external evil were slackened. And while he seemed to be putting in a cargo of virtues, they were just sinking the ship, or preparing to sink it, if he did not discover the evil.

But now the tide was to come sweeping in, the tide of God's grace, and he was to receive better instruction. How simply, how lowlily, how beautifully does God work, that He may bring back the soul into the light of the living, and withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man! This true and living instruction came to Bunyan first from three or four poor women, sitting at a door in the sun, and talking about the things of God and heaven. Bunyan himself just now was a very brisk talker in the matter of religion. He was acting the part of his own Talkative; and being now in that frame, and thinking that he pleased God as well as any man in England, he drew him near to hear those pious neighbours, and to take part in their conversation. But to his astonishment, he heard a new language, and was confounded. The subject on which their hearts were kindling together was indeed that familiar one of religion; but in it those three or four poor women had gone utterly beyond Bunyan's experience; they spake of what he had never yet dreamed of, what he had never yet began to understand,—the conflicts and enjoyments of the heart, the flame of heartfelt, experimental piety,—an inward, hidden, spiritual life.

Here was a check and a blow that brought Bunyan down at once from his high estate. It was as if an arrow had reached an eagle on the wing. Bunyan had deemed himself a religious man, a great pleaser of God, and able to keep pace with any talker in the kingdom. He was as if a common carpet-weaver had deemed himself

capable of reproducing the cartoons of Raphael; or as if a mere smelter of the ores of paints had imagined himself a master of the art of painting, and had gone into the shop of Titian to see him and to talk with him, and had heard him conversing with other great geniuses, and had seen for the first time one of his great original productions. For Bunyan was really as ignorant of true religion as a man who never in his life beheld a picture, or had any employment but with black ore, could be ignorant of the mystery and art of painting. The idea of the New Birth, the idea of the regeneration of the heart by the Holy Spirit, had never once entered into Bunyan's mind. He never had dreamed of noticing the current of his secret thoughts, whether they were wicked or no; he knew and cared nothing for the temptations of Satan, or the way to resist and overcome them. He had thought nothing of the wickedness and deceitfulness of his own heart, and was not aware of it. He knew nothing of any Christian conflict against sin, nor of the promises of God to those engaged in it, nor of the wonders of Redemption through the blood of Christ.

And yet these were the sole subjects of conversation among these poor but happy women sitting in the sun. It was like the three shining ones with wings meeting Bunyan at the foot of the cross. That beautiful image and incident in the *Pilgrim's Progress* may have sprung up in Bunyan's soul from this very event in his own religious experience, although he had now no burden on his heart, and these women were rather God's instruments in putting it on, and making him see and feel it, than taking it off. They lightened him indeed, but it was by first bringing him into bondage.

The subject of these poor but happy women's talk was that of sincere, experimental piety, a theme on which Bunyan thought he knew a great deal, and could talk as well, and please God as well, as most women in England. Yet those three shining ones, although they talked on that theme, and talked evidently from the heart, and from an overflowing *joy* of the heart, spoke in a language that he could not understand, of things to which he was an utter stranger. They talked about their miserable lost state by nature, and the greatness of the work of God in their hearts; and what was stranger than all the rest to Bunyan, they talked of their own righteousness as being a poor and worthless thing, that could do them no good, but could only condemn them.

Now Bunyan had but just been labouring, and was still working, to build up just such a righteousness of his own; and he thought he had succeeded well; he set much by it, he thought it a wonderfully precious thing. He was therefore astounded, perplexed, and cast

down at such conversation. They talked, besides, so melodiously, and with such evidence of grace, and as if joy did make them talk, that *their* talking alone seemed a reality, while *his* appeared a poor heartless counterfeit. Now indeed his heart began to shake, and his mind misgave him in regard to his own condition, that he wanted all the tokens of a truly godly man.

Here was the very beginning of Bunyan's light and life; so true it is, that, until enlightened by the Divine Spirit, he that thinketh he knoweth any thing, knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know; and so true it is, that self-distrust and humility are the beginning of wisdom.

Moreover, here again was visible in Bunyan the heart of the little child, the inward, inborn, deep simplicity of his nature. Back again he goes to childhood, and waits, like a little child, on these poor women's heavenly conversation. The pride of his nature just then seemed to be all gone, and the more he went into the company of these poor people, the more he questioned concerning his own condition; and he now found within himself, to his own astonishment, a tenderness of heart, and a fixedness of soul upon the things of the kingdom of heaven, and an openness to scriptural conviction, which prepared him to come to the Word of God with a new vision. Every part of the Bible, but especially the Epistles of Paul, began now to be sweet and pleasant to him. And now commenced that unequalled intensity and fervour of reading and meditation, in which all the powers of his being were absorbed for years in the study of the Scriptures; all the while with importunate prayer to God, that he might know the truth and the way to heaven and glory. He distrusted his own wisdom, so that whatever he met of doctrine or example in others that was too hard for him, he betook himself in earnest prayer to God, feeling that he was himself but a fool, and weaker than a babe.

But at this period it is in Bunyan's life that he enters, and we enter with him, upon a series of years of the most distressing experience. Doubtless God saw that it was all requisite, that no one of these conflicts could be spared, though the sight is sometimes very strange to one looking on, the sight of a child of God permitted to be so terribly afflicted of the devil. As yet he cannot be considered a child of God, but is just finding out, to his amazement, that he is *not* such, *not* a Christian, that he knows nothing of true Christian

experience. He is just beginning to run from the City of Destruction, and is crying, "Which way shall I flee?"

He was now about nineteen years of age. From this time forward every step was taken by experience, and for the most part without any earthly guide or teacher. God at this time especially suffered no one to lead him. There were wrong tendencies in his own mind, which must be worked out in order to be corrected; there was to be a wrestling with native evils all the way, as well as a conflict with Satan, in order that Bunyan might grow, not in or by the conversation or theology of others, but in the knowledge of his own heart and of the wiles of the great adversary of the soul, by the teachings and influences of the grace of God. Thus the Holy Spirit, by the Word, was Bunyan's teacher, and what things he received he *knew;* he worked them out with as great originality almost as the Apostles themselves; the language of Paul, in the relation of his own experience, being quite applicable to Bunyan's soul: "*Striving according to his working, that worketh in me mightily;*" for mightily indeed did God work with Bunyan.

It was severe experience that taught him to trust God's Word as God had given it, and to wait upon God in His Word, and not upon the impulses of his own soul. This was Bunyan's danger, one of his most natural and hazardous temptations, from the first moment of his setting out from the City of Destruction, that of waiting upon his own powers, and obeying them too implicitly; a temptation and a danger from which the terrible pressure of his conflicts with the Adversary at length drove him effectually,—drove him from himself to God, taught him to look away from himself to Christ; and, until the learning of that lesson, he had nothing stable and secure.

He was, moreover, too imperiously under the despotism of his own imagination,—a faculty that God had given him in great richness and power, but which was to be subdued in captivity to Christ and His Word, before it could be instrumental in the great work of grace for which God was preparing Bunyan,—a work to be accomplished by the workings and productions of his sanctified genius. Bunyan himself, in looking back, saw that he himself, like Gideon, with the experiments of his fleeces, had tempted God when he ought to have believed and ventured upon His Word; and therefore did God permit him to be surrounded with enemies and harassed with temptations: for he should have believed His Word, and not put an *if* either upon God's all-seeingness or any of His promises.

It cost a series of successive conflicts of several years' continuance to wean Bunyan from the habit of waiting upon sudden impulses, and to form within him the habit of resting upon the Word of God

and upon Christ only, and of finding all his righteousness in Christ. In proportion as these habits were formed, his piety not only grew elevated and glowing, but strong and impregnable, and of a deep, ripe, serene, and heavenly character, that fitted him, as a wise master-builder, for his work with other souls, and, as an experienced guide, to mark for others the road that leads us to the Lamb. These two things particularly were gained by his temptations,—a deeper foundation in the Word of God, and a more simple and sole resting on the righteousness of Christ; and these two experiences were the source of Bunyan's power—,they were as the fore and main masts in Bunyan's spiritual vessel; by these the wind from heaven took him, and carried him on triumphantly.

We think it is safe to say, as we trace the buffetings between self and Satan, and the temporary blindness of some of Bunyan's conclusions in the midst of them, that God sometimes *suffered* Bunyan to fall into *mistakes*, by the discipline of which the native erroneous tendencies of his mind might be brought out, and an experienced judgment, by grace and truth, set against them. Evil after evil was revealed to him in his own nature, and through erroneous suppositions he often came to right ones,—an exhaustive process, most instructive and powerful. Every error that Bunyan fell into, and found out, was a piece of wisdom, priceless, unpurchaseable, so that the very temptations presented by his soul's lying adversary were turned into articles of Christian armour of proof for him.

With all this, it is to be carefully marked that there resulted from this discipline, and from the loneliness of Bunyan in it, nothing of the dogmatism or narrow-mindedness of the mere self-made man. Dogmatism is the fruit of second-hand knowledge; but what a man receives from the Spirit of God makes him anything but self-confident, though full of confidence in God. What a man gets from the Scriptures in love, by the Spirit, he *holds* in love, though with unquestioning and unshakeable firmness. There is all the difference between the dogmatism of second-hand knowledge, or an imitated experience, and the simplicity, variety, and pliability, yet fixedness of knowledge given direct and original from the Spirit and the Word of God, that there is between a tree, which might be carved out of pieces of hickory, nicely adjusted, with even the bark upon them, but, of course, immovable, and one of nature's own trees, growing, in the air, fixed, indeed, by its roots in the ground, but covered with fresh whispering leaves, stirred by the breezes, and the whole tree gracefully bending in the wind. Such is the difference between dogmatism and life.

Moreover, in his Christian character and attainments, one thing

was always balanced by another, through the Divine providence and grace, as a painter would mix his colours, and grind them in with one another, so that at length the just tone, beauty, and harmony of colouring should be attained. Bunyan was not allowed to make any one part of Christian experience the *reigning* part, or to take any one grace or truth, and run it to exclusive extremes, neglecting or disparaging others, nor to be satisfied with any attainment in a crude state. For still, as fast as he seemed to be gaining something, he was beaten down in that or another direction before he had opportunity for vain boasting, or a presumptuous trial of his attainments. And as fast as he really gained anything, he was kept from the self-complacent knowledge of it; it was put away for safe-keeping and increase in the savings-bank of Humility, and Bunyan was set upon some other trial and labour. And so it went on for years. There was hardly ever such discipline with mortal man, that we know of. Every grace he got was exposed to trial so as by fire, that all the wood, hay, and stubble might be burned out of it beforehand. It was like taking a new-made salamander safe, and exposing it, for a thorough test, with records inside, to the heat of a great furnace. It was as if a smith, making a coat of armour for another, should be compelled to try every part of it by trying it on, and having bullets shot against himself.

We say, in looking back, that Bunyan fell into such and such errors that were the cause of much suffering; that he was often in a morbid state, and often mistook the meaning of passages of Scripture; and that he might have arrived at a peaceful termination of his conflicts by a much shorter cut, if he had taken the right steps. But where then would have been that most truthful and striking picture of the Slough of Despond in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, with the true steps often hidden from sight under the mire of heart-corruptions? Most true it is that Bunyan worked his way through a slough of errors and difficulties incomparably worse than any revealed in that part of the passage of his Pilgrim; and this shows that in that marvellous book he never exaggerated anything; but by that very discipline it was that he came to such perfect mastery of truth and religious experience. He was often perplexing himself needlessly about his acceptance with Christ, when his right and happy way plainly would have been to leave all that anxiety *with* Christ, and to go straight forward in the path of duty. But how then should he have become master of all that class of windings and difficulties in the human heart, so as to teach other souls in like troubles? God was preparing in him a light that should not be hid under a bushel. There was to be in his experience a length and variety of mistakes, temptations, attainments, discoveries, trials, conflicts, clash-

ing, commingling, crossing, out of which there should arise a calmness and serenity of heavenly wisdom, like the evening sky after a storm.

So in all his intense strivings after particular graces and assurances, and even in his mistaken searches after things that were not to be found, he always gained a far greater knowledge in the end than he contemplated in the outset. A whole twelvemonth he was once searching through the Bible for a passage, not existing in it, but which at length he found in the Apocrypha, and from which he had gained much comfort, even while asking first one good man, and then another, and another, where it was to be found. And every day of that search he was growing in experience and wisdom, and was learning indeed so much of the grace and love of God in His Word, that when he found the apocryphal nature of that passage which had encouraged him, he was prepared for the discovery without being in the least daunted by it, because he saw that the sum and substance of it were contained in many promises. Just in the same way his trials about faith, election, and the day of grace being gone, all successively drove him to such intense searching of the Scriptures on those points, that the knowledge acquired amidst such flames of anxious feeling was very great and inestimable, and was burnt in upon his soul. As fast as the colours came out, the flames were turned upon them, and they were fixed. Nothing so gained could ever be lost or forgotten. He did not go to the Bible for external use merely, to point a moral, or to get balls for his cannon, or a bell for his steeple; but he ran to it for life, personal life, and every acquisition was one of life and experience. There was no hot-house, artificial, or mere sentimental religious vegetation in his character; it was all a vigorous, natural, sweet growth, under the open air, sun, rain, wind, and tempests.

Even the Scriptures that made him faint and fear, yet kindled an unquenchable fire of resolution in his soul. And the temptations and mistakes by which he was driven to his wits' end, came at last to be but elements of profound knowledge and faith. He was sometimes so tossed and perplexed, as he says, between the devil and his own ignorance, that he could not tell what to do; as when, under a mistake in regard to the nature of faith, he was tempted to settle the question, whether he had any faith or no, by working a miracle. This temptation, as he says, was so hot upon him, that one day, as he was passing between Elstow and Bedford, he felt an irresistible impulse to command a dry place by the roadside to become a pool of water; but even just as he was going to speak, the thought came into his mind, "*Go first under yonder hedge, and pray that God will make you able.*"

Such was the conflict and combination between error and truth, fear, anxiety, distrust, presumption, good sense, and faith, the suggestions of the tempter and the Word of God, the blinding of Satan and the enlightening of the Holy Spirit. The result of these conflicts was always an advancement from the darkness to the day. God sometimes made Bunyan wait at a passage of Scripture for many months together, studying it on all sides, as an army would beleaguer a fortress to take it, yet showing him nothing; but then, after all this waiting, and praying, and labouring, and longing, when the discovery came, when the light broke, how glorious, how beautiful, how refreshing!

It was many months of this conflicting experience before Bunyan even gained courage to break his mind to those poor people in Bedford, from whose heavenly conversation he had gained the first true idea and heart-felt sight of the nature of real piety. When he did speak to them, they at once told Mr. Gifford, their pastor, about his case, and that faithful minister took frequent occasion to converse with Bunyan, and also invited him to those meetings at his own house where he was accustomed to converse with others; from which instructive conversation, by listening to it, Bunyan seemed to gain more knowledge than he did out of inquiries or directions addressed to his own soul.

Mr. Gifford was a Baptist minister who had once served as a major in the king's army, but afterwards became a medical practitioner, and then, when converted (which conversion was by one of the most sudden, overpowering, and marvellous interpositions of Providence and grace on record), taught his neighbours in the Gospel, and at length, like Apollos the Jew of Alexandria, having learned the way of the Lord more perfectly, and a church having gradually gathered around him, he became their pastor. He was doubtless the original of Bunyan's Evangelist in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and, judging from the tenour of his instructions, "holy Mr. Gifford," as Bunyan calls him, must have been a most judicious and experienced, as well as fervent and affectionate minister of Christ. He told Bunyan and the rest of his flock one thing, which Bunyan had already learned from his own experience by the teaching of the Divine Spirit, which was, not to take any truth upon trust, as from this, or that, or any other man or men, but to cry

mightily unto God to convince them of the reality of each truth, and to set them down therein by His own Spirit in His holy Word, so that, when temptation should come upon them, they might not find those things giving way of which they once thought they had evidence and knowledge. This was wise teaching; and meeting Bunyan's own heartfelt experience as it did, it was as refreshing and delightful to him as the former and latter rain in its season. His soul was led from truth to truth by the Divine Spirit, so that, let men say what they would, he counted it nothing, unless he had it with evidence from heaven.

But the first result of Mr. Gifford's instructions was an unexpected revelation to Bunyan of the depths of corruption in his own heart. He had such sore and terrible experience of its evils, that he was almost overwhelmed; for he saw that none of his wicked desires were dead within him, but he had a heart that *would* sin, under a law that *must* condemn, and he was driven as with a tempest, by his corruptions; and though all the while endeavouring to seek after Christ, and praying that He would open the door of his heart and take possession, yet he found unbelief rising up in great strength, and setting the shoulder against the door to keep the Saviour out. His conscience all the while was so exceedingly scrupulous and tender, that he hardly dared to speak for fear of sinning; and as to his corruptions, he found himself as in a miry bog, that shook if he did but stir; and there he seemed to be left alone and abandoned of God, Christ, the Holy Spirit, and all good things.

From the sight that he had of his own sins, and of the desperate wickedness of his heart, his descriptions of which remind us of one of Cowper's simple hymns, beginning—

> "My God, how perfect are thy ways,
> But mine polluted are,"

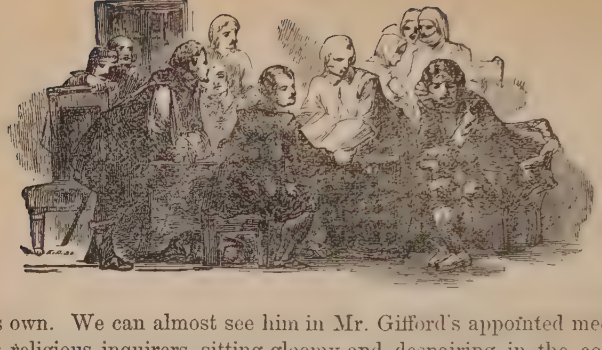
he fell deeply into despair, concluding that such vigorous and hateful evils as he found within himself could not possibly consist with a state of grace. He thought now it was impossible that he ever should get so far as to thank God that He had made him a man. The condition of the fishes in the sea, he thought, was to be desired rather than his, which for years together was but a protracted experience of all that is contained in that outcry in the seventh of Romans—"Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death!"

In this very state, we say, he continued, with brief alternations, for several years. But let no man think that this state, though bordering on despair, was with him a mere gloomy, brooding inac-

tivity. Very far from that; for he was working all the while with all the intensity of his soul, flying from text to text, conflicting now with one element, now with another, of inward unbelief and external temptation, as a bewildered man wandering in black midnight over craggy mountains in a thunder-storm. All this while, and, indeed, ever through his whole life, and without any interval, he had the most powerful conviction of an eternal retribution, and such a vivid, overmastering sense of it, that whatever seductions or temptations might be placed before him, the thought of one hour in hell would be sufficient to calcine them all.

So, in conjunction with this, there were two things during these years of conflict, that, in his observance of the world around him, filled him with wonder. One of these marvels was, when he saw old people, on the verge of eternity, hunting after the things of this life, as if they should live here always; and the other was, when he saw professed Christians much distressed and cast down by outward losses, as of husband, wife, child, or other trials. Lord, thought Bunyan, what ado is here about such little things as these! And this state of mind was most impressive truth; it had an undeniable congruity, a stern and solemn consistency with the personal anxieties of an immortal soul in peril of eternal ruin; it was in exact correspondence with our Saviour's own question, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" This state of mind was to Bunyan a source of great power, and of great clearness of vision. He saw men walking in a vain show upon a thin sulphurous crust over a bottomless volcano; he saw and felt the sharp impressive contrasts between the worthlessness of all mere earthly objects of pursuit, with the mad absorbedness of men in them, and the worth of heaven, and the terribleness of hell, with the indifference of men to both. And amidst all this terror of spirit, this energy of personal despair on account of his own wickedness, Bunyan would not for the world have had his sense of sin diminished, except by a sure finding of Christ. That sense of sin was the source of his anguish and despondency, and yet he was fearful of losing it; for he found, from his observance of others, as well as by a keen watching of his own experience, that "unless guilt of conscience was taken off the right way, that is, by the blood of Christ, a man grew rather worse for the loss of his trouble of mind than better."

And here it is a marvellous thing to see the vigilance of Bunyan's mind as to the workings of conviction in others; to see the unerring sagacity, the almost fearful distinctness with which he beheld souls going in a wrong direction, and made their errors a caution against



his own. We can almost see him in Mr. Gifford's appointed meeting for religious inquirers, sitting gloomy and despairing in the corner, like a condemned spirit, yet thrillingly alive to the import of all that was going on, and knowing, with almost intuitive certainty, the case of those who were gradually losing their burden (that weight of guilt that lay so hard upon his own soul), without Christ taking it off from them. He dreaded losing the sense of his sinfulness, unless it were removed in the right way; and he earnestly prayed to God that it might not go off, except by the application of God's mercy, through Christ, to his soul. "And that," says he, "which made me the more afraid of this was, because I had seen some, who, though they were under the wounds of conscience, and would cry and pray, *yet feeling rather present ease for their trouble, than pardon for their sin, cared not how they lost their guilt, so they got it out of their mind*; but having got it off the wrong way, it was not sanctified unto them; but they grew harder and blinder, and more wicked after their trouble. *This made me afraid, and made me cry unto God the more, that it might not be so with me.*"

All this continued for years! And the very first brief interval of comfort and peace in Bunyan's soul came from Christ, and from Him only. Truly it is a most wonderful exhibition. And we see in all this introduction of Bunyan's soul to the point of arrival at the Wicket Gate (for only thus far has he yet come), the source of that exquisite wisdom and beauty in his own delineation of the course of his own Pilgrim, not only through all his adventures in the Slough of Despond, but in the meeting with Mr. Worldly-wiseman, and the counsels of Carnal Policy and Legality, and the terrors of the over-hanging, fiery-flashing Hill. It was a long, weary, painful, yet most instructive discipline. Bunyan opens the happy change of experience that leads out of it with the following words: *So in process of time Christian got up to the gate*; and in that brief note of time, that *process of time*, how much is covered up! Certainly, we think, all that experience related in the *Grace Abounding*, up to what he

has called the "comforting time," when he heard a sermon on the love of Christ, the powerful effect of which upon his soul was coupled by a singular beauty of experience with the remembrance of Peter's feelings when delivered from his prison: "*He wist not that it was true, which was come unto him of the angel.*"

All this while Bunyan was at school, and the Law was his schoolmaster, to bring him to Christ; and he passed through a most profound and deep fundamental training. We often see something such an *intellectual* training to prepare men's minds for great pursuits and attainments in this life; and *that* we do not so much wonder at. We see young men at their universities passing through a course of the abstract sciences, with the utmost tension and intensity of mind for years; and we sometimes see them, on their own part, bending, applying, and disciplining their faculties in this way, just merely to carry off from other competitors the honours of the course, the distinction of senior wrangler for the year, or other like insignificant applauses, although, indeed, the object of their teachers is far higher and more distant. Poor sensitive Henry Kirke White almost killed himself by three or four years of mathematics. And men claim that such discipline wonderfully strengthens the mind, and prepares it in every direction for the encounter of the great affairs of life.

And unquestionably a similar *spiritual* discipline is necessary to prepare the soul for an entrance on the great affairs of redemption, for the study and possession of the unsearchable riches of that mighty system, with a power of intense appreciation of them, and a heartfelt, enthusiastic, passionate understanding and love of them, and a wise, earnest, glowing application of them to other minds. It is as clear as the sun that the Spirit of God was Bunyan's teacher, leading him through all this varied, intense, and difficult course of study and experience, in which not only the powers of his intellect, but the strength of conscience, the feelings of his heart, and all the sensibilities of his being were taxed almost to the utmost height of endurance, and disciplined in a large, free, full development, from step to step, in the knowledge both of the things of the natural man and the things of the spiritual man, in order that he might be a workman of God, needing not to be ashamed, prepared for just that great work which God had for him to do, and would do by him. The whole scene, in this light, is of a wondrous beauty, instructiveness, and interest.

And all this, it is to be remarked, while events of such commanding importance and excitement were going on about him. But the point at which he and his destinies and his influences were to be linked by Divine Providence with those events, and to be indissolubly connected

thenceforward with the fortunes of multitudes of souls, and inwoven in the history of the Church of Christ on earth, was not yet reached. So for the present this great work of preparation goes forward silently and unnoticed; and the affairs of this world, and the despotisms of civil and ecclesiastical hierarchies are not yet permitted to try their grasp on Bunyan, or to mingle with the sublime personal conflict of his soul against the powers of darkness. There was he, in the lonely seclusion of the village of his youth, and in the despised pursuit of his trade as a mender of pots and kettles (*though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold*); absolutely almost unconscious that there was such a whirl of this world round about him, so swallowed up was his soul in the anxieties of a personal salvation. And who, indeed, would not be just as much absorbed, if God maintained within the soul such a vivid sense of eternity and of an eternal retribution as Bunyan had upon him? There is nothing but must yield to the mastery of that sense of eternity. No interest of kingdoms, no conflicts of states, no revolutions, nor universal wars in this world, nor fortunes of rolling empires, nor any dramas of parliaments in the mingled din of musketry and eloquence, with a nation's life or death depending, nor of commonwealths led by heroic warriors, nor of the heads of kings struck off upon solemn scaffolds, could stand against the interests of one soul in peril of everlasting death, and struggling for eternity.

And it was that, and justly that, that commanded and confined the whole energies of Bunyan's being. Without were fightings, indeed, of terrible import and vast moment; but within were fears that made the external chaos almost as a serene and shining orb in the comparison. Things of absorbing interest were indeed going on about him; but for Bunyan the whole interest of life was centered in the question of an eternal salvation. From about the period in 1645, when God withheld him from death at the siege of Leicester, to near the year 1653, when the kingdom of Great Britain had passed into a Republic, and King Charles had gone to his eternal reckoning, Bunyan was almost as effectually a being of another world, as if he had been in a trance conveyed to a distant planet. There was the Long Parliament, the Civil War, the throne overturned, Charles beheaded, Cromwell reigning, the hierarchical despotism down; but all these things were as fleeting visions of the night to Bunyan, for the pathway of his soul lay not yet across and among them.

In the year 1653 Bunyan was first received into the visible Church of Christ on earth, the Baptist church in Bedford, under the pastorship of Mr. Gifford. It was a great day for Bunyan, the

beginning of his career of external power and usefulness. In that same year, 1653, Oliver Cromwell was admitted Lord Protector of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Here were two kings, and God had given them the victory. Yet were they to pass through greater perils still; and any kingdom or power of this world merely was but as a dead straw, in comparison with the kingdom and power of life before them. Well may each, in Carlyle's language and imagery, the solemnity of the meaning of which no grotesqueness can conceal from the conscience, putting the common man's hat upon their heads, exclaim, "God enable me to be King of what lies under this! For Eternities lie under it, and Infinities, and Heaven also, and Hell. And it is as big as the Universe, this Kingdom; and I am to conquer it, or be for ever conquered by it, NOW WHILE IT IS CALLED TO-DAY!"

But in touching upon this date and event of Bunyan's union with the visible Church of Christ, we have somewhat anticipated events in the progress of our sketch of the Divine providence and grace in his experience. We have traced him, as we said, only to the Wicket Gate; for we think that the sunny place under the shinings of the love of Christ, to which we have followed him, is the first door opened to him where the burdened pilgrim was welcomed in, and began to feel as if indeed the Lord had redeemed him.

It was, in Bunyan's imagination, as the iron gate that leadeth unto the city, through which, after passing the first and second ward, the angel led Peter out; and then thinking upon the matter, he said within himself, "Now I know of a surety that the Lord hath sent His angel, and hath delivered me." So at the gate of that sermon on the love of Christ, Bunyan's heart was filled with comfort and hope. As he went home and mused upon God's love and mercy to such a sinner, he thought he could have spoken of it to the very crows that sat cawing upon the ploughed lands before him. "Would I had a pen and ink here," he said; "I would write this down before I go any farther; for surely I will not forget this forty years hence."

Elstow Place.

Here was the future author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, with the spontaneous power of genius already set on fire and stirring within him. But to begin that work yet would have been premature, even with all the fire of love with which his soul was burning even had it continued bright and sensible. Many years more of difficulty and danger, of trial, conflict, and temptation, of exceedingly varied and alternating experience, and much deeper depths of the knowledge of his own heart, and of the Divine Scriptures, and of the dealings of God with others, would be requisite, all mellowed down by grace into a heavenly wisdom, sevenfold purified, before God would set His servant to that work.

And whereas poor Bunyan thought that forty years could not make him forget that glad experience, within forty days he began to question it all again, and to doubt its reality, or its belonging to himself. And now indeed the great tempter was about to open one of his main batteries upon him, of which Bunyan afterwards felt that he had at the time a plain and powerful warning; for about a fortnight after the sweet interval of reigning grace and consolation through the love of Christ, the words of our blessed Lord to Peter before just such an attack from the great adversary, came rolling and rattling like a peal of thunder in Bunyan's mind: "*Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you.*" The impression of it was so vivid, so life-like, so piercing, as a personal address to Bunyan's own soul, that sometimes, under the power of this imagination, he turned his head, as if a man at a great distance had called loudly behind him. And he soon perceived the end of God therein, when the water-spout of temptation burst upon him, as clearly as Peter remembered the words of the Lord, and knew their meaning, when the storm came down upon *him*. Nor is there any reason whatever to doubt that Bunyan's own interpretation of this matter, as the plain providence of God, when looking back upon it after years of calm reflection, was the right one; that the presentation of that Scripture to his soul was the ministration of the Divine Spirit, to warn and prepare him for what was to come, by stirring him up to watchfulness and prayer.

And here we may see a new evidence of the Divine wisdom and mercy guiding Bunyan's way, in looking back upon the previous years, which, under great terror of mind because of sin, he had spent

in such intense study of the Word of God, amidst successive particular temptations. The living knowledge of the Scriptures thus acquired, and, as we have said, burnt in upon his soul, prepared him for that more direct and terrible onset of the powers of darkness which he was now to experience, and which, he says, when it came, was twenty times worse than all he had met with before. And so indeed it was; for in all the records of spiritual experience to be found in our language, or any other, you can find no such scene of terrible conflict as this. And it lasted, almost without interval, for a whole year. It was like a midnight tropical hurricane, where the ship drives on, enveloped in palpable, appalling darkness; the sea and the sky one wide commingling cataract, yet sheeted with intense flames of lightning; where the helpless crew, amidst the bursting rain and thunder, momentarily expect to founder, or that the ship will be torn in pieces or set bodily on fire. Rain, lightning, whirlwind, and darkness! Thus was Bunyan's bark driven upon the raging waves, the light all gone, darkness in the soul, floods of blasphemies poured down as from the vault of hell, so filling the mind and overweighing the heart with their number, continuance, and fiery force, that Bunyan felt as if incessantly there were nothing else, and room for nothing else within him, and as if God had, in very wrath to his soul, given him up to them to be carried away with them, as with a mighty whirlwind.

And here the early sins of Bunyan, especially his terrific habit of cursing and swearing, gave great power to the tempter, and venom to his fiery darts. The Valley of the Shadow of Death is here, and clouds of smoke and flame, as from the bottomless pit, enveloping the dark mountains; and demons sputtering their jets of blasphemy, and folding their filthy wings around the soul, and so blinding and distracting it, that it cannot tell whether the evil thoughts that fill it with such anguish and horror are its own suggestions, or the noise of fiends flying in the darkness. And here too is depicted a morbid state of the soul, so terrible, that he who has ever experienced the like, almost starts back from perusing even the record of it, lest its snake-like fascinations should come over him again;—a state of the soul, where the attempt to throw off and exclude a horrid thought or image only fixes it, and bodies it forth in more palpable and hideous reality; so that, as a murderer pursued by conscience, the soul can only fly swiftly, not daring to look behind. But it cannot be always flying; and yet, the moment it attempts to stop and face its adversary, the terror glares up again, frightful and malignant.

Let this morbid terror of a thought or image thrusting itself

upon the soul increase to a certain point, and it becomes insanity. All the physicians, medicines, friends, and careful attentions on earth, could do nothing to minister to a mind thus diseased. God only is the keeper of our reason, and it was He only who kept Bunyan's mind from madness, and delivered him at length from the body of this death. He was sometimes so haunted and tortured with the suggestion or imagination of giving expression even to a blasphemy which should, if possible, be the sin against the Holy Ghost, that he was ready to clap his hands to his mouth, and forcibly press his chin, to keep his lips from utterance. Here it was that Bunyan realised perhaps more than Job himself experienced or imagined when he said, "Thou writest bitter things against me, and makest me to possess the iniquities of my youth." For it *was* the iniquities of Bunyan's youth, through which, as through the grated bars of prison windows, these demoniac forms, frenzies, and fiery darts of hell came swarming in upon him.

And, in general, the language of Job is marvellously suited to the nature and fierceness of Bunyan's distresses; only it is to be remarked that, in comparison with Bunyan's trials, Job's were but temporaryand transitory, while Bunyan's, in each of the great seas on which he was tossed, lasted for years. They could both say, "Terrors are turned upon me; they pursue my soul as the wind. Thou liftest me up to the wind, and causest me to ride upon it. The arrows of the Almighty are within me: the poison thereof drinketh up my spirit; the terrors of God do set themselves in array against me. He breaketh me with a tempest, and filleth me with bitterness. Mine affliction increaseth; Thou huntest me as a fierce lion. Thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions, so that my soul chooseth strangling and death rather than life. God hath taken me by my neck, and shaken me to pieces, and set me up for His mark. He breaketh me with breach upon breach; He runneth upon me like a giant."

And all the while there was a leering, malignant spirit glaring upon both; not more really, we believe, in the case of Job than in that of Bunyan; and each might have said, in that graphic, impressive, powerful imagery of Job, "Mine enemy *sharpeneth his eyes upon me;*" it is as if you saw the eyes of a hungry tiger watching the prey from his lair; "he gnasheth on me with his teeth." But after all, God had the gracious ordering of all these things, as both Job and Bunyan saw, and joyfully, in time, acknowledged. "I saw," says Bunyan, in the review of these things twenty years afterwards, "that as God had in His hand all the providences and dispensations that overtook His elect, so He had

His hand in all the temptations that they had to sin against Him; not to animate them to wickedness, but to choose their temptations and troubles for them; and also to leave them for a time to such things only as might not destroy but humble them; as might not put them beyond, but lay them in the way of the renewing of His mercy."

But this beauty and loveliness of God's wisdom in choosing, refining, and purifying His people, Bunyan could not at this time see; and what added to his misery under these besetments of Satan and boilings up of the mire of sin to devour him was, that he found his heart so exceeding hard at times, that though he would have given a thousand pounds for a tear, he could not shed one, and seemed to himself to have no feeling: a very natural result, and almost inevitable, at intervals, of his great *excess* of feeling; for nature itself could not support such an interminable war.

In the midst of all these evils, let it not be supposed that Bunyan was driven either by the fiend Apollyon or by his own heart to the neglect of any spiritual duty, or possible means of grace set before him. He attended all the while, with great diligence, on the Word of God and prayer, hoping still for mercy; although for the space of a whole year his performances of these particular duties were the occasions of his sharpest distress by reason of these temptations; and nothing can be a more convincing revelation of the anguish of his state, and the intolerableness of these temptations, than the fact that, in attending upon the ordinances of God, though he would not be driven from those duties, he was then most of all tortured with blasphemies; whether hearing the Word, or reading it, or engaged in prayer, the enemy of his soul, and the morbid terrors of his heart, took those very opportunities to trouble him. They stood, as it were, in the very gates of Paradise,—in the very lanes through which Bunyan must pass to heaven, and thronged the passages with dreadful faces and with fiery arms. But though all these complicated evils brought his soul into great straits, so that he was laid, as it were, at the mouth of hell, they did never, by reason of God's watchful and sustaining grace, prevail with him to slacken his zeal for heaven and glory, or diminish his importunity in prayer, or turn him away from the sole object of his life, the finding of his Saviour. Nay, in these fierce fires his resolutions heavenward were rather confirmed and purified daily.

This long and terrible season of conflict and darkness was to Bunyan's own soul the Valley of the Shadow of Death, of which he has presented so gloomy and powerful a delineation in the progress of his Pilgrim. A point most manifestly taken from his

own experience at this time is that where he says that he took notice that now poor Christian was so confounded *that he did not know his own voice*, and had not the discretion either to stop his ears, or to know from whence the blasphemies, that seemed uttered out of his own mind, really came.

Furthermore, there is at this period in Bunyan's experience the interesting event of his meeting with the old tattered copy of Martin Luther's *Commentary on Galatians*, in which, he says, he found his own condition so largely and profoundly handled, as if the book had been written out of his own heart. This was when he was longing much to see some ancient godly man's experience; and indeed it was almost the first human being that had met him, to comfort him or direct him aright, except those poor women at Bedford and "holy Mr. Gifford," their pastor. And Bunyan is enforced to say, that he does prefer this book of Martin Luther upon the Galatians, excepting the holy Bible, before all the books that ever he has seen, as most fit for a wounded conscience.

This, we apprehend, is the original of just that beautiful incident recorded in the progress of Christian through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, where, when Christian had travelled in this disconsolate condition some considerable time, he thought he heard the voice of a man as going before him, saying, "Though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no ill, for Thou art with me." This, doubtless, was Luther's voice; and by it Bunyan perceived that some others who feared God might be in this valley as well as himself, and that God was with them, though in that dark and dismal state; and, therefore, might also be with him, although by reason of the darkness, smoke, flames, and rushing evil creatures, he could not then perceive it. King David had been there also, and Bunyan refers to his experience in the 69th Psalm, when he cried, "Deliver me out of the mire, and let me not sink; let me be delivered from them that hate me, and out of the deep waters. Let not the water-flood overflow me, neither let the deep swallow me up, and let not the pit shut her mouth upon me." These footprints and voices of Luther and of David were a joy to Bunyan's soul.

And now the storm began to lighten, and the day to break. The water-spouts ceased bursting, and, at brief intervals, the sun shone down through a bright promise, as through a rift in the thunder-

rolling clouds, over the waste of waters. "Hints, touches, and short visits of mercy," says Bunyan, "though very sweet at present, yet they lasted not, but like to Peter's sheet, were of a sudden caught up again to heaven." "But at length," says he, "the temptation was removed, and I was put into my right mind again, as other Christians were. And whereas before, I lay continually trembling at the mouth of hell, now methought I was got so far therefrom that I could not, when I looked back, scarce discern it." And now he felt as if he had evidence from heaven of his salvation, with many golden seals thereon, in manifestations of Divine grace, all hanging in his sight.

And now, indeed, he enjoyed sweet disclosures of his Saviour's love and comfort of His promises, and was led from truth to truth by the Spirit of God, and was gaining an experience of grace, which itself again was speedily to be tried so as by fire, and strengthened by renewed temptations. For such was the course of God with this chosen vessel of His grace, as when a workman, with a set of vases intended to be of exquisite rareness and beauty, prepares the figures of his pictures upon them slowly one by one, and carefully completes them; first gives one set of colours, then burns it in, then another set, and burns that, and so on, till all the figures and designs are finished; so the colours that were now fresh in Bunyan's Christian experience must be burnt in; and such was the course of God with him from revelations to temptations, and from temptations to revelations.

And as his temptations had been long and fearful, so the discoveries of grace were now exceedingly rich and entrancing. And now he found, as he thought, that he loved Christ dearly. What a diary would he have written had he then put pen to paper, to record his glowing affections and experiences! But here, again, to have begun his *Pilgrim's Progress* would have been premature. And if Bunyan himself had stopped here, he would soon have sunk down from this apparent flame and exaltation of love into the common experience of an ordinary Christian. His newly-acquired and discovered graces were to be tried to purpose, and that quickly. He must have deeper trials yet, and a more thorough beating down of all pride, and a longer and more intense purification in the crucible. "And so," says Bunyan, "after the Lord had in this manner thus graciously delivered me from this great and sore temptation, and had set me down so sweetly in the faith of His holy Gospel, and had given me such strong consolation and blessed evidence from heaven touching my interest in His love through Christ, the tempter came upon me again, and that with a more grievous and dreadful

temptation than before." This was the conflict with Apollyon, in a strange, extreme form indeed, but real and desperate, under the morbid thought or imagination of selling Christ, and letting Him go for this, that, or the other thing, just what might happen to be offered at the moment; but, whatever it might be, sell him, sell him, sell him, running in Bunyan's thoughts incessantly; and he, as incessantly, and with great intensity of mind, forcing his spirit against the suggestion, and watching with intense earnestness, lest any disposition in his mind, or word upon his lips, in favour of yielding to it, should get power over him, or escape from him.

For a whole year this form of temptation continued, and for a whole year his soul was occupied in resisting it; it was a morbid fascination, as if the eye of a snake had fixed a fluttering bird; and at length Bunyan felt, amidst one of these conflicts, this thought pass through his heart, *Let Him go if He will.* This also was a morbid fancy, as well as the other, but it was enough for the destruction of Bunyan's peace; and after thus yielding, as it seemed to him he had done, to this temptation to sell Christ, he fell, as a bird that is shot from the top of a tree, into a sense of great guilt and fearful despair. The case of Esau, as commented upon in the Epistle to the Hebrews, instantly began to torment him; and from this point, and very much with the sword of that flaming passage, the conflict with Apollyon continued desperate for more than a year. Bunyan now feared he had committed the unpardonable sin; and he never knew what it was to be so weary of his life, and yet so afraid to die. Nevertheless, he began, with a sad and careful heart, to consider the nature and largeness of his sin, and to search for a promise wide enough to overcome it. He also examined carefully the cases of Peter, David, Judas, Solomon, Manasseh, as a lawyer would turn over his files of precedents, or examine the history of like cases; but still he ever came to the conclusion that his sin was far beyond theirs, as being point-blank against his Saviour.

And though there were now and then sweet texts that came lighting down upon his soul, as on the wings of angels, with gleams of comfort and of heaven, yet the black text about Esau would soon hide them as a thunder-cloud. And though sometimes the inviting and comforting passages would, as it were, run after him, and *halloo to his soul* to return to God, he was still always afraid to close in with them, by reason of the thunder of that text about Esau. He was all this while, as the man among the tombs, crying and cutting himself with stones. He was tempted to believe that his sin in particular was excluded from the number of those for which Christ died. In his extremity of distress he begged the prayers of God's

people, and yet trembled lest he should hear them answer that they had received intimation from God that they must not pray for him.

The beginning of his deliverance came with this question, which, in one of his seasons of deepest gloom, passed through his soul as a pleasant wind from heaven, "Didst thou ever refuse to be justified by the blood of Christ?" He was compelled to answer, "No." Then followed that passage, "See that ye refuse not him that speaketh." "This," says Bunyan, "made a strange seizure upon my spirit; it brought light with it, and *commanded a silence in my heart of all those tumultuous thoughts that did before use, like masterless hell-hounds, to roar and bellow*, and make a hideous noise within me." This, for a season, made him feel that there was hope, and checked the tide of his unbelief in some measure; and it was to him so strange a dispensation, that, after twenty years' calm and prayerful review of it, he did not feel able to make a judgment of it; he could only present it in wonder, love, and praise, and leave it for the day of judgment; a thing which eminently shows the soundness of Bunyan's mind; as, indeed, the whole progress of his temptation, by the manner in which it led him into a deeper knowledge of the Word of God, and of the various nature of sin and unbelief, and into a preparation to deal with men's consciences, shows the manifold wisdom of God in this severe discipline with His servant.

But this present dispensation, though of such strange sweetness and power while it lasted, was not enough to conquer Bunyan's unbelief, and keep him in the light of his Redeemer's countenance. Again the clouds returned after the rain. After a few days, he entered again into the gloom of mistrust and despair, and found great difficulty in prayer, because of the flaming passages in God's Word that he thought bore against him, so that to go to God in the face of them was like running on the pikes. That saying about Esau, he says, "would be set at my heart, even like a flaming sword, to keep the way of the tree of life, lest I should take thereof and live. Oh, who knows how hard a thing I then found it to come to God in prayer!"

And still Bunyan prayed. The tempter never succeeded in beating his soul from that sure refuge, in keeping him away from the mercy-seat. To that he would still go, and still in the name of Christ would plead; though often, when he has been making for the promise, it was as if those texts about Esau, and some other passages, were set before his soul as a hedge bristling with fixed bayonets. He was tempted even to wish that he could alter some of those dreadful texts, or make a hole through them, by which he might

escape; but as to their fixedness, certainty, and infallibility as parts of the Word of God, he never had the least doubt; and he felt that heaven and earth might pass away sooner than one jot or tittle of the law, or of grace, could fail, or be altered.

In this way this whole temptation proved a great additional confirmation of his strong faith in the Scriptures as the word of God, and of the certainty and unchangeableness of the plan of salvation. The fires blown on him by Satan in this conflict, instead of turning him aside from his course, as Apollyon intended, only assisted to burn in upon his soul the great truths of redemption. "Oh," says he, "I cannot now express what I then saw and felt of the steadiness of Jesus Christ, the rock of man's salvation; what was done could not be undone, added to, nor altered!" And having gained this knowledge in such experience *against himself*, when he was watching for some way of bending the Scriptures, or changing the plan of God in his own favour, he was prepared for a firmer and more rejoicing faith, when his feet were at length delivered from the snares of hell, and placed upon the Rock of Salvation. The Scriptures that he saw to be so unchangeably against himself when outside the fortress, he found to be all in his favour, and all combining for his soul's protection, when once he was within.

The temptations endured by Bunyan at this time were surprisingly similar to some recounted by Luther in that Commentary on Galatians with which Bunyan was already familiar. And there is one passage in that book, from which, or by means of which, the tempter himself may have succeeded in shooting into Bunyan's conscience, as from a catapult, the morbid imagination under which he had fallen of selling Christ. For Luther relates how such a thing happened to one Dr. Krause of Halle, who said, "I have denied Christ, and therefore He standeth now before His Father, and accuseth me." And, by the illusion of the devil, he had so strongly conceived in his mind this imagination, that never, by any exhortation, or consolation, or promises of God, could he be brought from it. And it had like to have been so with Bunyan himself, after the tempter had succeeded in fastening the same morbid imagination upon Bunyan's sensitive and trembling heart. But God would not permit Bunyan to be tempted above that he was able to bear, and would make the temptation itself a source of glorious victory and lasting strength.

The relief from it came gradually and at intervals. One day, as Bunyan was absent in a neighbouring town, and sitting to rest himself upon a bench in the street, always thinking upon his spiritual difficulties, and exclaiming to himself, "How can God comfort such

a wretch as I am!" the words, "*This sin is not unto death*," came into his mind with such amazing light and power, that it was as if he had been raised by them from the grave. The unexpectedness and fitness, the sweetness and glory of this sentence, were so marvellous to him, that they took away for the time all his doubts and fears about his sin being unpardonable, and his having no right to pray; and this was an unutterable relief and shelter to him to think that he had as good right to the promises and to prayer as any other sinners. And though shortly again his faith was losing hold of that support, yet still he went earnestly to prayer, and found new comfort and relief in the sentence, "*I have loved thee with an everlasting love*." He strove to hold by that promise, which he did, by God's help, for several days, although, such was the conflict and anxiety in his soul, that still the passage about Esau would be flying in his face like lightning twenty times in an hour. Then, again, that sweet passage from the Psalms was of great comfort to him: "If Thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquity, O Lord, who should stand? But there is forgiveness with Thee, that Thou mayest be feared." A most gracious and encouraging passage.

But still the graces of Bunyan's hope and faith were to go through other trials; they were not yet, as fixtures of his character, ready for God's purposes. Bunyan's piety was as a ship destined for a long and terrible voyage; all the materials must be of the soundest, securest nature, and put together in the most solid manner, every knee and stick of the best tried timber. His hope must be thoroughly scriptural, and nothing in it of the nature of second-hand experience. So now, before many weeks, he began to consider again, that whatever comfort and peace he thought he might have from the word of the promise of life, yet, unless there could be found in his refreshment a concurrence and agreement in the Scriptures, let him think what he would thereof, and hold it never so fast, he should find no such thing in the end, for the Scriptures could not be broken. And so again his heart began to ache, and on this ground, and with this fear, he began with all seriousness to examine

his former comfort. And so again, for a long while Esau troubled him, and beat him down, in that whole passage concerning the lost birthright, combined with other texts in regard to those who sin wilfully, and those who fall away. He was a very long time in this new conflict, mourning up and down during the greater part of it, and, as he says, sticking in the jaws of desperation.

At length one day, when his mind had been all day long dwelling with great anxiety upon the question whether the blood of Christ was sufficient to save his soul, he received a gleam of strong comfort from those blessed words in Hebrews vii. 25: "Wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them." That word *able* seemed to him a mighty word, and writ in great letters; and the sword of that passage was for a little time a thrust to the very heart of his fear and doubt. And all this was as the picture that Bunyan has drawn among the sights in the house of the Interpreter, of the Lord Jesus pouring oil upon the fire of Divine grace in the heart on one side, while Satan is unavailingly pouring water on the other to quench it.

And now at length, in prayer, Bunyan's final deliverance from this desperate and long-continued conflict began with that promise to Paul, "*My grace is sufficient for thee.*" And oh, says Bunyan, how good a thing it is for God to send His word! For God Himself to send it, and not man merely find it; for about a fortnight before, Bunyan was looking at that very place, and then, because it did not come near his soul with comfort, and he could not find that it was large enough for him, he says he threw down his book in a pet. But now he found its arms of grace wide enclosing him, and he rejoiced, though still with exceeding great and constant conflicts, for seven or eight weeks; for still this passage about the sufficiency of grace, and the former terrible one about Esau parting with his birthright, fought against one another in his soul, and were as a pair of sharp glittering swords crossing and clashing, or as a pair of scales going up and down; sometimes the hope and sometimes the fear being uppermost, sometimes Esau and sometimes Christ.

It was a conflict now between faith and unbelief, and Bunyan's description of it is one of the most instructive and interesting portions of the *Grace Abounding*. He still pleaded with God that He would give him the whole of that great Scripture about the sufficiency of Christ's grace, that He would let him have the words *for thee*, and enable him to apply them to himself, as well as the abstract sufficiency of grace. For as yet Bunyan could not apply the whole sentence, but, as he says, could only gather what God gave, the

words *for thee* being still left out, and he being not able to rise to that appropriating faith in Christ, as addressing himself, *My grace is sufficient* FOR THEE. So he prayed earnestly for the whole passage, and, in answer to prayer, the whole came. It came unexpectedly, in the midst of a meeting of the people of God, when Bunyan, in sadness and terror, was waiting upon God, with his fears again strong upon him; then suddenly, with great power, the whole passage broke into his soul, with glory and refreshing comfort; it broke his heart, filled him full of joy, laid him low, and sent him mourning home; a beautiful and most scriptural union of the varieties of true religious emotion. He received the whole. MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR THEE; and every word was a mighty word to him; and thus it continued for several weeks, when again Esau came back once more, and he was now in peace and again in terror, sometimes comforted and sometimes tormented.

And again the question and examination as to the agreement of diverse Scriptures in his hope was forced upon him, and he was as if some flaw in a very old title to a piece of land had been brought up, and the owner compelled to a costly and perplexing litigation. So Satan renewed the conflict every step of the way, and Bunyan could hardly forbear sometimes wishing the perplexing passages out of the book. But he trembled at them; he quaked at the Apostles; he knew their words were true, and must stand for ever; and furthermore, notwithstanding all his distresses, he would not for the world rest in the embrace of a false hope; he dreaded that, and he would not take up with any comfort which he could not feel was sanctioned by the Scriptures.

At length the time for the final conquest by the promise came. He was one day reflecting upon the singular variety of his frames of spirit, and how their light changed even in a moment, just according to the nature of the Scripture that shone upon them, whether of grace, for quiet, or of Esau, for torment, when he thought he would be thankful to have these Scriptures meet in his heart at once, and try their strength together. Accordingly, for this he prayed, and this very thing came to pass, this very conflict and trial took place; the passages met, and, to Bunyan's unspeakable delight, the terrible

passage about Esau's birthright began to wax weak, withdraw, and vanish; and the sweet promise about the sufficiency of grace prevailed with peace and joy. This was a great wonder to Bunyan, who, even in regard to God's work upon himself, was almost as a child, gazing with amazement at His work upon another; and after twenty years, behold how cautiously and modestly he speaks, and with what affecting simplicity and beauty, of the meeting of these passages, and the triumph of the promise: "Truly," says he, "I am *apt to think it was of God;* for the word of the law and wrath *must* give place to the word of life and grace, because, though the word of condemnation be glorious, yet the word of life and salvation doth far exceed in glory. And Moses and Elias must both vanish, and leave Christ and His saints alone."

And now, out of this conquest, came to Bunyan, as a divine hand with leaves from the tree of life, that other comprehensive promise, on which his soul ought to have rested from the outset: "*Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.*" "Oh, the comfort I had," says Bunyan, "from this word, '*in no wise;*' as who should say, 'By no means, for nothing whatever he hath done.'" And in the light, power, and sweetness with which this promise was now revealed to Bunyan, we have the origin and peculiarity of the admirable little work of his, *Come, and welcome, to Jesus Christ;* a work written, like the *Pilgrim's Progress* itself, out of his own heart, and produced by this very conflict with Apollyon. "Oh, what did I see in that blessed sixth of John! 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.' If ever Satan and I did strive for any word of God in all my life, it was for this good word of Christ; he at one end, and I at the other: oh, what work we made! It was for this in John, I say, that we did so tug and strive; he pulled and I pulled, but, God be praised, I overcame him; I got sweetness from it." And always the sweetness that Bunyan so obtained from the Word of God (of which he gives this almost ludicrous account, out of the deep vein of humour in his character), with all passages thus fought for, were the source of great power to him, and were put to great use. "They were the nest of honey," as he said afterwards, "in the dead, conquered lion."

And now, having got this fortress and vantage-ground in his possession, and a solid comfort in Christ, out of which he could sally forth against his enemies, Bunyan began to take heart so far as to come up and examine both his own sin and those terrible Scriptures under which he had so long lain trembling, and afraid even to question them. But his perils and the anguish of his wounds had made him very critical, and carefully and critically did he now look at the

nature both of his own sin and of those dreadful texts that had well-nigh slain him with despair. And now he found, on drawing near to them and looking them in the face, as a child of God from the bosom of the promise, that they were not so grim and terrible in reality, but, rightly understood, were in agreement with the promise, and not against it. So after this thorough and believing examination, the thunder of the tempest was all gone, and only a few big scattered drops now and then fell upon him, though still the very memory of the thunder and the flames was fearful.

And now indeed the hand came to Bunyan with leaves from the tree of life, as he has so sweetly described it in the *Pilgrim's Progress* after Christian's fight with Apollyon, and he was refreshed with heavenly refreshments. He now found Christ made unto his soul of God, his wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. Christ, in all His exaltation and glory, was now the subject of his thoughts, the object of his affections, the life of his soul; he was loosed from his afflictions and irons, his temptations fled away, the dreadful Scriptures of God left off troubling him, and he went rejoicing in the grace and love of God. And out of this joy and peace it was, after such long and fearful conflicts, that he gained courage to be at length, in the year 1653, propounded to the Baptist Church of Christ in Bedford, by whose members he was received into a fellowship greatly valued by him in the order and ordinances of Christ in the Gospel. "'Twas glorious to me," says Bunyan, "to see His exaltation, and the worth and prevalency of all His benefits, and that because now I could look from myself to Him, and would reckon that all those graces of God that now were green on me, were yet but like those cracked groats and fourpence-half-pennies that rich men carry in their purses, when their *gold* is in their trunks at home. Oh, I saw my *gold* was in my trunk at home, in Christ my Lord and Saviour. Now Christ was all, all my righteousness, all my sanctification, and all my redemption."

We have said that this two years' scene of temptation and trial was the conflict with Apollyon in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. We think this is clear, both from its introduction and its conclusion, as well as its nature and continuance. It is true, that if so, then the Valley of the Shadow of Death came before it in Bunyan's experience, whereas he has placed the valley after the conflict in Christian's experience. We believe that he chose to do this, in order not to make his own experience too exclusively or too closely the model. But that these two great and distinct periods of Bunyan's temptations on which we have been dwelling were the original types or models of those remarkable pages in the *Pilgrim's Progress* devoted

to the fight with Apollyon in the Valley of Humiliation, and the passage of Christian through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, we think there can be no doubt whatever.

And, moreover, these two great and distinct periods were the seasons in which Bunyan gained the greater part of that knowledge of the Scriptures and of the human heart and of the wiles of the great adversary of souls, and that deep, rich, original, and powerful experience in the things of the Spirit of God, which prepared him to write such works as *The Pilgrim's Progress*, *The History of the Town of Mansoul*, the *Come, and welcome, to Jesus Christ*, and *The Jerusalem Sinner saved*. And his own remarks upon the results of those periods of temptation, especially the last, and upon the position and mistakes of his own soul, as well as the dealings of God and the wiles of the tempter, are full of beauty, thoughtfulness, and good sense; they are the conclusions and instructions of a ripe and mellow piety, and of a judgment disciplined and sanctified by the truth, the providence, and the grace of God.

We have seen the perverseness of Bunyan's unbelief under the pressure of his spiritual anxieties, and beneath the assaults of the tempter, in refusing to accept and rest upon the broad, plain promises of God's word, and in taking but part of a sentence, when he should have embraced the whole, as in the case of the passage, "My grace is sufficient for thee." This was an error of unbelief. We have seen also how he wanted everything from God; it was not enough for him to find it written in God's Word, but it was not a word for him, unless he could feel that God Himself gave it to him. Now certainly, in its proper place, this was a very blessed feeling; and the habit of Bunyan in rejecting comfort until he felt that he thus received the word from God was doubtless with him a source of great originality and power. But it might, in another mind, have degenerated into mere superstition and fanaticism. Bunyan ought to have taken *all* the promises he found in God's Word to sinners as promises to *himself*: and the fact that they were in God's Word should have been sufficient foundation for his faith to rest upon. Neither should he have split a passage in two, and restricted God's grace to one half of it, but should at once have received the whole, not putting by the Word of Promise when he found it.

And indeed, the fierceness of the second period of temptation did at length drive him from that habit, as he himself says, in a very striking and instructive passage in the *Grace Abounding*: "By this temptation I was greatly holden off from my former foolish practice of putting by the Word of Promise when it came into my mind; but now, like a man sinking, I would catch at all I saw. Formerly,

I thought I might not meddle with the promise unless I felt its comfort; but now it was no time thus to do; the avenger of blood too hardly did pursue me. Now, therefore, was I glad to catch at that Word which yet I feared I had no ground or right to own; and even to leap into the bosom of that promise, which yet I feared did shut its heart against me. Now also would I labour to take the Word as God hath laid it down, without restraining the natural force of one syllable thereof. I began to consider that God hath a bigger mouth to speak with than I had a heart to conceive with, and also that God spake not His words in haste, or in an unadvised heat, but with infinite wisdom and judgment, and in very truth and faithfulness."

Bunyan adds to this, that often, in his greatest agonies he had to *flounce towards the promise*, as it were, concluding, though as one almost bereft of his wits through fear, "On this will I rest and stay, and leave the fulfilling of it to the God of heaven that made it." And this was real faith. And oh, how great a lesson, and how life-giving and full of power, for Bunyan thus to learn!

Now it is to be remembered that Bunyan's record of all these things was made not till full twenty years after he had experienced them; when he could look back with a calm, impartial review of all the way through which the Lord his God had led him. Bunyan's *Grace Abounding* is not the hasty record of a diary thrown into print; it is the cool judgment of a man of strong sense and long-tried piety, in regard to God's gracious methods of discipline with his soul; and the freedom of the man, both from superstition and fanaticism, is remarkably apparent through the whole of it, and this notwithstanding his vivid, overmastering imagination and impulsive tendencies. It was God who was guiding and teaching him, not by a system of theology, cut according to the pattern of the Fathers, nor by any Church, to conform him to its self-assumed dictates and second-hand teachings, but by His Divine Spirit and Word. And as God permitted Bunyan's own character to be formed after no human model, so He kept him always in the most humble and child-like appreciation of his own attainments, and preserved him from ever attempting to set up his own experience as the rule for others.

He knew too much of the depths and windings of sin in his own heart, even at the best times, ever to do this. His experience and opinions corresponded with those of Edwards, who says, speaking of

the mixture of evil in the best experiences: "It is not to be supposed that Christians ever have any experiences in this world that are wholly pure, entirely spiritual, without any mixture of what is natural and carnal. Yea, there is commonly a much greater mixture than persons for the most part seem to have any imagination of. I have often thought that the experiences of true Christians are very frequently, as it is with some kinds of fruits, that are enveloped with several coverings of thick shells or pods, which are thrown away by him who gathers the fruit, and but a very small part of the whole bulk is the pure kernel that is good to eat." Bunyan, when he wrote the *Grace Abounding*, gathered the fruit, and threw the pods away.

It is remarkable that Bunyan declares that, "of all the temptations he ever met with in his life, to question the being of God and the truth of His Gospel was the worst, and the worst to be borne." This grievous temptation was part of that terrible storm in which Bunyan, as we have seen, was driven up and down for two years, as by a mighty whirlwind; but his language intimates that even at a later period the foundations of his soul were sometimes similarly shaken. Gradually the unassailable certainty of an experience such as few men ever passed through, in the truth, fire, and power of God's Word, conquered all doubt, and the strength of Christ was made *perfect* in Bunyan's weakness.

And here we must note the shortsightedness and superficial sciolism of that spiritual quackery which would set down the extremes of hope and fear, light and darkness, comfort and despair, joy and misery, in Bunyan's experience, as the fever and ague of a disturbed nervous system, or a frenzied mind. The wondrous record in the Psalms of the human heart, as sanctified by grace, is sufficient witness unto us from God Himself, that such changes belong to the genuine experience of a child of God. They are inevitable consequences of the powerful workings of Divine grace in us, gradually conquering sin, although they are much greater in some cases than in others. We have reason to believe that these alternations are necessary through the whole of our imperfect state on earth, as parts of God's gracious discipline, whereby He makes us partakers of His holiness.

Yet they are sometimes unaccountable; and Bunyan himself says, "I have wondered much at this one thing, that though God doth visit my soul with never so blessed a discovery of Himself, yet I have found again that such hours have attended me afterwards, that I have been in my spirit so filled with darkness, that I could not so much as once conceive what that God, and what that comfort was, with which I have been refreshed."

This is strong language. Yet Bunyan says again (and the record

may have been a comfort to many), "I have sometimes seen more in a line of the Bible than I could well tell how to stand under; and yet at another time the whole Bible hath been to me as dry as a stick; or rather, my heart hath been so dead and dry unto it, that I could not conceive the least dram of refreshment, though I have looked it all over." Call this, if you please, a fitful piety; it is more or less the experience of all ardent Christians, and ever will be, to the end of time, of all who are carried into the deep things of God.

The era of Bunyan's uniting with the Church was a sweet season for him, but in its sweetness only of transitory continuance; it was by no means the period of his perfect deliverance from his spiritual foes and distresses. It was simply as a season of calm weather, during which his weather-beaten soul, tempest-tossed and half a wreck, fled into a quiet haven, where there were days secure from the tempest, and means for refitting. But he was to adventure again into the storm; and very soon after his union with the Church, there was developed within him, in the smoke and fire of his own feelings, what might be called a second, though a somewhat abridged, experience of the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Even at the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, the most terrible deformed fancies and agitating fears and distressing interruptions beset his soul. There was a recurrence of the same blasphemous suggestions that had formerly broken his peace, and filled his inmost being with anguish; and there was, in some degree, a recurrence of the same morbid state of the mind and imagination as that which at the first had afflicted him. And these things continued for nearly a year, with scarcely any rest or ease; but God at length graciously and entirely delivered him.

Then he had intervals of sickness, during which he had great fears of death, produced by looking at himself instead of Christ, and seeing the deadness of his own spirit, the prevalence of wandering thoughts in prayer, dulness in holy duties, wearisomeness in all good things, want of love to God. All these evils distressed him and filled him with gloom; for while he was looking back over his past experiences of God's goodness, to comfort himself therewith, there came flocking into his mind the innumerable company of these his sins and transgressions, by which the evidence of his blessed state from those former experiences was all taken away, or quite effectually hidden from him. Out of these fears and depths he was signally delivered in the only way in which ever any soul can truly come out of them, by looking to Jesus. And his assuring and comforting sight of Christ as his only Saviour, and of Christ's merits as the only ground of his forgiveness and acceptance with God, came to him through

such great Scriptures as these: "Ye are justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus;" and also, "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy He hath saved us."

The thorough understanding of these passages made an amazing change in him, and it was out of such a realisation of the truth of God that his views of justification by Christ's righteousness only were completed and established; so that afterwards he could himself present Christ, and faith in Him, most clearly and powerfully to the conscience of the sinner. These Scriptures spoke to Bunyan's inmost soul, and seemed to say to him from God, "Sinner, thou thinkest that, because of thy sins and infirmities, I cannot save thy soul; but behold, my Son is by Me, and upon Him I look, and not on thee, and shall deal with *thee* according as I am pleased with *Him*." These Scriptures, like Christ's enfolding arms of grace and mercy, took Bunyan up on high.

But still, for a time, he was subject to sudden and extreme alternations of spirit; and these continued to be the characteristics of his piety to such a degree, that when he seemed to be walking comfortably with God, and enjoying His service, suddenly there would fall upon him a great cloud of darkness, hiding from him the things of God and of Christ in such a manner, that he was as if he had never seen or known them. Bunyan was still a learner in the school of faith. And, likewise, he would at times be afflicted with such a senseless, heartless frame of spirit, that, like his own Pilgrim, he would have to fall suddenly from running to walking, and then from walking to climbing, as if his hands and feet had been tied or bound with chains.

He relates his having gone mourning in this condition some three or four days, when suddenly, as he was musing at his own fireside, while his beloved wife, to whom he seems to have confided his spiritual conflicts, was busy at her work beside him, he again remembered the only true ground of hope, and the words "*I must go to Jesus*" sounded so powerfully in his heart, that his darkness and atheism fled away, and he turned to his wife with the question, "Is there really such a Scripture as this, "*I must go to Jesus?*" Then, after musing a few moments, the connected links of the bright passage in the 12th of Hebrews came to him: "Ye are come to Mount Zion, to the city of

the living God, to the heavenly Jerusalem, to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and Church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, AND TO JESUS THE MEDIATOR OF THE NEW TESTAMENT." Into the glory of every word of this wonderful passage the gracious Spirit of God, whose work it is to take of the things that are Christ's, and shew them to the soul, led Bunyan; and that night was one of great and inexpressible grace, triumph, and joy to him. In all his life, he says, he had few better seasons, and that divine passage was ever afterwards a great refreshment to him.

Now all these changeful experiences, thus far related, seem to have characterised the discipline of Bunyan up to a year or more after the time of his uniting with the Church, say up to the year 1655. At this time, the knowledge of his character, and the glowing freshness and power with which he spoke of his feelings to his fellow-Christians, led some of the most experienced and judicious among them to persuade him sometimes to attempt a word of exhortation in their social Christian meetings. The very thought of this at first terrified Bunyan; but after some entreaty, he consented to make the trial, and did begin accordingly, though in much weakness and trembling, in one or two private assemblies. Then by degrees, when some of the more experienced of the brethren went into the country to teach, they took Bunyan along with them; and as his gifts were more and more developed and known in these little exercises, the Church at length prevailed with him to consent to a more particular appointment to the work of the ministry; and so, after solemn prayer with fasting, having been manifestly prepared by the Holy Spirit for such a work, he was more particularly called forth and appointed to a more ordinary and public preaching of the Word. He was conscious of a call of God within him, by the Divine Spirit and by the holy Scriptures, to which he yielded, and by which he was guided. Yet he was at this very time greatly distressed with the fiery darts of the Wicked One concerning his own eternal state: though this temptation and experience only served to quicken his compassion for other souls, and, instead of turning him away from the endeavour to alarm and save them, greatly animated him in that work, pressed him onwards, and gave him power in it.

It pleased God that thus he should begin his work in great personal weakness and fear, yet with such anxious pity and alarm for the souls of men, arising in part out of all that he himself was still suffering, that he was led with great earnestness to seek the most awakening truths in God's Word to apply to the conscience. And

this fervent pity for souls, this intense sympathising anxiety, was a great argument with Bunyan that God had really called him to preach the Gospel. So onward he went in his work for the space of two years, confining himself to God's Word in the scope of his own experience, which was during that period so remarkable, that it is no wonder that, under the power of it, he proved a most awakening preacher; for he preached to the people those terrors of the law and that guilt of transgression, the sense of which lay heavy on his own soul. "Indeed," says he, "I have been as one sent to them from the dead; I went myself in chains to preach to them in chains, and carried that fire in my own conscience that I persuaded them to be aware of. I can truly say, and that without dissembling, that, when I have been to preach, I have gone full of guilt and terror even to the pulpit-door, and there it hath been taken off, and I have been at liberty in my mind until I have done my work; and then immediately, even before I could get down the pulpit-stairs, I have been as bad as I was before; yet God carried me on, but surely with a strong hand, for neither guilt nor hell could take me off my work."

Now, if Bunyan's life were to be written a thousand times over, such a passage as this ought not to be omitted. It was the way of God's dealing with him until he had been preaching at least two years; and it was of marvellous efficacy in preserving him from the incursions of spiritual pride, on account of those rich discovered gifts for the ministry so remarkably developed in him; a pride which would have been to him more dangerous by far than a thousand such burdens of guilt and terror as he bore about in his conscience, or the attack of a whole legion of fiery flying demons, with darts tipped with blasphemies and unbelief.

After these two years' discipline of this painful nature, during which his preaching was mainly in words of fire to rouse men's consciences, the same gracious and covenant-keeping God vouchsafed to him a change in that discipline, in sweet discoveries of free pardoning grace in Christ, with much personal peace and comfort; and so, according to that new experience, Bunyan brought new things out of his spiritual treasures, always preaching from God's Word just what he himself saw and felt. Now he preached the glorious things of Christ's grace and righteousness with that same fire and power with which before he had preached the condemnation of the lost sinner; now with a heart glowing with love, as before with a conscience tortured with conviction. Two or three years God kept him under this delightful discipline, preaching in this heavenly strain, led constantly to greater heights and depths himself, that he might lead others through the same divine realities. And he says that, in the course

of his preaching, especially when engaged in the doctrine of life by Christ without works, he has been as if an angel of God had stood by at his back to encourage him, the truth in Christ came in with such power and heavenly evidence upon his own soul. Nor did he ever dare to make use of other men's experience, but ever kept simply to what he himself learned from the Word and Spirit of Christ; so that he could say with Paul to the Galatians, "I certify you, brethren, that the gospel preached by me is not after man; for I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ."

With all this, Bunyan was not always in the enjoyment of freedom of thought and a ready utterance while preaching, but was subject, even in that, to something the same impulsive changes as in his own feelings "Even," says he, "when I have begun to speak the Word with much clearness, evidence, and liberty of speech, yet sometimes, before the ending of that opportunity, I have been so blinded and estranged from the things I have been speaking, and have been also so straitened in my speech as to utterance before the people, that I have been as if I had not known or remembered what I have been about, or as if my head had been in a bag all the time of my exercise." And if ever Bunyan was tempted to the vain-glorious liftings up of his heart through freedom and success in this blessed work for Christ, small joy did he ever find to give way to *that*, for it was, he says, *his every day's portion to be let into the evil of his own heart*, and made to see such a multitude of corruptions and infirmities therein, that his pride had to give way to the bitterness of self-condemnation and shame.

In this way Bunyan went on preaching without molestation for the space of five or six years, till the month of November, 1660. On the 12th of that month the hand of State-and-Church tyranny was to be laid upon him, and he was to come into painful conflict and connexion with *the times;* though thus far he had pursued the work of God almost as if unconscious that there was such a thing as "the times" to be regarded. And, indeed, thus far it had been a time of Christian liberty, under the brief but glorious and free protectorate of Cromwell; the period during which Baxter also pursued *his* work in the ministry so calmly, uninterruptedly, earnestly, and successfully at Kidderminster. Both Baxter and Bunyan were now to be interrupted and fettered by the restoration of State-and-Church tyranny to its supremacy in the kingdom.

And now, before we consider this great stage in his life, throughout the whole of which God so signally caused the wrath of man to praise Him, and displayed the glory of His Divine prerogative of bringing good out of evil, let us set down, year by year, the chrono-

logy of experiences we have thus far passed over. Up to this period it is mainly a chronology of discipline and of preparation; after this period it is mainly the chronology of patient suffering and of rich fruits. Up to this period Satan was at work upon Bunyan, as it were personally; after this period the assaults of the devil were mostly through the ministry of men and hierarchies. And whereas, up to this period, the influence and the fruits of Bunyan's genius were but limited and transitory (except that no man's work or influence can at any time be transitory who is made God's instrument in preparing individual souls for heaven), after this period his power was to be as wide as the world. The agencies of men, devils, and hierarchical despotisms were but as mechanical arrangements and forces, by which God would take this humble and hitherto comparatively obscure trophy of His own grace, and set it as a city on a hill. Through the strange instrumentality of a prison, this light under a bushel should become a beacon to the world. The period previous to the year 1660 might be called the Chronology of Bunyan's *experiences;* the period after that year, the Chronology of his *works*.

The thing might be set down as in a tablet, thus, beginning with the starting point from the City of Destruction.

1628. The natural man, John Bunyan, was born.
1646. He was married, and his awakening began.
1647. An external reformation from his vices for about a year.
1648. A great year. His first lessons from the company of poor and godly women sitting in the sun. His intense study of the whole Bible commenced. His encounter with the books and men of the Ranters; his trials about faith, and his temptation to work a miracle. His year's study to find the passage in the Apocrypha. His many months of fear, fainting, and fire, and then the first disclosure of his mind to those poor women of Bedford and their introduction of him to "holy Mr. Gifford."
1649. His first view of the love of Christ, followed by the great storm of about a year's continuance, and the temptation as to the being of a God.
1650. The meeting with Luther, the deliverance into the liberty of Christ, and the light of the Word, followed by the temptation to sell Christ, for the space of a year.
1651. The conflict and agony after this temptation.
1652. The gradual and triumphant deliverance therefrom.
1653. The union with the visible Church of Christ.
1654. Great conflicts renewed for three-fourths of a year, with sicknesses, despondencies, and triumphs.
1655. His ordination by the Church to the work of the Gospel ministry.
1656. } His preaching from the experience of guilt and of fire, as a man in
1657. } chains to men in chains, out of compassion and alarm for souls.
1658. }
1659. } His preaching of Christ's grace and righteousness from the fire of love
1660. } and the revelation of Jesus Christ.
1660. His lighting upon the den in the prison of Bedford, and his discipline from God there, preparatory to the Dream of the Pilgrim's Progress.

But this lighting upon a certain place where there was a den, with which Bunyan opens the *Pilgrim's Progress*, was not by any means as a man quietly lies down to rest himself in sleep. The grasp of a remorseless Church-despotism was upon him, because he would practise and teach the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, in preaching and praying without a Prayer-book, but with Christian souls, whenever and wherever gathered to hear God's Word. He was indicted for maintaining unlawful assemblies and conventicles, and for not conforming to the Church of England. Ah, this Non-conformity, this singular and obstinate virtue and grace of the assertion and practice of spiritual freedom in worshipping God according to the dictates of a conscience guided by His Word, was quite as intolerable to the Church of England as it had been to the Church of Rome. In truth, it has always been found a thing very dangerous to Church-and-State religions, and ever will be. In Rome, as yet, the manner of the hierarchists was to treat this dangerous heresy of religious freedom with fire ; in England, in Bunyan's time, they had become mostly satisfied with fines, banishment, and the prison. So, it being deemed that the Established Church was not safe while such men as John Bunyan were roaming up and down the country with the Gospel, they came upon him, even in the very act of preaching the Gospel to the poor, and shut him up in prison. out of which, as from a great commanding pulpit, God was intending that he should preach it to rich and poor all over the world. We love to record the occurrence and the manner of such glorious instances of the triumph of God's sovereign wisdom and grace over man's pride and arrogance.

God just made what use He pleased of the hierarchical despotism and its instruments, as cranks and pulleys to hoist the living stone, that had been so long in preparation, into that place He would have it occupy in the rearing of His living temple. The persecutors of John Bunyan were but as hewers of wood and drawers of water to accomplish God's purposes. Even at the very beginning of their work, we see how everything was turned into apt material for the use of Bunyan's genius. The very manner of his arrest, the character of the judges that tried him, the forms of law passed through, were the germs of graphic, glowing pages in his book; having learned so much in the school of grace, he was now to learn some things in human life that God saw necessary for his more perfect education as a master-workman.

The constable in this case of Church-and-State *versus* the Gospel came upon him, as we have said, in November, 1660. His seizure was one of the first fruits of the restoration of Charles II. to the throne of the British kingdom. He was about to have preached to

a small assembly of country people at Samsell by Harlington in Bedfordshire, on the subject of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, from the text, "*Dost thou believe on the Son of God?*" They had engaged in prayer for the Divine blessing, and were there, with their Bibles in their hands, ready to speak and hear. Bunyan could easily have escaped if he had chosen, having had warning beforehand; but he feared discouraging the people, and therefore went on boldly in the service; and even after the constable had arrested him, exhorted them to be of good cheer, for that it was a mercy to suffer upon so good account.

The next day he was had before the justice, and thence to jail, where, after he had lain five or six days, endeavours were made to procure his release, but without success. "Whereat," says he, "I was not at all daunted, but rather glad, and saw evidently that the Lord had heard me; for before I went down to the justice, I begged of God, that if I might do more good by being at liberty than in prison, that then I might be set at liberty; but if not, His will be done. And verily, at my return, I did meet my God sweetly in the prison again, comforting of me, and satisfying of me that it was His will and mind that I should be there, where I lie waiting the good will of God to do with me as He pleaseth, knowing that not one hair of my head can fall to the ground without the will of my Father which is in heaven. Let the rage and malice of man be never so great, they can do no more, nor go no further, than God permits them; but when they have done their worst, we know all things shall work together for good to them that love God."

The dialogues in which Bunyan has recorded the forms, arguments, and facts of his imprisonment and examination before the judges, together with the courageous interview of his noble wife with them in justification of his conduct and application for his release, are among the richest pages of character and truth in all English literature. Never did the truth of God and the wickedness of unjust human law come into closer, sharper conflict: and never were the truths of the Gospel and the principles of religious freedom urged with more direct and homely power upon the conscience. Bunyan, being arraigned for "devilishly and perniciously abstaining from coming to church to hear divine service, and for being a common

upholder of several unlawful meetings and conventicles, to the great disturbance and distraction of the good subjects of the kingdom, contrary to the laws of our sovereign lord the king," confessed to nothing but that he had had delightful meetings with his brethren, both for prayer and mutual exhortation, "with the sweet comforting presence of the Lord among them for their encouragement, blessed be His name therefor."

Then said the Justice Keelin, "Hear your judgment. You must be had back again to prison, and there lie for three months following; and at three months' end, if you do not submit to go to church to hear divine service, and leave your preaching, you must be banished the realm; and if, after such a day as shall be appointed you to be gone, you shall be found in this realm, or be found to come over again without special license from the king, you must stretch by the neck for it, I tell you plainly."

Then answered Bunyan, and it was as noble an answer to an unrighteous verdict and threat as is to be found in all human history: "As to this matter, I am at a point with you, FOR IF I WERE OUT OF THE PRISON TO-DAY, I WOULD PREACH THE GOSPEL AGAIN TO-MORROW, BY THE HELP OF GOD."

What can the poor miserable instruments and agencies of human oppression do with such a man? The fire of God is in him, and the hand of God carries him on; and though men may burn his body, and so think that they have put him out of existence, yet man's fire cannot put out God's fire, but it still burns on. The martyr's soul, before it goes to God in glory, kindles a light in men's hearts and memories that still shines heavenward, whatever men may do to quench it. And out of the prison it shines, if they put the body in a dungeon; and if they do this because the man chooses to pray without a Common Prayer Book, as the hierarchists once did with Daniel, because he would not pray with the state liturgy, it is only translating him to a place where he may have more perfect and uninterrupted communion with God according to his own conscience, and in God's own way.

What would the insane persecutors of freedom in preaching and praying not give if they could only get into the *soul* with their instruments of torture, if they could only make *that* a dungeon, if they could only reach the secret place of freedom, where the flame of prayer rises, invisible and intangible, to God! What would they not give, if only they could enter that holy of holies, where the Spirit of God helpeth the infirmities of His children, and teaches them how to pray, and maketh intercession for them with the groanings that cannot be uttered, according to the will of God; if they could enter

there, with their constables, their stocks, their thumbscrews, their rubrics, their catalogues of sole permitted and prescribed ceremonies, traditions, and petitions, their trials, their judgments, their confiscations, interdictions, distrainings, muzzlings, and banishments! What would they not give, if they could indeed come between the soul and God,—if they could indeed say, with a true spiritual efficacy, as they do with the efficacy of a *posse comitatus*, that no man shall offer any petition to God, save in the form and language which the Church and State have directed! Ay, *that* is a tyranny that man never can accomplish, that God never did and never will permit. And yet, without *that*, all is as vain as the antics of a crowned fool setting his feet upon the sea-shore, and commanding the rising tide not to dare to wet them!

Bunyan lay in the prison twelve years, *weighing and pausing, and pausing again, the grounds and foundation of those principles for which he thus suffered; having not only at his trial asserted them, but ever since, through all that tedious track of time, examined them in cold blood a thousand times, and found them good.* This is his striking language, towards the end of those twelve years, in the preface to his work entitled *A Confession of my Faith and Reason of my Practice*, written out of prison, with a solemn defiance to his enemies themselves, as his judges, "to find anything in his writing or preaching to render him worthy of twelve years' imprisonment, or one that deserveth to be hanged or banished for ever, according to their tremendous sentence;" together with a solemn declaration that "rather than violate his faith and principles by consenting that his soul should be governed in any of its approaches to God by the superstitious inventions of this world, putting out his own eyes, and committing himself to the blind to lead him, he would lay there still, the Almighty God being his help and shield, and still suffer, if frail life might continue so long, *even till the moss should grow upon his eyebrows!*"

It was out of the prison, we doubt not, that Bunyan wrote, not only the *Grace Abounding*, but that admirable discourse on prayer, in which he reiterates and draws out with powerful simplicity, by the guidance of the Holy Scriptures, the reasons he had briefly presented to the judges on his trial for his rejection of the Common Prayer Book, and of any and every ceremonial or religious compilation ordered and imposed by man. It was by the Spirit and the Word that Bunyan received God's teachings, by the Spirit and the Word that he communed with God, by the Spirit and the Word that he received God's comforts, and he would have others to do so likewise; and therefore it was, and because he had seen and known so clearly in his own experience and in others' heartless formalism, the evils of

a religion prescribed and received from man, that in the beginning of his imprisonment, and while the jailer would grant him some liberty, he "used every occasion put into his hand to visit the people of God, exhorting them to be steadfast in the faith of Jesus Christ, and to take heed that they touched not the Common Prayer, but to mind the Word of God, which giveth direction to Christians in every point, being able to make the man of God perfect in all things through faith in Jesus Christ, and thoroughly to furnish him up to all good works."

It was by the Spirit and the Word that Bunyan's prison was made better to him than a palace, as it had been by the Spirit and the Word that his spiritual temptations, and his inward agonising conflicts, were made a triumph and a glory. And these original characteristics of his own piety, so full of life, power, and fire, he longed to communicate to others, longed to have all men baptized with the same spirit. With what energy, in other works beside the *Grace Abounding*, does he dwell upon the glory of the Scriptures, and urge the effectual life-giving belief of them by the Spirit! Thus, in that powerful book published in 1658, entitled *Sighs from Hell*, he says, "I tell thee, friend, there are some promises that the Lord hath helped me to lay hold of, through and by Jesus Christ, that I would not have out of the Bible for as much gold and silver as can lie between York and London piled up to the stars; because through them Christ is pleased by His Spirit to convey comfort to my soul. I say, when the law curses, when the devil tempts, when hell-fire flames in my conscience, my sins, with the guilt of them, tearing of me, then is Christ revealed so sweetly to my soul through the promises, that all is forced to fly, and leave off to accuse my soul. So also when the world frowns, when the enemies rage, and threaten to kill me, then also the precious, the exceeding great and precious promises weigh down all, and comfort the soul against all. This is the effect of believing the Scriptures savingly; for they that do so have, by and through the Scriptures, good comfort, and also ground of hope, believing those things to be their own which the Scriptures hold forth."

But the work of all works, that for which God permitted Bunyan to be thrown into prison, and would not let him out until His purpose was accomplished, was the *Pilgrim's Progress*. That this work *was* written in prison has been recently and very effectually demonstrated by Mr. Offor, in his curious, instructive, and valuable introduction to the edition of the Allegory published by the Hanserd Knollys Society. Indeed, Bunyan's own commencement of his great work, together with the marginal note descriptive of the topography of the

Den, as being in literal reality the *jail*, was quite enough to have settled that question. Nor is it in the least degree probable that Bunyan would ever, out of the prison, have begun the *Pilgrim's Progress*. The pleasantness and refreshing sweetness of its composition to his own soul was among the comforts wherewith he was comforted of Christ amidst the sufferings of his imprisonment. The *Grace of God Abounding*, reviewed in Bunyan's Den, was a discipline preparatory for it; the leisure of the Den committed him to it; the straitness of the Den, compelling his imagination into exercise, quickened and increased the ministrations of its beauty; and the very darkness and loneliness of the Den at times helped him onward in it; and he was like Milton in his blindness, with the sublimities of the *Paradise Lost* thrown upon his inward sight. In open day, among the pursuits of life and the absorbing duties of his ministry, Bunyan's mind would not have been likely to have paused upon the imagery of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, even if it had passed before him.

The *Heavenly Footman* is perhaps as likely as any of Bunyan's works to have been the one to which he refers when he says,

> "I, writing of the way
> And race of saints, in this our gospel day,
> Fell suddenly into an allegory
> About their journey, and the way to glory."

That work was written after the *Sighs from Hell*, and also after his work on the *Two Covenants*, to each of which books he makes a reference in the *Heavenly Footman;* but it was not published at all in Bunyan's lifetime. We think it very likely, that the tide of thoughts and fancies coming fast upon him, made him defer the completion of the *Heavenly Footman* till the *Pilgrim's Progress* was both finished and printed; and the only reason why Bunyan did not name the work in which he was engaged, when he was carried away by main force of a heart and mind on fire into the track of his Pilgrim, was because, when he wrote his poetical preface, that work, the *Heavenly Footman*, was still unfinished and in manuscript.

It is very clear that, of all his works, the *Pilgrim's Progress* was that into which the Divine providence and grace carried him the most unexpectedly. It was as if, while pursuing the subject of his own choice, a winged angel had beckoned him away into the path of God's choice, without any will of his own, as on a child's excursion, and had there left him to his own fancies. So this work of the *Pilgrim's Progress* was that in which, though the greatest of his works, he had the least of a local or definite purpose in composing

it. He did not write it to please others; he did not write it for publication; nay, when he began he did not dream of publishing; he wrote it as the spontaneous impulse of genius and piety, to which he gave way simply to gratify himself, yielding to the delight of his own mind in the work of his imagination.

Nor did he *labour* at it at any time; but it was a work of the greatest freedom and happiness; a work to which he gave his vacant seasons only; a work truly of heavenly amusement to his soul, and of recreation from other things, which were his task-work. Neither did he, thus scribbling merely at vacant seasons and out of pure delight, accomplish his work hastily, or all at once; it was not till after writing at intervals for some time, without any method, thinking to make he knew not what, that at length he had his method by the end. The twenty things that first came suddenly into his head he set down, and then twenty more, and so on as fast as they multiplied, putting them by themselves. Thus the whole work may have been years in the process of composition; although each time that he set pen to paper he quickly had his thoughts in black and white; and so he went on,

> "Until at last it came to be,
> For length and breadth, the bigness which you see."

Thus much we may certainly gather from his own account concerning the progress of this remarkable work of genius. And it was not until he had put his ends thus together, and completed both the ideal and the form of his work, that he either disclosed the imagination of it, or showed a leaf of it, to a single breathing mortal. Then only arose the question, How will it strike others? Shall it be published? Will it do good? Will men be benefited by this unusual mode of setting forth Divine truth? Will it be condemned or justified? And after all, though the precious manuscript went from hand to hand, from judge to judge, among Bunyan's most esteemed and dearest friends and brethren, such was the diversity of opinion respecting it, some saying, Print it, John, some saying, No, that he had to decide irrespective of men's judgment, and in a strait to the last moment, what was the best thing to be done.

There never was such a history of any human work of genius. There never was such an absence of all motive, manward, of all regard to human applause, of all mere human purpose. This almost exclusive prevalence of Divine providence and grace in the impulse and guidance of Bunyan's genius, and this retirement of the mere human will from its sanctuary, is a marvellous and beautiful thing. It makes the *Pilgrim's Progress* stand nearer to the pages of a Divine inspiration than any other book. Unconsciously on the part of

Bunyan, God had been disciplining and preparing him, through years of heavenly conflict and study of the Word, for this work; unconsciously God set him to the composition of it; unconsciously God carried him to the completion of it.

He describes himself, at the end of twelve complete years of his imprisonment, as still lying in jail, "*waiting to see what God would suffer these men to do with him.*" In truth, the *Pilgrim's Progress* answers this question. And in the very next sentence Bunyan goes on describing his situation and experience in prison: "In which condition I have continued with much content through grace, but have met with many turnings and goings upon my heart, both from the Lord, Satan, and my own corruptions; by all which, glory be to Jesus Christ, I have also received, among many things, much conviction, instruction, and understanding. *I never had in all my life so great an inlet into the Word of God as now.* Those Scriptures that I saw nothing in before are made in this place and state to shine upon me. Jesus Christ also was never more real and apparent than now; here I have seen and felt Him indeed."

He then mentions some of the passages of Scripture that have been great refreshments to him in this his imprisoned condition: "So that sometimes," says he, "when I have been in the savour of them, I have been able to laugh at destruction, and to fear neither the horse nor his rider. I have had sweet sights of the forgiveness of my sins in this place, and of my being with Jesus in another world. Oh, the Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels, and God the judge of all, and the spirits of just men made perfect, and Jesus, have been sweet unto me in this place! I have seen that here which I am persuaded I shall never, while in this world, be able to express. I have seen a truth in this Scripture, 'Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.'

"I never knew what it was for God to stand by me at all turns, and at every offer of Satan to afflict me, as I have found Him since I came in hither; for, look how fears have presented themselves, so have supports and encouragements; yea, when I have started, even as it were at nothing else but my shadow, yet God, as being very tender of me, hath not suffered me to be molested, but would, with one Scripture or another, strengthen me against all, insomuch that I have often said, *Were it lawful, I could pray for greater trouble, for the greater comfort's sake.*"

Before Bunyan was arrested in his ministry and taken to prison, he foresaw what was coming, as indeed Baxter, and other good men

with him, must have done; and, by the grace and discipline of God, he was prepared for it. By the space of as much as a year before his imprisonment he was looking forward both to prison and to death; and, almost every time he went to prayer, was led to plead with God, in the words of Paul, "that he might be strengthened with all might, according to His glorious power, *unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness.*" The petition thus impressed upon his soul, and ministered in prayer to God by that Holy Spirit who maketh intercession for His people according to His will, was marvellously answered. Bunyan was lead beforehand "to pass a sentence of death upon every thing that can properly be called a thing of this life, and to look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen."

But notwithstanding all these helps, he found himself a man *encompassed with infirmities.* The thoughts of parting with his wife and poor children, and the remembrance of the many hardships, miseries, and wants that his poor family must meet with, but, above all, his poor blind child, who lay nearer his heart than all he had besides, were agonising to him. This record of his feelings is deeply affecting: "Poor child, thought I, what sorrow art thou like to have for thy portion in this world! Thou must be beaten, must beg, suffer hunger, cold, nakedness, and a thousand calamities, though I cannot now endure the wind should blow upon thee. But yet, recalling myself, thought I, I must venture you all with God, though it goeth to the quick to leave you. Oh, I saw in this condition I was as a man who was pulling down his house upon the head of his wife and children; yet, thought I, I must do it, I must do it. And now I thought on those two milch kine that were to carry the ark of God into another country, to leave their calves behind them."

Here, as ever, the promises of God sustained him; for although it was the habit of his sensitive mind, in the prospect of temptation and of evil, to look upon the darkest side, and the habit of his vivid and powerful imagination to array the possible coming calamities in their most terrific aspect,—by which things Satan seemed to gain an advantage in his assaults upon his soul,—yet over all this the grace of God was triumphant, and out of all the Lord delivered him, being much better to him than his fears. The company of his poor dear blind child was a sweet consolation

to him in the prison, while, with her by his side, he worked at the tagged laces which were his only means of contributing to the support of his family.

The last recorded onset of Satan upon him, and the final triumph of his soul by grace, when, as it would seem, the Tempter left him, not only for a season, foiled and disappointed, but for ever, must be given in his own words, for it was, in some respects, the most remarkable and important crisis in his Christian pilgrimage. It was a struggle and a conflict issuing in the clearest light, and never afterwards, that we are aware of, renewed. It was early in the time of his imprisonment, and coming after so much refreshment and strength as he had received from the promises and grace of God, to bear him up in entering upon that long-anticipated trial, Bunyan marvelled at it. Besides, it continued for many weeks, and all the visions of heavenly things were veiled in his soul, and it was as if he had been transported by Diabolus to the scurf of Hell-gate Hill, and there for weeks had been made to hear the ringing of Dead-man's Bell among the dark mountains. Yea, it was like the beating and roaring of Hell-drum before the town of Mansoul.

And thus Bunyan introduces it: "I must tell you," says he, "a pretty business. I was once above all the rest in a very sad and low condition for many weeks; at which time also, I being but a young prisoner, and not acquainted with the laws, had this lain much upon my spirit, that my imprisonment might end at the gallows, for aught that I could tell. Now, therefore, Satan laid hard at me, to beat me out of heart, by suggesting thus unto me: But how if, when you come indeed to die, you should be in this condition, that is, not to savour the things of God, nor to have any evidence upon your soul of a better state hereafter? for indeed at that time all the things of God were hid from my soul.

"Wherefore, when I at first began to think of this, it was a great trouble to me: for I thought with myself that, in the condition I now was, I was not fit to die, neither, indeed, did think I could, if I should be called to it. Besides, I thought with myself, if I should make a scrambling shift to clamber up the ladder, yet I should, either with quaking, or other symptoms of fainting, give occasion to the enemy to reproach the way of God and His people for their timorousness. This, therefore, lay with great trouble upon me; for methought I was ashamed to die with a pale face and tottering knees in such a cause as this.

"Wherefore I prayed to God that He would comfort me, and give strength to do and suffer what He should call me to. Yet no comfort appeared, but all continued hid. I was also at this time so really

possessed with the thought of death, *that oft I was as if on a ladder with a rope about my neck.* Only this was some encouragement to me, I thought I might now have an opportunity to speak my last words unto a multitude which I thought would come to see me die, and, thought I, if it must be so, if God will but convert one soul by my last words, I shall not count my life thrown away nor lost.

"But yet all the things of God were kept out of my sight, and still the Tempter followed me, saying. But whither must you go when you die? What will become of you? Where will you be found in another world? What evidence have you for heaven and glory, and an inheritance among them that are sanctified? Thus was I tossed for many weeks, and knew not what to do, till at last this consideration fell with weight upon me, that it was for the Word and way of God that I was in this condition; wherefore I was engaged not to flinch an hair's breadth from it.

"I thought also that *God might choose whether He would give me comfort now, or at the hour of death; but I might not therefore choose whether I would hold my profession or no. I was bound, but He was free; yea, it was my duty to stand to His Word, whether He would ever look upon me, or save me at the last or not;* wherefore, thought I, the point being thus, I am for going on, and venturing my eternal state with Christ, whether I have comfort here or no. If God doth not come in, thought I, I will leap off the ladder even blindfold into eternity, sink or swim, come heaven, come hell. Lord Jesus, if Thou wilt catch me, do; if not, I will venture for Thy name."

We doubt if, in the whole range of religious biography, there is to be found such a trial and triumph as this. The gold is here in the hottest crucible, and the Great Refiner is bending over it and watching the process, and His own image, His own face reflected, shines in it, clear, bright, not to be mistaken! How beautiful His love, how glorious His work of grace in Bunyan! What disinterestedness of motive, what self-renouncing faith, what entire consecration to Christ! Bunyan's language is not merely, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him," but, "Though He cast me off, yet will I venture for His name!"

And then how beautiful, how impressive, how bright with the seal of the Divine Spirit in the heart, that breathing of duty and of love after God, "*it was my duty to stand to His Word, whether He would ever look upon me, or save me at the last or not.*" It was no wonder that, after witnessing the result of this trial, Bunyan's spiritual foes fled from him in despair, and the angels of the promises came and ministered unto him. "I would not have been without this trial for much," said he; "I am comforted every time I think of it, and I hope I shall bless God for ever for the teaching I have had by it."

Jail on the Bridge at Bedford

And now was Bunyan hidden in God's pavilion, and left alone with God. Now he was at leisure for just as much of divine meditation as a heart filled with the Spirit would thirst after. Now he could say, My feet stand upon Mount Zion. My body, indeed, is in prison, but my mind is free to study Christ, and the unsearchable riches of His infinite, everlasting love. Mine enemies may draw their bolts and bars around me, but by faith I rise above them, and soar beyond the stars; they cannot fetter the wings of faith and hope; they cannot bind me from my God. And blessed be God that I have here this remembrance, that, when I was out of prison, my work was to preach Christ and to save souls; which memory shall be a comfort to me till I die. And here, from the walls of our prison, as from one of God's watch-towers, I and my companions in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, for the Word of God and for the testimony of Jesus, can see afar off into the land of glory. For the baseness of this state cannot hide God's face from us, but He carries us, as on eagle's wings, into the truth and life of heaven.

"We change our drossy dust for gold,
From death to life we fly;
We let go shadows, and take hold
Of Immortality."

Such was the tenour of Bunyan's prison meditations. We have reason to believe that the twelve long years of his imprisonment were, on the whole, the happiest period of his life. It was not because the prison itself was not gloomy, damp, and dreary. What prison built in the fifteenth or sixteenth century, and made the instrument of Church-and-State tyranny, ever was otherwise? But this prison of Bunyan, Mr. Philip, in his *Life and Times*, happily reminds us, was the old jail on Bedford bridge, the very prison whose dreary state awoke the energies of HOWARD to his mission of benevolence; and very likely it was the extreme dampness of its cells that suggested that strong and graphic image to Bunyan's mind which we have already quoted, when he said that, rather than come out of jail by violating his faith and principles, in obeying men rather than God, he would stay there, if frail life could continue so long, *till the moss should grow upon his eyebrows!*

It was not for want of the *circumstances* of gloom and suffering that Bunyan's prison years were so happy to him and so glorious for the world; nay, if he had remained in those circumstances a little longer, doubtless life would have given way under the pressure of evil; but it was because of the abundant ministration of the wondrous love of God; it was because, by the revelations of Christ to his soul, *as the sufferings of Christ abounded in him, so his consolation also abounded by Christ.* That is a great text realised in Bunyan, concerning the God of all comfort, "Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God." So was Bunyan comforted. In all his life he never had such a period of continued, and sometimes ecstatic, revelations and experiences of light, peace, and joy. In many respects it was, almost all the way, as the Land Beulah, beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, out of the reach of Giant Despair, Doubting Castle not so much as to be seen, the sun shining night and day, the air sweet and pleasant, continually the birds singing, every day the flowers blooming. The existence of such a period of spiritual enjoyment might have been surely inferred from the nature of the works known to have been the fruit of Bunyan's imprisonment; the *Pilgrim's Progress* itself could have come only from a serenity and sweetness of religious experience, shining, with the play of celestial rainbows intermingled, like an evening sunset after a storm. And so Bunyan says, in his own rugged and homely but expressive verses:—

"The prison very sweet to me
Hath been since I came here;
And so would also hanging be,
If God would there appear.

Here dwells good conscience, also peace,
Here be my garments white;
Here, though in bonds, I have release
From guilt, which else would bite."

But with all this he had ever an intermingling of many *turnings and goings upon his heart* from Satan and his own corruptions,—those seven abominations that he speaks of, beginning with unbelief; the Diabolonians that would still dwell in the town of Mansoul,—by which things he was continually humbled. It was still, as of old, his every day's portion "to be let into the evil of my own heart, and still made to see such a multitude of corruptions and infirmities therein, that it hath caused hanging down of the head under all my gifts and attainments."

While Bunyan was thus suffering for Christ, yet enjoying Christ's presence, and writing from the fulness of His love in prison, a great multitude of his Nonconformist brethren were passing through the fires without. It was a period of peril, persecution, and great tribulation for such as kept an independent conscience and were faithful to God's Word. The Act of Uniformity being passed the 13th of May, 1662, all ministers were ejected from their livings, and silenced, who would not conform to the established hierarchy, who would not declare their unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything contained and prescribed in and by the Book of Common Prayer, administration of the sacraments, and other rites and ceremonies of the Church. Manton, Owen, Bates, Calamy, Howe, and Baxter, were among the number of those who, in this grand struggle for principle, liberty, and the honour of Christ, as Mr. Orme most justly describes it, would not submit to the decrees of an ecclesiastical despotism, nor, in the sacred matter of prayer and supreme obedience to Christ, be subject to ordinances after the commandments and doctrines of men. They obeyed the inspired injunction, and, at whatever cost, stood fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free.

And a costly thing indeed it was, a liberty maintained in the endurance of intolerable severities, for which maintenance and endurance we owe a debt of gratitude to those confessors for Christ, and to the great Head of the Church for inspiring and sustaining them, which we cannot measure. The freedom which we now enjoy could never have been gained until such a race of Christians should have passed through such fires; and if it had not been them, it must have been us on whom the weight of ecclesiastical tyranny, and the duty and the cost of resisting it, must have fallen. The nonconforming ministers were pursued with the sharpest animosity and jealousy. "As we were forbidden to preach," says Baxter, "so we were vigilantly watched in private, that we might not exhort one another or pray together; and

as I foretold them oft how they would use us when they had silenced us, every meeting for prayer was called a dangerous meeting for sedition, or a conventicle at least." And so, as in the days of Nebuchadnezzar, men were consigned to prison for merely praying to God without the State Liturgy. And this is that to which Bunyan himself refers in his *Discourse on Prayer*, when he says, with a severity unwonted for him, yet perfectly justified by the truth, "Look into the jails in England, and into the alehouses of the same, and I trow you will find those that plead for the spirit of prayer in the jail, and them that look only after the form of men's inventions in the alehouse. It is evident also by the silencing of God's dear ministers, though never so powerfully enabled by the Spirit of Prayer, if they in conscience cannot admit of that form of Common Prayer. If this be not exalting the Common Prayer Book above either praying by the Spirit or preaching the Word, I have taken my mark amiss. It is not pleasant for me to dwell on this; the Lord in mercy turn the hearts of the people to seek more after the Spirit of Prayer, and in the strength of that to pour out their souls before the Lord."

Such a passage as this ought not to be omitted from Bunyan's biography, for it was an appeal from the prison to the truth, which no man could deny; it shews the habitual direction and strength of those religious feelings and conscientious views which led Bunyan and others to endure what they did, and to make what protestations they could against the violent imposition of men's forms in God's worship.

When the work of the Act of Uniformity in May, followed by the ministration of Bartholomew's-Day in August, ejecting and silencing the nonconforming preachers of God's Word, had been effectually accomplished in 1662, then, on the last day of June 1663, the bill against private meetings for religious exercises passed the House of Commons, and shortly was made a law. We take the notice of this great tyranny from the unexceptionable testimony of Baxter. "The sum of it was," says he, "that every person above sixteen years old, who should be present at any meeting under colour or pretence of any exercise of religion, in other manner than is allowed by the Liturgy or practice of the Church of England, where there are five persons more than the household, shall, for the first offence, by a justice of peace, be recorded and sent to jail three months, till he pay five pounds; and for the second offence six months, till he pay ten pounds; and the third time, being convicted by a jury, shall be banished to some of the American Plantations, excepting New England or Virginia. The calamity of the act, beside the main matter, was, that it was made so ambiguous that no man that ever I

met with could tell what was a violation of it, and what not; not knowing what was allowed by the Liturgy of the Church of England in families, because the Liturgy meddleth not with families; and among the diversity of family practice no man knoweth what to call the practice of the Church . . . . . But when it came to the trial, these pleas with the justices were vain; for *if men did but pray, it was taken for granted that it was an exercise not allowed by the Church of England, and to jail they went.*"

This was the machinery set in motion, after their teachers had been silenced, to beat down the people. "And now," continues Baxter, "came the people's trial as well as the ministers'. *While the dangers and sufferings lay on the ministers alone, the people were very courageous, and exhorted them to stand it out, and preach till they went to prison.* But when it came to be their own case, they were venturous till they were once surprised and imprisoned; but then their judgments were much altered, and they that censured ministers before as cowardly, because they preached not publicly, whatever followed, did now think that it was better to preach often in secret to a few, than but once or twice in public to many; and that secresy was no sin when it tended to the furtherance of the work of the Gospel and to the Church's good. The rich especially were as cautious as the ministers. But yet their meetings were so ordinary and so well known, that it greatly tended to the jailer's commodity.

"The people were in a great strait, those especially who dwelt near any busy officer or malicious enemy. Many durst not pray in their families, if above four persons came in to dine with them. In a gentleman's house where it was ordinary for more than four visitors, neighbours, messengers, or one sort or other, to be most so many days at dinner with them, *many durst not then go to prayer, and some scarcely durst crave a blessing on their meat, or give God thanks for it. Some thought they might venture if they withdrew into another room, and left the strangers to themselves; but others said, it is all one if they be in the same house, though out of hearing, when it cometh to the judgment of the justices.* In London, where the houses are contiguous, some thought if they were in several houses, and heard one another through the hall or a window, it would avoid the law; but others said it is all in vain whilst the justice is judge, whether it was a meeting or no. Great lawyers said, if you come on a visit or business, though you be present at prayer or sermon, it is no breach of the law, because you met not on pretence of a religious exercise; but those that tried them said that such words are but wind when the justices come to judge you."

What a picture of infamy and cruelty is this! What a vast, pene-

trating, powerful arrangement, to make cowards, slaves, and hypocrites of a whole people! Immortal beings compelled to hide themselves from man's sight and hearing, in order even to say grace! We behold the all-pervading power and anguish of the subtle elements of a hierarchical and spiritual despotism, energised with the supremacy of state law, and carried to the uttermost extent by a willing and obedient magistracy. The authors and upholders of it would arm that despotism, if they could, with the omniscience and omnipotence of God. It is as if we saw the lice and frogs of Egypt coming up into the people's houses, covering their daily bread, and infesting and poisoning the sources of life and activity.

In this state of things the Quakers in the kingdom threw themselves, with a most determined and noble spirit of freedom and endurance, into the breach. Their example was wonderful. Baxter records it in a simple and striking manner, and the bare record is enough to stamp the system under which they suffered as of the most atrocious wickedness and cruelty. "And here," says he, "the Quakers did greatly relieve the sober people for a time; for they were so resolute, and so gloried in their constancy and sufferings, that they assembled openly at the Bull and Mouth, near Aldersgate, and were dragged away daily to the common jail, and yet desisted not, but the rest came the next day, nevertheless, so that the jail at Newgate was filled with them. Abundance of them died in prison, and yet they continued their assemblies still. They would sometimes meet only to sit still in silence, when, as they said, the Spirit did not move them; and it was a great question whether this silence was a religious exercise not allowed by the Liturgy."

So these barbarities went on, practised by a Church called Christian; but, as the excellent Dr. Scott once observed, these cruelties are the iniquity of Paganism, which Christian doctrine not only cannot sanctify for its own pretended support, but ten thousandfold condemns. Mr. Offor has gathered a striking summary of these frightful ferocities, and refers to the memorial presented to the King and Council at Whitehall in behalf of the persecuted Quakers, in proof that "such was the thronged state of the prisons, that in some cases they were crowded into so small a space, that some had to stand while the others laid down. Many were taken out dead." Upwards of eight thousand suffered imprisonment, and hundreds died. As to the number of Nonconformists, or Dissenters of all sects, who suffered or died, it cannot be told; but it is stated that eight thousand died in prison under Charles II.

Bunyan himself must have died, if he had been thrown into one of these crowded prisons, and consigned to the brutality of an

Bunyan's Cup

inhuman jailer, to say nothing of the impossibility of writing any such work as the *Pilgrim's Progress* under such circumstances. These things, therefore, present in a more impressive shape the providence of God in suffering Bunyan to be so early arrested, and lodged safely in a prison where the keepers were friendly to him, to pursue his quiet work, hidden as in a pavilion from the strife of tongues. His first jailer was so kind to him, that for a season he perilled his own situation by permitting him to visit his family, and even to go up to London. No freedom of this nature, however, seems to have been granted for several years after the year 1662; and perhaps, for the production of his works, it was better so than otherwise.

Meantime, multitudes were tossed up and down from dwelling to dwelling, having no resting-place nor refuge; and Baxter himself, after many trials, was thrown into jail in the year 1669. In the year 1670, the Act against Conventicles was renewed with increased severity, and enforced with the utmost rigour. Dr. Manton was sent to prison for preaching in his own house. The revived Act and its applications overtopped in cruelty and inhumanity all that went before it; though, in some respects, the Five Mile Act in the midst of the Plague in 1665 was a greater enormity, as enacted in contempt of all the demonstrated spiritual wants of the people, and all the teachings of God's terrible judgments.

After this career of bigotry and cruelty on the part of Church and State had been pursued to such an extent that it seemed as if the kingdom were given up of God to Moloch, there came forth most unexpectedly in 1672 a royal Declaration, dispensing with the penal laws against Nonconformists. Whether the object of this measure on the part of the King was to provide a shield, under which relief might be extended to the Roman Catholics, or the accomplishment of some other policy not named, the acknowledgment with which the Declaration opens is most memorable. After speaking of "*those many and frequent ways of coercion*" to reduce Dissenters to obedience, by which the King had proved his passionate love to the Established Church, he says, "*It is evident, by the sad experience of twelve years, that there is very little fruit of all those forceable courses.*" Yes, indeed! that is not the way to root out even an absolute heresy, much less to beat down or destroy God's truth. When God chooses hearts to plant it in, neither fires, nor fines, nor dungeons, can burn it out, nor repress it, nor shut it up. Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty, let men do what they will to crush it. Very little fruit indeed *that* way, from those twelve years' "*forceable courses*" of the hierarchy!

But the King little knew what fruit GOD HIMSELF would bring out of them; little knew that He had permitted them, just to compel the wrath of man to praise HIM. They began with Bunyan's imprisonment, those specified twelve years of hierarchical experiment, they ended with Bunyan's release; and the one great event in the kingdom during that period, though then utterly unknown to any mortal in it, save John Bunyan, and perhaps two or three obscure fellow-prisoners, had been THE WRITING OF THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS; an event brought about through the instrumentality of those twelve years' cruelties!

The King's Declaration was dated the 15th March, 1672. By the 8th of May, the returns which had been commanded concerning the prisoners in the kingdom that were to be released were before the Privy Council, and the names of a large number were inserted in a general pardon. From Mr. Offor's valuable researches we learn that by the indefatigable exertions of the benevolent George Whitehead on the part of the Society of Friends, a special warrant was obtained from the King to the Attorney-General for the pardon of the Quakers, other Dissenters being included, and Bunyan among them. Whitehead beautifully says, "Our being of different judgments did not abate my compassion or charity, even towards those who had been my opposers in some cases. Blessed be the Lord my God, who is the Father and Fountain of mercies, whose love and mercies in Christ Jesus to us should oblige us to be merciful and kind one to another, we being required to love mercy as well as to do justly, and to walk humbly with the Lord our God."

The interest and importance of this movement are such, that it deserves, even in our present brief sketch, a more minute history. The royal Declaration, we have said, was dated the 15th of March. Before the 29th, it appears that Whitehead and others had petitioned the King in behalf of the Quakers especially; for at a meeting of the Privy Council in the King's presence, on the 29th, an order was given to the sheriffs, on the ground of that request, for returns to be made forthwith of the names "of all such persons called Quakers remaining in any jail or prison." On the 3rd day of May, the returns having been made, were delivered into the hands of the Lord Keeper, Sir Orlando Bridgman, for his opinion as to the various grounds of imprisonment in the several cases. This being given, it was ordered in Privy Council, on the 8th of May, that a list of names, with the causes of commitment, should be sent to the Attorney-General, who was required and authorized to prepare a bill for his majesty's royal signature, containing a pardon, to pass the great seal of England, for all such to whom his majesty might legally grant the same.

Meanwhile Bunyan and his fellow-prisoners had sent in a petition to his majesty from the Bedford jail, following the advice and example of Whitehead on behalf of the Quakers. This petition was received and read in Council on the same 8th day of May, before the order taken for the release of the Quakers. Its reading was recorded as, "the humble petition of John Fenn, John Bunyan, John Dunn, Thomas Haynes, Simon Haynes, and George Farr, prisoners in the jail of Bedford, and James Rogers, prisoner in the Castle of Cambridge, for being at conventicles and Nonconformity." The petition was ordered to be referred to the sheriffs, to examine and certify forthwith whether the prisoners were in custody for those offences mentioned, or for any other crimes.

Then at a meeting of the Privy Council on the 17th of May, the sheriffs having returned answer that the said persons were committed for the said crimes "of being at conventicles and Nonconformity," and for none other, it was ordered by his majesty that the petition and certificate should be sent to the Attorney-General, who was required and authorized to insert the names therein contained, of Bunyan and others, *into the general pardon to be passed for the Quakers.*

Some three weeks after this, in the month of June, the King's warrant for the pardon was issued to the Attorney-General, with the names of 471 prisoners, at that time ordered to be inserted, "of Quakers and others." This number was increased by different orders in Council to 491, when the letters of pardon were made patent. But meanwhile it was found that the fees for each person mentioned in the pardon would amount, in the different offices through which it had to pass, to the sum of twenty or thirty pounds sterling. This the poor prisoners were utterly unable to pay; and it would have to run up, in the aggregate, to some twelve thousand pounds. Thereupon, Whitehead is said to have again petitioned the King; and his majesty was pleased to command, on the same day on which the pardon was completed and issued, that is, on the 13th of September, 1672, that the pardon, though comprehending great numbers of persons, should yet pass the respective officers and sealers as one pardon, and pay but as one.

Thus at length the matter was completed, and Bunyan was released. The delays in carrying the instrument of pardon into execution could not have been great. The kind efforts of Whitehead and his friends the Quakers were earnest and persevering. Nothing was left undone that could be done; and the whole expenses that remained, of getting and serving the royal patent for the pardon, were borne by these excellent persons. The alleged inter-

cession of Dr. Barlow on Bunyan's behalf must have been made before these movements, if there be any truth whatever in the statement of such interposition. It is very clear that after the royal Declaration of the 15th of March, and the petitions of Whitehead and of Bunyan himself, no other intervention was necessary. Before that time it would not have been available, or certainly was not, even if made. After the pardon had been completed through so many orders in Council, and the great seal attached to it, there was nothing requisite but to pay the fees and have it served upon the justices; and we are at a loss to conceive what intercession, in Bunyan's case especially, could have been called for, since the justice or sheriff would not have dared to disobey the King's command, and the jailer of the Bedford prison was Bunyan's friend.

Meanwhile, towards the close of the year 1671, Bunyan had been chosen and ordained by the church in Bedford, of which he was a member, to the office of elder or co-pastor. He must have had extraordinary privileges granted him by his jailer, for Mr. Philip assures us that his name appears in the minutes of the church meetings in 1669, 1670, and 1671, and that in 1670 he was present at every church meeting in the year. In 1672 he published *The Confession of my Faith and Reason of my Practice*, the preface to which work shews evidently that, whatever kindnesses or relaxations of severity may have lightened the evil of his imprisonment, it was still very grievous to be borne; while at the same time he was resolved never to come out of it but as he had entered, with the determination and the freedom, *if out of the prison to-day, to preach the Gospel to-morrow, by the help of God.*

It was the 9th day of May, 1672, only the day after Bunyan's petition for release had been received, read, and first acted on in the Privy Council, that he was, in the name of the King, licensed to preach in the house of Mr. Rufhead, in Bedford, in the following terms: "We do hereby permit and license John Bunyan to be a teacher of the congregation allowed by us in the house of Josias Roughed, Bedford, for the use of such as do not conform to the Church of England, who are of the persuasion commonly called Congregational." Mr. Rufhead was one of Bunyan's devoted friends, who had had his house broken open and rifled in 1670, or near that time, during the persecution after the revival of the Act against conventicles. His house was the first place of worship licensed in Bedford, if not the first in the kingdom, for the use of the Nonconformists. Mr. Offor has printed, as it was originally registered, the form of the royal sanction, dated the same 9th day of May, and has noted the memorable fact that Bunyan's licensure was

"*the first permission to preach given to any Dissenter from the established sect in this country.*" To this we may add the record given by Mr. Ivimey from the Church-book, as follows: "August, 1672. The ground on which the meeting-house stands was bought by subscription." It was purchased for the erection of a new and capacious chapel, which was shortly built, and crowded with hearers.

The legalised appointment of this Mr. Ruf head's house for Bunyan's preaching, as well as the authorising of Bunyan as teacher in the same, so soon after the royal Declaration, is indeed a remarkable incident; for he had not been even released yet from prison, and his petition for such release was just undergoing the first action of the Privy Council, in the forms necessary for its accomplishment. The King is seen, while Bunyan is yet a prisoner, and known to be such, in Bedford jail, allowing and appointing the house of Josias Rufhead, in Bedford, for Bunyan's church to meet in; and by another instrument, the same day, permitting and licensing John Bunyan to be their teacher, and to preach in the said house. It is a singular thing, and furthermore, it must have been known all the while, that Bunyan already, though in prison, was in the habit of meeting with his church uninterruptedly. The same powerful influence was evidently working in his favour, whatever that might be, which had at first prompted the royal Declaration in behalf of the Nonconformists; but the fact of the King's licensure of Bunyan as a nonconforming minister shows clearly that the whole story of Dr. Barlow's interfering for his release upon a cautionary bond, promising his conformity in six months, must be a sheer fabrication. He came into prison as a preacher of the Gospel, and as such he went out; he came in *for* preaching, and he went out *to* preach. From November, 1660, the time of his original arrest, to September, 1672, the month of the warrant for his release, it was twelve full years, wanting two months; and he came out as he went in, in fulfilment of his noble saying to the judges, "If I were out of the prison to-day, I would preach the Gospel to-morrow, by the help of God."

From this time forward, though he was now only forty-four years

of age, and had yet sixteen more years of his mortal pilgrimage before him through times of great danger, tyranny, and trial, Bunyan's career was for the most part a series of serene and successful Christian labours in the ministry and through the press. They were remarkably uninterrupted: for God carried him on, growing in wisdom and holiness, humble and uninjured, amidst the admiration of friends and the respect of enemies, who for the greater part of the time were "as still as a stone." Nevertheless, in the year 1678 a most extraordinary and incredible assault was made upon his good name in connexion with that of a young woman called Agnes Beaumont, a member of Bunyan's church in Bedford, and a person of very uncommon piety. The charge was nothing less than that of murdering her own father, at Bunyan's instigation, in order to obtain his property!

The hatching of this truly devilish conspiracy seems to have been between a clergyman and lawyer of the times, out of pure revenge and malice, both against Bunyan and the young woman, who, perhaps aided by the kind advice and foresight of her pastor, had refused to become the lawyer's wife. The young woman herself wrote a narrative of these things, which has been published and republished, and is a most remarkable document, inferior in some respects only to Bunyan's own *Grace Abounding*. A large portion of it is given by Mr. Philip, in his *Life and Times of Bunyan*, in the chapter on Bunyan's calumniators; and it constitutes one of the most valuable portions of that interesting work. The calumny (as calumny sooner or later always does) recoiled upon its authors, and was blown to atoms; and Mr. Philip observes that the memory of Agnes, as well as of her venerated pastor, is still fresh and fragrant in Gamlingay and its neighbourhood, the scene of her great trials. We are reminded, on such an occasion, of the noble remark of Edmund Burke, that it was not only in the Roman customs, but it is in the nature and constitution of things, that calumny and abuse are essential parts of triumph. These things saved Bunyan from any application of that threatening, "Wo unto you when all men speak well of you."

Bunyan himself had said concerning similar slanders, "devised of the devil and invented by his instruments, and whirled up and down the country against him," before his imprisonment: "I bind these lies and slanders to me as an ornament. God knows that I am innocent; but should I not be dealt with thus wickedly by the world, I should want one sign of a saint and a child of God. Were it not that these things make the authors and abettors of them ripe for damnation, I would say unto them, Report it, because it will increase my glory."

The next most memorable event in Bunyan's life, after the composition of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, was that of the production and publication of the *Holy War*. This second great original work of Bunyan's genius and piety was published in 1682, the year in which the *Pilgrim's Progress* had reached its eighth edition. He was now known widely, not only over England, but the world. The light from this new-created planet in the Christian firmament was silently and steadily winging its way into distant regions,

> "Shot far into the bosom of dim night."

More than a hundred thousand copies of the *Pilgrim's Progress* in English were circulated during Bunyan's lifetime, together with all the editions printed in the New World, besides its being translated into French, Flemish, Dutch, Welsh, Gaelic, and Irish. It was read in palaces and cottages, by men, women, and children, in cities and in the country, on lonely moors and among the mountains, and across the seas. It had been enshrined as a loved and fire-side book among the devout families of the Puritans of New England. Nay, they had there honoured it with a new dress, in an edition more splendid, as we should gather from Bunyan's own words, than any other that had been issued. Perhaps some ardent admirer of his genius had already, before the publication of the *Holy War*, sent him a copy from one of the rising cities of the colony of Massachusetts Bay. We would give much for an exemplar of the edition spoken of by Bunyan; and some copies, one would think, must have survived the changes of time and of the Revolution.

> "'Tis in New England, under such advance,
> Receives there so much loving countenance,
> As to be trimm'd, new clothed, and deck'd with gems,
> That it may shew its features and its limbs.
> Yet more; so public doth my Pilgrim walk,
> That of him thousands daily sing and talk."

It was under the countenance of such love and reputation, already won to Bunyan, that both his *Holy War* and the Second Part of the *Pilgrim's Progress* took their places in the sacred literature of the world. With a humour that touched the character of nations in a line, as of individuals in a word, Bunyan said,—

> "In France and Flanders, where men kill each other,
> My Pilgrim is esteem'd a friend, a brother.
> In Holland, too, 'tis said, as I am told,
> My Pilgrim is with some worth more than gold.
> Highlanders and wild Irish can agree
> My Pilgrim should familiar with them be."

To bring together the hearts and minds of Englishmen, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Flemings, Highlanders, and wild Irish, in admira-

Bunyan's Chapel, Zoar Street, Southwark.

tion of a book by an English village tinker, a man described in the King's writs as a common frequenter and upholder of conventicles, a criminal just released from twelve years' imprisonment in the common jail, and pardoned for the crime of being at conventicles and nonconformity, might well have been regarded as one of the highest triumphs of genius. But it was not in that way that Bunyan was looking at this marvel of God's providence and grace. He recounted these things in no spirit of pride or self-applause, but as an appropriate, pleasant, and characteristic introduction of the Second Part of his *Pilgrim* to those who had entertained the First. If any had seen Christian on his way, he felt assured they would welcome Christiana and her boys with joy and gladness. And all would be glad to hear, from Bunyan himself, with how much pleasure, and by how great multitudes, in various kingdoms and languages, the account of Christian and Hopeful had been already received and pondered.

In the poetical preface to the *Holy War*, a shaft of light is thrown back upon the composition of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, shewing how entirely and exclusively it was the work of Bunyan's own mind, taught indeed of God, but of man neither taught nor guided. Bunyan traces it to the play of his affections, sanctified and fixed on heaven; the fountain of Divine grace in his heart:

> "It came from mine own heart, so to my head."

It was *heart-work*, the whole of it, and therefore a labour of love, such as no man ever before entered on in prison, and an employment of unexpected delight, we venture to say, such as no author ever experienced in the composition of any work of genius. It was perfectly original, a new creation in the world's literature:

> "Manner and matter too was all my own,
> Nor was it unto any mortal known,
> Till I had done it. Nor did any then,
> By books, by wits, by tongues, or hand, or pen,
> Add five words to it, or write half a line
> Thereof: the whole and every whit is mine."

Bunyan's genius, so far as it owed its excitement and nourishment to any human mind, was indebted mainly, almost solely, to Fox the martyrologist and Martin Luther. We have reason to believe that Fox's *History of the Martyrs* and Luther's *Commentary on Galatians* did more to form his mind than all other influences, apart from the Bible and Divine grace, put together. Those rude verses written in Bunyan's tattered copy of the *Book of Martyrs* shew that the fire of that work and of its noble-minded author, and of the burning witnesses for Christ recorded in it, had kindled in his own soul. And as to Luther's *Commentary*, it met him at a time when the conflicts of his tortured spirit with the infernal tempter gave to its pages almost the claims of inspiration, and made it seem as the hand reached down from heaven with leaves from the Tree of Life for his healing.

Of those other less exciting works, which at the age of eighteen or nineteen Bunyan says he sometimes read with his wife, we have already intimated that they could not have done much, except, as Bunyan says, to beget within him some serious desires. "Some things that were somewhat pleasing to him," he says he found in them, but that was all; nor do we know of any trace, in all his writings, of either of those books, the *Practice of Piety* and the *Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven*, except it be in a passage in the *Sighs from Hell*, where Bunyan puts into the conversation of the lost sinner with Father Abraham the confession of his treatment of the Scriptures: "The Scriptures, thought I, what are they? a dead letter, a little ink and paper, of three or four shillings price. Alas! what is the Scripture? Give me a ballad, a news-book, *George on Horseback*, or *Bevis of Southampton*." This *Bevis of Southampton* is one of the books which Atheist, in the *Plain Man's Pathway*, advises a poor farmer, under conviction of sin, to read for the consolation and refreshment of a wounded spirit.

This resemblance is so slight as not to be worth naming; but even if we could gather before us all the books that Bunyan ever read of human composition, except Fox and Luther, it is probable that nowhere could any greater trace than this be found of anything gained or imitated from them.

There is one curious and interesting passage in the *Jerusalem Sinner saved*, in which Bunyan relates a story that he had read twenty-four years before the time in which he was then preaching or writing. The name of the book, he says, he has entirely forgotten; but he introduces the recital, and goes on in it, much after the manner of venerable Hugh Latimer, whom, in some points, Bunyan resembles not a little in his preaching. The story is of Martha and

Mary, in connexion with Simon the Pharisee; and Bunyan tells it with admirable familiarity and beauty. "If I come short in any circumstance," says he, "I beg pardon of those that can correct me. It is three or four and twenty years since I saw the book; yet I have, as far as my memory will admit, given you the relation of the matter." That book, whatever it may have been, made a deeper impression upon Bunyan's mind than the two works that were the marriage-portion of his wife. Its style must have pleased Bunyan's fancy, and its loving piety went down into his heart. We know not that any antiquarian or book-collector ever had the happiness to light upon this work.

There were, in the time of Bunyan's childhood, no books like his own great production, to which, and to their author, the minds of the reader could never cease to look back with gratitude and love; no books that could take that hold upon the soul, or exercise that power, which Cowper has so beautifully described in his own experience of its influence, as belonging to the sweet work of Bunyan. That exquisite and oft-repeated passage can never tire, and, in truth, seems of right to belong to every biographical sketch of the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

> "O thou, whom, borne on fancy's eager wing
> Back to the season of life's happy spring,
> I pleased remember, and while memory yet
> Holds fast her office here can ne'er forget;
> Ingenious dreamer, in whose well-told tale
> Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail;
> Whose humorous vein, strong sense, and simple style,
> May teach the gayest, make the gravest smile;
> Witty, and well employ'd, and, like thy Lord,
> Teaching in parables His slighted Word;
> I name thee not, lest so despised a name
> Should move a sneer at thy deservèd fame;
> Yet e'en in transitory life's late day,
> That mingles all my brown with sober gray,
> Revere the Man, whose PILGRIM marks the road
> And guides the PROGRESS of the soul to God."

Mr. Offor has gone through a most curious, elaborate, and indefatigable examination and analysis of monkish manuscripts and printed books prior to the Reformation, and up to the year 1678, when the first edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress* was published, in order to show the impossibility of Bunyan having copied or received anything from any other writer, either in the conception or execution of any part of his immortal allegory. He says that every allegorical work, previous to the eighteenth century, in all the European languages, has been examined. It is interesting as a matter of literary and theological curiosity, and also as a foil, shewing the superiority and entire

originality of Bunyan's genius, to compare these analyses with the pages of his own work. But no reader of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, the *Holy War*, and the *Grace Abounding*, would ever need such a demonstration, or ever doubted, or ever can doubt, that in manner and matter too, the *Pilgrim's Progress* was, all and every part, the whole and every whit, Bunyan's own. Ryland's homely comparison of a piece of hop-sacking and the finest cambric, or John Newton's, of a countryman's dried walking-stick with Aaron's rod that blossomed, were happy illustrations of the difference between all other men's attempts at allegory and John Bunyan's.

But this strongly-marked originality of Bunyan's genius is quite as striking in the *Holy War* as it is in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Indeed, that work has no prototype in any language, nor any approximation to it. No dream, or vision, or fancy, or artful thought of mortal mind recorded, ever bore any resemblance to it. Its personifications, its characters, its scenery, the warriors, banners, shields, and music of its contending armies, its changes of victory and defeat, are altogether peculiar, and yet perfectly natural. There is in it an exquisite mixture of solemnity and humour, of terror and of pathos. Its tracery of inward experiences, of immortal hopes and fears, of all the events and feelings of the Christian conflict, portrayed by the different faculties of the mind and states of the heart, set in human shape, and living and acting before us, and all as the machinery and advancement of a great spiritual epic, are things of which we know no other example in any literature.

In truth, it is the pilgrimage from the City of Destruction to the City of Immanuel reproduced under another form, as different from that of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, almost, as the Apocalypse of John is different from the Psalms of David, or as Edwards's *History of Redemption* is different from Doddridge's *Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*. And yet it is the same pilgrimage, the same work traced, of the conversion and sanctification of fallen man. In the *Holy War*, it is an abstraction of the race personified, and redemption carried on, the supernatural in the poem being brought into the fore-ground; in the *Pilgrim's Progress* it is an individual selected, and toiling upwards from earth to heaven, nearly the whole space and interest being taken up with his movements. In both the *Holy War* and the *Pilgrim's Progress* there is a combination of theology and experience, most beautiful and instructive; but in the *Holy War* it is the more the theological form, *God working in you;* in the *Pilgrim's Progress* it is more the experimental form, man receiving and working under God's grace.

In the *Holy War* Bunyan shews himself a skilful metaphysician

as well as theologian, in his apportionment of the provinces and operation of the understanding, the will, the conscience, the affections, in the profoundest work of metaphysics the mind of man can ever be engaged in studying, that is, the process of the new creation of the soul in Christ Jesus. And indeed, the complications of the allegory are so deep, as it proceeds, that the ingenuity even of Bunyan's mind must have been tasked to sustain it; and yet, amidst all the minute threads of the web he is weaving, he is evidently never at a loss, never labouring, but always at ease; all is as spontaneous, as ready, as apparently as unpremeditated, as Bunyan's own personal heart-work of prayer and praise. The book in this view is astonishing; dealing as it does with such multitudinous abstractions, they are nevertheless presented, and act their parts, not as by any elaborate artificial arrangement, but as naturally as the characters in the *Pilgrim's Progress* itself. It is a work that must have cost much greater labour than that more simple and obvious allegory; but we have no revelation or record of the manner in which its conception or its execution went on in the mind of the writer. There is an exquisite vein of quiet humour, wit, and satire running through it, especially through the last half, in the disclosure of the character and fate of the various crafty Diabolonians figuring in the town of Mansoul.

There are in the course of this work four separate periods and subjects: first, the fall and ruin of the town by the wiles of the devil; second, the conquest of it by Immanuel, which is the work of conversion; third, the falling away and backsliding of the town, and its wretched state in that condition; and fourth, its recovery by Divine grace after long misery, and its final possession by the Prince. In all these stages of the work there is wonderful skill and beauty in tracing both the law of sin and of death in our corrupt nature, and the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus; the soul dead in trespasses and sins, and the workings of truth and grace to redeem it. What can be more admirable than the delineations of the various tactics of Diabolus and his Captains, and their management after the town was taken; their putting Captain Prejudice to keep guard at Ear-gate, and sixty men under him called Deaf-men; their imprisonment and darkening of the understanding, debauching of the conscience, and appointing of new laws and officers; their pride in their two great guns, High-mind and Heady, and the terrible armour of proof provided by Diabolus for the inhabitants of the town, from the head-piece to the hand-weapons. The account of the Recorder Conscience after the town was taken, with the terrible noises with which he still made the whole town to shake, when his fits were on him, is a fine passage; and when Immanuel had laid siege to the

town, and was about to take it, the promises of reformation proposed by Diabolus if he would draw off his forces, and afterwards the conditions of submission drawn out by Mr. Loath-to-stoop, with the attitudes of that man, are equally admirable. So likewise are the judicial trials of Incredulity, Atheism, Hard-heart, Lustings, and others, the mayor, aldermen, and burgesses of the town while it was in Diabolus's possession.

One of the most instructive satirical passages in the whole book is that of the enlistment of Tradition, Human-wisdom, and Man's-invention in the army of Immanuel, when his captains came to recover the town. These fellows came crossing over the country, and proper men they were, and men of courage and skill to appearance; and Boanerges being at first much taken with them, they were made captains under him in the Prince's army; but in one of the very first brisk skirmishes, old Will-be-will, under Diabolus, out of the town, took them prisoners. Whereupon, when they had been put in ward and examined, the giant Diabolus asked them if they were willing to serve him against their former captain. They then told him plainly, that *they did not so much live by religion as by the fates of fortune*, and that since his worship was willing to entertain *them*, they would most certainly be willing to serve *him*. There never was penned a more masterly hit at the folly of throwing the support of religion upon the testimony of human science, tradition, and mere external evidence.

The scenery of Hell-Gate Hill, the forays of Incredulity and his forces, the various broods of outlandish Doubters, the villains Covetousness, Lasciviousness, and Anger in the town, under the masques of Messieurs Prudent-thrifty, Harmless-mirth, and Good-zeal, which last, having hired himself out to Godly-fear, was much sooner discovered and driven away than the others; the character and dealings of Mr. Carnal-security, and his collision with the excellent old gentleman Mr. Godly-fear at the great feast; Mr. God's-peace with his commission; Captains Credence, Experience, and Good-hope, with their unexpected defeat on one occasion, amidst apparent courage and success, are all admirable pictures. Equally excellent are the descriptions of the army of Doubters, and the tremendous array of their officers, colours, and escutcheons, together with the effect of the roaring noise of Hell-drum, beaten by the devil's drummer before the town of Mansoul; as also the combination of Doubters and Blood-men, with their defeat and trial, especially the four that were hardy and villanous enough, having escaped slaughter, to hire themselves in the house of old Evil-questioning, and by him were entertained, to wit, Election-doubter, Vocation-doubter, Salvation-doubter, and Grace-doubter.

The genealogy of the family of old Evil-questioning is set down with capital satire. Among his children were Legal-life, Unbelief, Clip-promise, Carnal-sense, Live-by-feeling, and Self-love. This Mr. Carnal-sense had a charmed and indestructible life; notwithstanding all the efforts of the inhabitants of the town of Mansoul to apprehend and slay him, they could never catch him. There is great depth and truth in this satire; and throughout the book there is profound knowledge of the human heart, as well as of the Scriptures and of Divine grace. It is a system of theology, in the study of which, not only the unlettered Christian, but even the most practised theologian may learn wisdom.

Bunyan's Vestry Chair.

Four years more of life were accorded to Bunyan after the publication of the Second Part of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Though not in prison when he wrote and published *that*, yet in 1684 both he and the times were entering into a thick wilderness, and accordingly, though there is no Den for the Dreamer of the lovely forms and characters and fortunes of Christiana and of Mercy, yet he tells us, in the opening that he took up his lodging *in a wood about a mile from the City of Destruction*, and there dreamed again. Mr. Offor has justly referred to a passage in Christiana's sojourn in the town of Vanity Fair as marking the same distinction, Mr. Contrite and others had become habitual resident seven of Vanity Fair in the time of Christiana; and when good old Mr. Honest asked Mr. Contrite and the rest in what posture their town was at present, he made answer, "You may be sure we are full of hurry in fair-time. 'Tis hard keeping our hearts and spirits in any good order, when we are in a cumbered condition. He that lives in such a place as this is, and that has to do with such as we have, has need of an item to caution him to take heed every moment of the day."

"But how are your neighbours for quietness?" said good Father Honest.

"They are much more moderate now than formerly," answered Mr. Contrite. "You know how Christian and Faithful were used at our town; but of late, I say, they have been far more moderate. I think the blood of Faithful lieth with load upon them till now; for since they burned him, they have been ashamed to burn any more. In those days we were afraid to walk the streets, but now we can shew our heads. Then the name of a professor was odious; now, specially in some parts of our town (for you know our town is large), religion is counted honourable."

As to the monster that Bunyan describes a little after this, it is clear from the delineation that he referred to Popery, and the attempts renewed, and about to be increased, for the enlargement of its power. Yet Bunyan says, "He has not made that havoc of the town's-men's children as formerly he has done. And it is verily believed by some, that this Beast will die of his wounds."

Mr. Great-heart had before met Giant Maul on behalf of Christiana and her fellow-pilgrims; and the complaint of the Giant then against God's ministers, as Bunyan explains in the margin, was, that they practised the craft of a kidnapper, gathering up women and children, and carrying them into a strange country, to the weakening of the kingdom of the giant's master. This was a true satire upon the laws and charges against nonconforming ministers of the Gospel, and their preaching to the people, notwithstanding Giant Maul's sophistry and club. And Great-heart's answer was in Bunyan's own spirit: "I am a servant of the God of heaven; my business is to persuade sinners to repentance; I am commanded to do my endeavour to turn men, women, and children from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God: and if this be indeed the ground of thy quarrel, let us fall to it as soon as thou wilt."

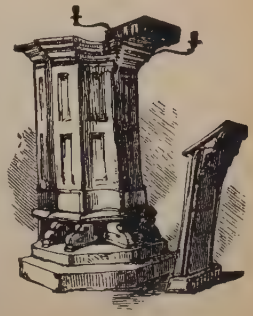
So at it they went, and still the battle lasts; for though then the Giant was slain, he still lives, and still, in Church and State, accuses God's ministers as kidnappers, and sometimes throws them into prison; and still the conflict is for perfect freedom in preaching and hearing of the Word of God, as men choose, according to their own conscience, and without interference either of crown or hierarchy. The conflict is for undivided and undisturbed allegiance of Christ's people to Jesus Christ alone. Is the Church God's or man's? Is she the chaste Spouse of Christ, or the Scarlet Lady supported by the Beast, over peoples, and multitudes, and nations, and tongues? Still this is indeed the ground of the quarrel.

During these last years of his life, and indeed from the time of his release out of prison, and his entrance on the full responsibility of his pastorship, to the period of his death, Bunyan's labours, both as a preacher and writer, were incessant, and exceedingly great. He mingled the vocations of a pastor and an author more successfully and laboriously than any other man, except Baxter. "Here's sixty pieces of his labours," Charles Doe quaintly remarks, at the end of the catalogue of his books, published and unpublished; "and he was sixty years of age." Besides, he might have added with Paul, in regard to no small region of country, "what cometh upon me from without, the care of all the churches;" for in the care and love of the people Bunyan had a diocese larger than a bishop's, preaching

whenever he had opportunity. A willing, happy mind bore him on in all these labours; for his was like a seraph's fire, and his ardent heavenly affections were as wings to his mind, instead of his mind having to labour in sustaining his affections; preaching or writing, it was all with him a labour of love.

He often visited London, and in the region round about Bedford he was indefatigable in his circuits and preachings of the Gospel. "At all times," it is a striking and true remark of Mr. Philip, "his character and talents commanded the veneration of all rabbles, except the *rabble* magistracy of the Restoration." We wonder at the treatment of men like Baxter by such creatures as Chief-Justice Jefferies, but such wretches would have spit upon Jesus Christ Himself had He been arraigned before them, and they supported by the countenance and applause of a crowned monarch. We have said that, for the most part, in the evening of Bunyan's life, the enemy was as still as a stone; yet persecutors and informers are said to have often searched for him, especially about the close of Charles's reign, but God preserved him. His reputation as preacher and writer had grown so great, that, in London, the place of preaching would not hold half the crowds that flocked to hear him. His friendly and affectionate admirer and brother minister, Charles Doe, says that he had seen above twelve hundred persons to hear him *at a morning lecture on a working-day in dark winter-time*, and three thousand at a town's-end meeting-house, where he had almost to go upon men's shoulders to get into the pulpit.

The habitual tenor of his preaching may be fairly gathered from the comparison of such books as his *Jerusalem Sinner saved*, and his *Come, and Welcome, to Jesus Christ*, with such as the *Strait Gate*, the *Heavenly Footman*, the *Sighs from Hell*, the *Barren Fig-Tree*, and the *Greatness of the Soul, and its Ruin*. Some of these works, it is certainly known, and all, it can scarcely be doubted, grew out of his preaching, or were simple enlargements of the same. The excellent and learned Dr. Owen sometimes heard him, and never exhibited both piety and judgment more truly, than when he made answer to King Charles's reproof for going to hear an illiterate tinker prate, "Please your majesty, *could I possess that tinker's abilities for preaching, I would most gladly relinquish all my learning.*" Owen was right, and the anecdote is exceedingly to his



Bunyan's Pulpit.

credit; for Bunyan's abilities for preaching, Owen well knew, resulted from the teachings and influences of the Holy Spirit, without which all human learning, even in God's Word, would be vain; and, moreover, Bunyan's abilities for preaching were precisely the same gifts of incomparable genius and piety that produced the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Dr. Owen never said a sincerer or truer thing. The piety alone, the gifts of grace and love, displayed in Bunyan's preaching were worth more than all the learning in all the universities and bishoprics in England. What is it *not* worth, to be taught of the Spirit of God! Even as to the matter of theology itself, the tinker's abilities for preaching were worth all Dr. Owen's learning.

And indeed, considered as a theologian, Bunyan must be regarded as one of the foremost in that age of theologians, and one of the most original in the world; for he drew his theology solely from the Scriptures and experience, and gained nothing from systems modelled by the Fathers before him, nor at second-hand. Amidst the ponderous tomes of theological speculation in any well-selected library, a man feels sometimes disposed to say, "I wish that, in the midst of all the systems of theology taught from childhood, where no man possesses knowledge unmingled with prejudice, or not received more or less from the hands of a favourite master, and where every theological opinion has its orthodoxical or heterodoxical bias beforehand,—I could wish that it were possible to have the conclusions of some strong, frank, ingenuous mind, drawn from the Scriptures alone; some mind absolutely shut up to the Scriptures, and that never could have got its opinions from men's libraries, or from the Fathers, because knowing no book of divinity but the Word of God. We should then have a fair view of what an unprejudiced mind would see in that Word; and that view would, most likely, comprehend the true theology."

At first thought a man might imagine himself dealing with a chimera impossible to be realised. And yet it is almost exactly this supposition which *has been realised* in Bunyan's case. He *has* drawn his theology *only from the Scriptures;* "the Bible and the Concordance," said he, "are my only library in my writings, and I never fished in other men's waters;" and truly it is an invaluable thing to be able to gaze upon the body of a theology so produced. It is a Christian theology, for Christ is in and through the whole of it, its light, its life, its soul, its all. It is a theology of grace, not anatomised and classified as dry bones in a museum, or bare as the skeletons of trees in winter; but like a green forest in the month of June, with the breath of the wind whispering over it, and stirring the leaves at sunrise and sunset. It is a theology, not of dogmatism,

but of life; not of form merely, but of feeling; not of truth merely, but of grace and truth by Jesus Christ.

And Bunyan was also a poet. What else, indeed, are the *Pilgrim's Progress* and the *Holy War*, but true and noble poems? But even in the poetical form, and in effusions almost unpremeditated, the mind of this remarkable man exhibited a command of thought, imagery, and language, with a sweetness and nobleness of feeling, and a sense of rugged harmony, which, cultivated with one half the assiduity and fervour bestowed by Wordsworth upon the training and enriching of his imaginative and meditative faculties, would have made a mighty poet. Indeed, there were fathomless depths of beauty in Bunyan's soul, beauty of thought, beauty of feeling, beauty of natural language; and what was better than all, no consciousness of it whatever, nor attempt after it, no more than a bird, cutting the air with its wings, is conscious of its movement, or seeks to show its plumage. And the melodies that fell from him were such as to remind us of his own exquisitely beautiful description of the music heard by Christiana and her companions from the birds and the happy shepherd's boy in the Valley of Humiliation:—

"They thought they heard in a grove, a little way off on the right hand, a most curious, melodious note, with words much like these:

Through all my life thy favour is
So frankly shew'd to me,
That in thy house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

And listening still, she thought she heard another answer it, saying,

For why! the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

So Christiana asked Prudence what it was that made those curious notes. 'They are,' said she, 'our country birds; they sing these notes but seldom, except it be at the spring, when the flowers appear, and the sun shines warm, and then you hear them all the day long.'" Such was the vein of Bunyan's poetry, such as might "make the woods and groves and solitary places, places desirous to be in."

Bunyan's style, so far as it was not a tendency born in him, grew out of his habitual and exclusive familiarity with the English Bible. It is a triumphant example of the power of that one Book, if the Spirit of God goes with it, to educate and arm the mind. Bunyan thought nothing of this; it never entered into his head to imagine, while he was studying the Bible as for his life, with such intense,

incessant, protracted, and fiery earnestness, that he was thus acquiring a native mastery over the purest forms of the English language, such as the foremost minds in the nation might envy. He sought an infinitely higher object; but seeking first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, all other things were added to him. While the spirit of the Bible took possession of his inmost being, the idiomatic beauty of its English translation entered into his soul, and attended every movement, every expression of his thoughts and feelings; it fell upon his imagination as a mantle, it was diffused around his mind as an atmosphere: he found in it a dialect exactly suited to the simplicity of his nature.

And indeed, a childlike being such as he was will always speak and write in simple sweet Saxon, the language of home and of childhood. Childlike natures in literature have ever done this, as in the cases of Goldsmith, Cowper, and Burns. Bunyan's style is a thing of such unconscious ease, propriety, and unelaborate grace; the thought to which he wishes to give expression, he conveys in such plain, unassuming words, intelligible by all classes, with such purity of conversational phrases, and such fine natural idioms, that it flows like the music and turnings of a running brook, along which you are wandering in a green pasture, or among the woods in spring. Besides this, his language has at times no small degree of imaginative power, and his pages are sometimes flashing with the quick and graphic light of whole pictures presented in a single sentence.

Bunyan's Cottage.

Bunyan was only thirty-two years of age when he was thrown into prison. He must have been somewhere about the fortieth year of his life when he composed the *Pilgrim's Progress*. And he was probably about fifty-four years of age when he wrote the *Holy War*, a work which developes a fire of imagination and invention undiminished, a most profound knowledge of the human heart under the workings of Divine grace, and the same simplicity and purity of style characterising all his productions.

The Jerusalem Sinner saved, which is one of his best minor works, was one among the numerous publications of the last year of his life, in 1688, although he had preached the substance of it many years and many times before. That work is the only one in which he illustrates his subject by a

reference to the exceeding sinfulness of his own early life. "I infected," says he, "all the youth of the town where I was born with all manner of youthful vanities. The neighbours counted me so; my practice proved me so; wherefore Christ Jesus took me first, and taking me first, the contagion was much allayed all the town over. When God made me sigh, they would hearken, and inquiringly say, What is the matter with John? They also gave their various opinions of me; but, as I said, sin failed and cooled as to his full career. When I went out to seek the bread of life, some of them would follow, and the rest be put into a muse at home. Yea, almost the town, at first, at times, would go out to hear at the place where I found good; yea, young and old, for a while, had some reformation on them; also, some of them, perceiving that God had mercy on me, came crying to Him for mercy too." From beginning to end, this sovereignty and fulness of the Divine mercy, by which the Redeemer delights to save 'the biggest sinners" whomsoever He will, was a favourite subject with Bunyan. No wonder that it was, for the glory of God's sovereign grace had never been more remarkably displayed than in the example of Bunyan's own conversion.

The power of Bunyan, both as a preacher and a writer, like that also of Luther, lay in his own deep experience of the things of God. It was thus that he knew so thoroughly God's Word, and had the comfort of such immutable certainty in it. "When a man has this certainty," says Luther, "he has overcome the Serpent: but if he be doubtful of the doctrine, it is for him very dangerous to dispute with the devil." Bunyan's disputes with the devil drove him continually to God's Word, and then God's Word prepared him and gave him the victory in his conflicts with the devil. Bunyan could say with Luther, "I have grounded my preaching upon the literal Word; he that pleases may follow me; he that will not may stay. I call upon St. Peter, St. Paul, Moses, and all the saints, to say whether they ever fundamentally comprehended one single word of God without studying it over and over and over again?"

Again, Luther says (and the passage is interesting set over against the same experience of Bunyan), "I did not learn my divinity at once, but was constrained by my temptations to search deeper and deeper; for no man without trials and temptations can attain a true understanding of the holy Scriptures. St. Paul had a devil that beat him with fists, and with temptations drove him diligently to study the holy Scripture. I had hanging on my neck the pope, the universities, all the deep-learned, and the devil; these hunted me into the Bible, wherein I sedulously read, and thereby, God be praised, at length attained a true understanding of it. Without such

a devil we are but only speculators of divinity, and according to our vain reasoning, dream that so and so it must be, as the monks and friars in monasteries do. The holy Scripture of itself is certain and true; God grant me grace to catch hold of its just use."

The vein of deep genuine humour that runs through Bunyan's character and writings was the feature in which he greatly resembled Luther. That vein is visible sometimes even in the most solemn of his works; and how truly has he said in explanation of it,

> "Some things are of that nature as to make
> One's fancy chuckle while his heart doth ache."

It was the combination of an aching heart and a humorous fancy that produced the comic ballad of *John Gilpin*; yet, had not the author been known, who would not have denied the possibility that such a piece could have been written by Cowper? The union of genuine, rich humour with deep piety, and the chastened spontaneous use of it, under the guidance of a just judgment, are among the rarest manifestations of intellectual power.

During the last year of his life in 1688, Bunyan is said to have published six volumes of his writings,—an industry that must have been produced by his foresight of impending calamities, and his earnest desire to get as much truth before the people as he could while the times of quiet lasted. But the great and incessant labour thus occasioned must have exhausted his strength, and prepared his frame for the attack of that sudden disease by which his life was terminated. In the midst of this activity in preaching and publishing, he was called upon to go to Reading on a mission of reconciliation between an offended father and an anxious son. From this labour of harmony and love, in which he was successful, he returned to London on horseback in the rain, and on arriving at the house of his friend Mr. Strudwick, was seized with a violent fever. The time had come when Bunyan himself must realise that last scene through which the imagination of the dreamer had conducted the children of God in so enchanting a manner in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. The fear of death is quite taken away in his beautiful descriptions of the passing of Christiana and her children over the river; and just so, when he himself came to pass over, the gloom was all gone.

Bunyan had been twice married during his own pilgrimage. His first wife he himself attended down to the River of Death, and witnessed, it can hardly be doubted, so sweet a departure of her spirit, that it may have been her experience, as well as his own confidence in Christ, which dictated the bright closing scenes of the Second Part of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. God gave to him his first wife to be

with him in his setting out from the City of Destruction, and at the Slough of Despond, and in his conflicts with Apollyon, and his passage through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and in all his severe temptations up to the earliest exercise of his ministry. The same kind and watchful Providence allotted to him a second wife, to act that noble part recorded of her in the processes of his trial, with such high, heroic courage and Christian firmness, and to bless and comfort him in his imprisonment, and to share in the happiness of his release and the success of his labours. But now he seemed about to die alone; though surrounded by friends, yet away from his beloved family. The time had come when he too must go down to the River.

There is a collection of his dying thoughts and sayings. They are certainly *his* thoughts, whether uttered in his last illness, or expressed in his previous life. But we would rather choose, for describing the picture of his dying moments, a few of the sweet realities recorded at the close of his immortal allegory, as attendant on the death of the righteous who die in the Lord. Indeed, nothing could give a more correct view of Bunyan's dying than his own account of the pilgrim Standfast in the River of Death.

The day drew on that he must be gone, for the whole of his illness was but little more than a week's duration, and it ended the last day of August, 1688. "So the road was full of people to see him take his journey. But behold, all the banks beyond the river were full of horses and chariots, which were come down from above to accompany him to the City gate. Now there was a great calm at that time in the River, wherefore, when he was about half-way in, he stood awhile and talked to his companions that had waited upon him thither; and he said, 'This river has been a terror to many; yea, the thoughts of it also have frightened me: now methinks I stand easy; my foot is fixed upon that on which the feet of the priests that bare the Ark of the Covenant stood, while Israel went over this Jordan. Cold indeed are the waters, but the thoughts of all that awaits me at the other side are as a glowing coal at my heart.

I see myself now at the end of my journey; my toilsome days are ended. I am going to see that head that was crowned with thorns, and that face that was spit upon for me. I have formerly lived by hearsay and faith; but now I go where I shall live by sight, and shall be with Him in whose company I delight myself. I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of, and wherever I have seen the print of His shoe in the earth, there I have coveted to set my foot too. His name has been to me as a civet-box, yea, sweeter than all perfumes. His voice to me has been most sweet, and His countenance I have more desired than they that have most desired the light of the sun. His words I did use to gather for my food, and for antidotes against my faintings. He has held me, and hath kept me from mine iniquities; yea, my steps have been strengthened in His way.'

"Now while he was thus in discourse, his countenance changed, his 'strong man bowed under him;' and after he had said, 'Take me, for I am come unto Thee,' the Lord took him, and he ceased to be seen of men.

"But glorious it was to see how the open region was filled with horses and chariots, with trumpeters and pipers, with singers and players on stringed instruments, to welcome the pilgrims as they went up, and followed one another in at the beautiful Gate of the City. And over it was written in letters of gold, BLESSED ARE THEY THAT DO HIS COMMANDMENTS, THAT THEY MAY HAVE RIGHT TO THE TREE OF LIFE, AND MAY ENTER IN THROUGH THE GATES INTO THE CITY."

Bunyan's Tomb, Bunhill Fields.

THE

Author's Apology for his Book.

WHEN at the first I took my pen in hand
Thus for to write, I did not understand
That I at all should make a little book
In such a mode; nay, I had undertook
To make another, which when almost done,
Before I was aware, I thus begun.

And thus it was: I, writing of the way
And race of saints in this our gospel-day,
Fell suddenly into an allegory
About their journey and the way to glory,
In more than twenty things, which I set down;
This done, I twenty more had in my crown;
And they again began to multiply,
Like sparks that from the coals of fire do fly.
Nay, then, thought I, if that you breed so fast,
I'll put you by yourselves, lest you at last
Should prove *ad infinitum*, and eat out
The book that I already am about.

His gun, his nets, his lime-twigs, light, and
bell :
He creeps, he goes, he stands ; yea, who can
tell
Of all his postures ? Yet there's none of these
Will make him master of what fowls he please.
Yea, he must pipe and whistle to catch this ;
Yet if he does so, that bird he will miss.

If that a pearl may in a toad's head dwell,
And may be found too in an oyster shell ;
If things that promise nothing do contain
What better is than gold ; who will disdain,
That have an inkling of it, there to look,
That they may find it ? Now my little book,
(Though void of all those paintings that may
make
It with this or the other man to take,)
Is not without those things that do excel
What do in brave but empty notions dwell."
"Well, yet I am not fully satisfied
That this your book will stand when soundly
tried."
"Why, what's the matter?" "It is dark."
"What though ?"
"But it is feignèd ? "What of that ? I trow
Some men by feignèd words as dark as mine
Make truth to spangle, and its rays to shine."
"But they want solidness." "Speak, man,
thy mind."
"They'd drown the weak ; metaphors make
us blind."

Solidity, indeed, becomes the pen
Of him that writeth things divine to men ;
But must I needs want solidness because
By metaphors I speak ? Were not God's laws,
His gospel laws, in olden time held forth
By types, shadows, and metaphors ? Yet loath
Will any sober man be to find fault
With them, lest he be found for to assault
The highest wisdom. No, he rather stoops,
And seeks to find out what by pins and loops,

I further thought, if now I did deny
Those that would have it thus to gratify,
I did not know but hinder them I might
Of that which would to them be great delight.

For those which were not for its coming forth,
I said to them, "Offend you I am loath;
Yet, since your brethren pleasèd with it be,
Forbear to judge, till you do further see.

If that thou wilt not read, let it alone:
Some love the meat, some love to pick the bone."
Yea, that I might them better moderate,
I did too with them thus expostulate.

"May I not write in such a style as this?
In such a method too, and yet not miss
My end, thy good? Why may it not be done?
Dark clouds bring waters, when the bright bring none.
Yea, dark or bright, if they their silver drops
Cause to descend, the earth, by yielding crops,
Gives praise to both, and carpeth not at either;
But treasures up the fruit they yield together:
Yea, so commixes both, that in her fruit
None can distinguish this from that: they suit
Her well when hungry: but if she be full,
She spews out both, and makes their blessings null.

You see the ways the fisherman doth take
To catch the fish: what engines doth he make!
Behold how he engageth all his wits;
Also his snares, lines, angles, hooks, and nets:
Yet fish there be that neither hook nor line,
Nor snare, nor net, nor engine can make thine;
They must be grop'd for, and be tickled too,
Or they will not be catch'd whate'er you do.

How doth the fowler seek to catch his game
By divers means, all which one cannot name.

His gun, his nets, his lime-twigs, light, and
bell:
He creeps, he goes, he stands; yea, who can
tell
Of all his postures? Yet there's none of these
Will make him master of what fowls he please.
Yea, he must pipe and whistle to catch this;
Yet if he does so, that bird he will miss.

If that a pearl may in a toad's head dwell,
And may be found too in an oyster shell;
If things that promise nothing do contain
What better is than gold; who will disdain,
That have an inkling of it, there to look,
That they may find it? Now my little book,
(Though void of all those paintings that may
make
It with this or the other man to take,)
Is not without those things that do excel
What do in brave but empty notions dwell."
"Well, yet I am not fully satisfied
That this your book will stand when soundly
tried."
"Why, what's the matter?" "It is dark."
"What though?"
"But it is feignèd?" "What of that? I trow
Some men by feignèd words as dark as mine
Make truth to spangle, and its rays to shine."
"But they want solidness." "Speak, man,
thy mind."
"They'd drown the weak; metaphors make
us blind."

Solidity, indeed, becomes the pen
Of him that writeth things divine to men;
But must I needs want solidness because
By metaphors I speak? Were not God's laws,
His gospel laws, in olden time held forth
By types, shadows, and metaphors? Yet loath
Will any sober man be to find fault
With them, lest he be found for to assault
The highest wisdom. No, he rather stoops,
And seeks to find out what by pins and loops,

By calves and sheep, by heifers and by rams,
By birds and herbs, and by the blood of lambs,
God speaketh to him ; and happy is he
That finds the light and grace that in them be.

Be not too forward, therefore, to conclude
That I want solidness, that I am rude :
All things solid in show, not solid be :
All things in parables despise not we ;
Lest things most hurtful lightly we receive,
And things that good are of our souls bereave.

My dark and cloudy words they do but hold
The truth, as cabinets enclose the gold.

The prophets used much by metaphors
To set forth truth ; yea, whoso considers
Christ, His apostles too, shall plainly see
That truths to this day in such mantles be.

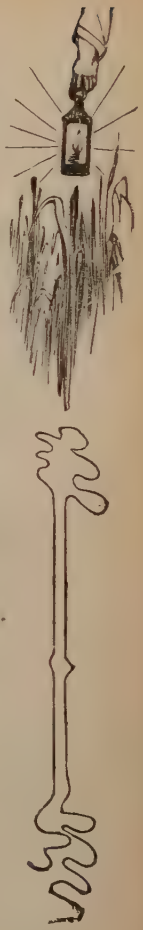
Am I afraid to say that holy writ,
Which for its style and phrase puts down all wit,
Is everywhere so full of all these things,—
Dark figures, allegories,—yet there springs
From that same book, that lustre, and those rays
Of light that turn our darkest nights to days?

Come, let my carper to his life now look,
And find there darker lines than in my book
He findeth any ; yea, and let him know,
That in his best things there are worse lines too.
May we but stand before impartial men,
To his poor one I dare adventure ten,
That they will take my meaning in these lines
Far better than his lies in silver shrines.
Come, Truth, although in swaddling-clouts, I find
Informs the judgment, rectifies the mind,
Pleases the understanding, makes the will
Submit ; the memory too it doth fill

This book is writ in such a dialect
As may the minds of listless men affect:
It seems a novelty, and yet contains
Nothing but sound and honest gospel-strains.

Wouldst thou divert thyself from melancholy?
Wouldst thou be pleasant, yet be far from folly?
Wouldst thou read riddles, and their explanation?
Or else be drownèd in thy contemplation?
Dost thou love picking meat? Or wouldst thou see
A man i' the clouds, and hear him speak to thee?
Wouldst thou be in a dream, and yet not sleep?
Or wouldst thou in a moment laugh and weep?
Wouldest thou lose thyself and catch no harm?
And find thyself again without a charm?
Wouldst read thyself, and read thou know'st not what,
And yet know whether thou art blest or not,
By reading the same lines? Oh, then come hither,
And lay my book, thy head, and heart together.

JOHN BUNYAN.



3. I find that holy writ in many places
Hath semblance with this method, where the cases
Do call for one thing to set forth another.
Use it I may, then, and yet nothing smother
Truth's golden beams : nay, by this method may
Make it cast forth its rays as light as day.

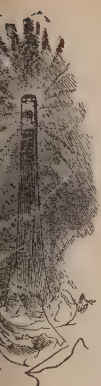
And now, before I do put up my pen,
I'll shew the profit of my book, and then
Commit both thee and it unto that hand
That pulls the strong down, and makes weak ones stand.

This book it chalketh out before thine eyes
The man that seeks the everlasting prize :
It shews you whence he comes, whither he goes ;
What he leaves undone ; also what he does :
It also shews you how he runs, and runs
Till he unto the gate of glory comes.

It shews too who set out for life amain,
As if the lasting crown they would attain :
Here also you may see the reason why
They lose their labour, and like fools do die.

This book will make a traveller of thee,
If by its counsel thou wilt ruled be ;
It will direct thee to the Holy Land,
If thou wilt its directions understand :
Yea, it will make the slothful active be ;
The blind also delightful things to see.

Art thou for something rare and profitable ?
Wouldest thou see a truth within a fable ?
Art thou forgetful ? Wouldest thou remember
From New-year's day to the last of December ?
Then read my fancies ; they will stick like burs,
And may be, to the helpless, comforters.



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JOHN BUNYAN.

I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place

where was a den (the gaol), and I laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept I dreamed a dream. I dreamed; and behold, I saw a man clothed with rags standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back. I looked, and saw him open the book, and read therein; and, as he read, he wept and trembled;* and, not being able longer to contain, he brake out with a lamentable cry, saying, "What shall I do?" (Acts ii. 37.)

In this plight, therefore, he went home, and refrained himself as long as he could, that his wife and children should not perceive his distress; but he could not be silent long, because that his trouble increased: wherefore at length he brake his mind to his wife and children; and thus he began to talk to them: "O my dear wife," said he, "and you, the children of my bowels, I, your dear friend, am in myself undone, by reason of a burden that lieth hard upon me; moreover, I am for certain informed, that this our city will be burned with fire from heaven; in which fearful overthrow, both myself, with thee my wife, and you my sweet babes, shall miserably come to ruin; except (the which yet I see not) some way of escape can be found, whereby we may be delivered." At this his relations were sore amazed; not for that they believed that what he had said to them was true, but because they thought that some frenzy distemper had got into his head; therefore, it drawing towards night, and they hoping that sleep might settle his brains, with all haste they got him to bed: but the night was as troublesome to him as the day; wherefore, instead of sleeping, he spent it in sighs and tears. So, when the morning was come, they would know how he did: he told them, "Worse and worse." He also set to talking to them again; but they began to be hardened. They also thought to drive away his distemper by harsh and surly carriages to him: sometimes they would deride, sometimes they would chide, and sometimes they would quite neglect him. Wherefore he began to retire himself to his chamber, to pray for and pity them, and also to condole his own misery. He

* Is. lxiv. 6; Luke xiv. 33; Ps. xxxviii. 4; Hab. ii. 2; Acts xvi. 20.

would also walk solitarily in the fields, sometimes reading and sometimes praying; and thus for some days he spent his time.

Now I saw, upon a time when he was walking in the fields, that he was (as he was wont) reading in his book, and greatly distressed in his mind; and, as he read, he burst out,

as he had done before, crying, "What shall I do to be saved?" (Acts xvi. 30, 31.)

I saw also that he looked this way and that way, as if he would run; yet he stood still, because (as I perceived) he could not tell which way to go. I looked then, and saw a man named Evangelist coming to him, and asked, "Wherefore dost thou cry?" He answered, "Sir, I perceive by the book in my hand that I am condemned to die, and after that to come to judgment (Heb. ix. 27); and I find that I am not willing to do the first (Job xvi. 21, 22), nor able to do the second" (Ezek. xxii. 14).

Then said Evangelist, "Why not willing to die, since this life is attended with so many evils?" The man answered, "Because I fear that this burden that is upon my back will sink me lower than the grave, and I shall fall into Tophet (Is. xxx. 33). And, sir, if I be not fit to go to prison, I am not fit, I am sure, to go to judgment, and from thence to execution; and the thoughts of these things make me cry."

Then said Evangelist, "If this be thy condition, why standest thou still?" He answered, "Because I know not whither to go." Then he gave him a parchment roll, and there was written within, Fly from the wrath to come (Matt. iii. 7).

The man, therefore, read it, and looking upon Evangelist

very carefully, said, "Whither must I fly?" Then said Evangelist, pointing with his finger over a very wide field, "Do you see yonder wicket-gate?" (Matt. vii. 14.) The man said, "No." Then said the other, "Do you see yonder shining light?" (Ps. cxix. 105; 2 Pet. i. 19.) He said, "I think I do." Then said Evangelist, "Keep that light in your eye, and go up directly thereto, so shalt thou see the gate; at which, when thou knockest, it shall be told thee what thou shalt do."

So I saw in my dream that the man began to run. Now he had not run far from his own door, but his wife and children perceiving it, began to cry after him to return (Lu. xiv. 26); but the man put his fingers in his ears, and ran on, crying, "Life! life! Eternal life!" So he looked not behind him, but fled towards the middle of the plain (Gen. xix. 17).

The neighbours also came out to see him run; and, as he ran, some mocked (Jer. xx. 10), others threatened, and some

cried after him to return; and among those that did so, there were two that were resolved to fetch him back by force. The name of the one was Obstinate, and the name of the other Pliable. Now by this time the man was got a good distance from them; but, however, they were resolved to pursue him; which they did, and in a little time they overtook him. Then said the man, "Neighbours, wherefore are ye come?" They said, "To persuade you to go back with us." But he said, "That can by no means be. You dwell," said he, "in the city of Destruction; the place also where I was born. I see it to be so; and dying there, sooner or later, you will sink lower than the grave into a place that burns with fire and brimstone: be content, good neighbours, and go along with me."

"What!" said Obstinate, "and leave our friends and our comforts behind us!"

"Yes," said Christian, for that was his name; "because that all which you shall forsake is not worthy to be compared with a little of that that I am seeking to enjoy (2 Cor. iv. 18); and if you will go along with me, and hold it, you shall fare as I myself; for there where I go is enough and to spare (Lu. xv. 17). Come away, and prove my words."

Obst. What are the things you seek, since you leave all the world to find them?

Chr. I seek an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away (1 Pet. i. 4); and it is laid up in heaven, and safe there, to be bestowed, at the time appointed, on them that diligently seek it (Heb. xi. 16). Read it so, if you will, in my book.

Obst. "Tush," said Obstinate, "away with your book: will you go back with us or no?"

Chr. "No, not I," said the other; "because I have laid my hand to the plough" (Lu. ix. 62).

Obst. Come, then, neighbour Pliable, let us turn again, and go home without him: there is a company of these crazed-headed coxcombs, that when they take a fancy by the end are wiser in their own eyes than seven men that can render a reason.

PLI. Then said Pliable, "Don't revile; if what the good Christian says is true, the things he looks after are better than ours: my heart inclines to go with my neighbour."

OBST. What! more fools still? Be ruled by me, and go back; who knows whither such a brain-sick fellow will lead you? Go back, go back, and be wise.

CHR. Nay, but do thou come with thy neighbour Pliable, there are such things to be had which I spoke of, and many more glories besides: if you believe not me, read here in this book; and, for the truth of what is expressed therein, behold, all is confirmed by the blood of him that made it (Heb. ix. 17–21).

"Well, neighbour Obstinate," saith Pliable, "I begin to come to a point; I intend to go along with this good man, and to cast in my lot with him: but, my good companion, do you know the way to this desired place?"

CHR. I am directed by a man whose name is Evangelist, to speed me to a little gate that is before us, where we shall receive instructions about the way.

PLI. Come, then, good neighbour, let us be going.

Then they went both together.

OBST. "And I will go back to my place," said Obstinate; "I will be no companion of such misled fantastical fellows."

Now I saw in my dream, that when Obstinate was gone back, Christian and Pliable went talking over the plain: and thus they began their discourse.

CHR. Come, neighbour Pliable, how do you do? I am glad you are persuaded to go along with me. Had even Obstinate himself but felt what I have felt of the powers and terrors of what is yet unseen, he would not thus lightly have given us the back.

PLI. Come, neighbour Christian, since there is none but us two here, tell me now further what the things are, and how to be enjoyed, whither we are going.

CHR. I can better conceive of them with my mind than speak of them with my tongue: but yet, since you are desirous to know, I will read of them in my book.

PLI. And do you think that the words of your book are certainly true?

CHR. Yes, verily; for it was made by him that cannot lie (Tit. i. 2).

PLI. Well said. What things are they?

CHR. There is an endless kingdom to be inhabited, and everlasting life to be given us, that we may inhabit that kingdom for ever (Isa. xlv. 17; John x. 27–29).

PLI. Well said. And what else?

CHR. There are crowns of glory to be given us; and garments that will make us shine like the sun in the firmament of heaven.*

PLI. This is very pleasant. And what else?

CHR. There shall be no more crying nor sorrow; for he that is owner of the place will wipe all tears from our eyes (Isa. xxv. 8; Rev. vii. 16, 17; xxi. 4).

PLI. And what company shall we have there?

CHR. There we shall be with seraphims and cherubims, creatures that will dazzle your eyes to look on them.† There also you shall meet with thousands and ten thousands that have gone before us to that place. None of them are hurtful, but loving and holy; every one walking in the sight

* 2 Tim. iv. 8; Rev. iii. 4; Matt. xiii. 43.

† Isa. vi. 2; 1 Thess. iv. 16, 17; Rev. v. 11.

of God, and standing in his presence with acceptance for ever. In a word, there we shall see the elders with their golden crowns (Rev. iv, 4); there we shall see the holy virgins with their golden harps (Rev. xiv, 1–5); there we shall see men that by the world were cut in pieces, burnt in flames, eaten of beasts, drowned in the seas, for the love that they bare to the Lord of the place, all well, and clothed with immortality as with a garment (John xii, 25; 2 Cor. v. 2–4),

PLI. The hearing of this is enough to ravish one's heart. But are these things to be enjoyed? how shall we get to be sharers thereof?

Chr. The Lord, the governor of the country, hath recorded that in this book; the substance of which is, if we be truly willing to have it, he will bestow it upon us freely.*

Pli. Well, my good companion, glad am I to hear of these things: come on, let us mend our pace.

Chr. I cannot go so fast as I would, by reason of this burden that is on my back.

Now I saw in my dream that, just as they had ended this talk, they drew near to a very miry slough that was in the midst of the plain; and they being heedless did both fall suddenly into the bog. The name of the slough was Despond. Here, therefore, they wallowed for a time, being grievously bedaubed with the dirt; and Christian, because of the burden that was on his back, began to sink in the mire.

Pli. Then said Pliable, "Ah! neighbour Christian, where are you now?"

Chr. "Truly," said Christian, "I do not know."

* Isa. lv. 1, 2; John vi. 37; vii. 37; Rev. xxi. 6; xxii. 17.

PLI. At that Pliable began to be offended, and angrily said to his fellow, "Is this the happiness you have told me all this while of? If we have such ill speed at our first setting out, what may we expect 'twixt this and our journey's end? May I get out again with my life, you shall possess the brave country alone for me." And with that he gave a desperate struggle or two, and got out of the mire on that side of the slough which was next to his own house: so away he went, and Christian saw him no more.

Wherefore Christian was left to tumble in the Slough of Despond alone; but still he endeavoured to struggle to that side of the slough that was farthest from his own house, and next to the wicket-gate: the which he did, but could not get out because of the burden that was upon his back. But I beheld, in my dream, that a man came to him whose name was Help, and asked him, What he did there?

CHR. "Sir," said Christian, "I was bid to go this way by a man called Evangelist, who directed me also to yonder gate, that I might escape the wrath to come; and as I was going thither, I fell in here."

HELP. But why did not you look for the steps?

CHR. Fear followed me so hard, that I fled the next way, and fell in.

HELP. Then said he, "Give me thy hand." So he gave him his hand, and he drew him out, and set him upon sound ground, and bid him go on his way (Ps. xl. 2).

Then I stepped to him that plucked him out, and said, "Sir, wherefore, since over this place is the way from the city of Destruction to yonder gate, is it that this plat is not mended, that poor tra-

vellers might go thither with more security?" And he said unto me, "This miry slough is such a place as cannot be mended: it is the descent whither the scum and filth that attends conviction for sin doth continually run; and therefore it is called the Slough of Despond. For still, as the sinner is awakened about his lost condition, there ariseth in his soul many fears and doubts, and discouraging apprehensions, which all of them get together, and settle in this place: and this is the reason of the badness of this ground.

"It is not the pleasure of the king that this place should remain so bad (Isa. xxxv. 3, 4); his labourers also have, by the directions of his majesty's surveyors, been for above this sixteen hundred years employed about this patch of ground, if perhaps it might have been mended: yea, and to my knowledge," said he, "here have been swallowed up at least twenty thousand cart-loads, yea millions, of wholesome instructions, that have, at all seasons, been brought from all places of the king's dominions (and they that can tell say they are the best materials to make good ground of the place), if so be it might have been mended; but it is the Slough of Despond still, and so will be, when they have done what they can.

"True, there are, by the direction of the lawgiver, certain good and substantial steps placed even through the very midst of this slough; but at such times as this place does much spew out its filth, as it doth against change of weather, these steps are hardly seen; or if they be, men, through the dizziness of their heads, step besides, and then they are bemired to purpose, notwithstanding the steps be there; but the ground is good when they have once got in at the gate" (1 Sam. xii. 23).

Now I saw in my dream, that by this time Pliable was got home to his house again. So his neighbours came to visit him; and some of them called him wise man for coming back; and some called him fool for hazarding himself with Christian: others, again, did mock at his cowardliness, saying, "Surely, since you began to venture, I would not have been so base to have given out for a few difficulties:" so Pliable sat sneaking

among them. But at last he got more confidence; and then they all turned their tales, and began to deride poor Christian behind his back. And thus much concerning Pliable.

Now as Christian was walking solitarily by himself, he spied one afar off come crossing over the field to meet him, and their hap was to meet just as they were crossing the way of each other. The gentleman's name that met him was Mr. Worldly Wiseman: he dwelt in the town of Carnal Policy; a very great town, and also hard by from whence Christian came. This man, then, meeting with Christian, and having some inkling of him, for Christian's setting forth from the city of Destruction was much noised abroad, not only in the town where he dwelt, but also it began to be the town-talk in some other places. Master Worldly Wiseman, therefore, having some guess of him, by beholding his laborious going, by observing his sighs and groans, and the like, began thus to enter into some talk with Christian.

World. How now, good fellow, whither away after this burdened manner?

Chr. A burdened manner indeed, as ever, I think, poor creature had! And whereas you asked me, Whither away? I tell you, sir, I am going to yonder wicket-gate before me;

for there, as I am informed, I shall be put into a way to be rid of my heavy burden.

World. Hast thou a wife and children?

Chr. Yes; but I am so laden with this burden, that I cannot take that pleasure in them as formerly: methinks I am as if I had not (1 Cor. vii. 29).

World. Wilt thou hearken to me, if I give thee counsel?

Chr. If it be *good*, I will; for I stand in need of good counsel.

World. I would advise thee, then, that thou with all speed get thyself rid of thy burden; for thou wilt never be settled in thy mind till then, nor canst thou enjoy the benefits of the blessing which God hath bestowed upon thee till then.

Chr. That is that which I seek for, even to be rid of this heavy burden; but get it off myself I cannot; nor is there any man in our country that can take it off my shoulders. Therefore am I going this way as I told you, that I may be rid of my burden.

World. Who bid you go this way to be rid of your burden?

Chr. A man that appeared to me to be a very great and honourable person; his name, as I remember, is Evangelist.

World. Beshrew him for his counsel! there is not a more dangerous and troublesome way in the world than is that unto which he hath directed thee; and that thou shalt find if thou wilt be ruled by his counsel. Thou hast met with something, as I perceive, already; for I see the dirt of the Slough of Despond is upon thee; but that slough is the beginning of the sorrows that do attend those that go on in that way. Hear me. I am older than thou; thou art like to meet with, in the way which thou goest, wearisomeness, painfulness,

hunger, perils, nakedness, sword, lions, dragons, darkness, and, in a word, death, and what not! These things are certainly true, having been confirmed by many testimonies. And why should a man so carelessly cast away himself by giving heed to a stranger?

CHR. Why, sir, this burden upon my back is more terrible to me than are all these things which you have mentioned: nay, methinks I care not what I meet with in the way, if so be I can also meet with deliverance from my burden.

WORLD. How camest thou by thy burden at first?

CHR. By reading this book in my hand.

WORLD. I thought so. And it has happened unto thee as to other weak men, who, meddling with things too high for them, do suddenly fall into thy distractions; which distractions do not only unman men (as thine I perceive has done thee), but they run them upon desperate ventures, to obtain they know not what.

CHR. I know what I would obtain; it is ease for my heavy burden.

WORLD. But why wilt thou seek for ease this way, seeing so many dangers attend it? Especially since, hadst thou but patience to hear me, I could direct thee to the obtaining of what thou desirest

without the dangers that thou, in this way, wilt run thyself into. Yea, and the remedy is at hand. Besides, I will add, that instead of those dangers, thou shalt meet with much safety, friendship, and content.

CHR. Sir, I pray, open this secret to me.

WORLD. Why, in yonder village (the village is named Morality) there dwells a gentleman whose name is Legality, a very judicious man, and a man of a very good name, that has skill to help men off with such burdens as thine are from their shoulders; yea, to my knowledge, he hath done a great deal of good this way: ay, and besides, he hath skill to cure those that are somewhat crazed in their wits with their burdens. To him, as I said, thou mayest go, and be helped presently. His house is not quite a mile from this place; and if he should not be at home himself, he hath a pretty young man to his son, whose name is Civility, that can do it (to speak on) as well as the old gentleman himself. There, I say, thou mayest be eased of thy burden; and if thou art not minded to go back to thy former habitation, as indeed I would not wish thee, thou mayest send for thy wife and children to thee to this village, where there are houses now stand empty, one of which thou mayest have at reasonable rates: provision is there also cheap and good; and that which will make thy life the more happy is, to be sure there thou shalt live by honest neighbours, in credit and good fashion.

Now was Christian somewhat at a stand; but presently he concluded, "If this be true which this gentleman hath said, my wisest course is to take his advice;" and with that he thus further spoke.

CHR. Sir, which is my way to this honest man's house?

WORLD. Do you see yonder high hill? (Mount Sinai.)

CHR. Yes, very well.

WORLD. By that hill you must go, and the first house you come at is his.

So Christian turned out of his way to go to Mr. Legality's house for help. But, behold, when he was got now hard by the hill, it seemed so high, and also that side of it that was next the wayside did hang so much over, that Christian was

afraid to venture farther, lest the hill should fall on his head; wherefore there he stood still, and wotted not what to do. Also his burden now seemed heavier to him than while he was in his way. There came also flashes of fire out of the hill, that made Christian afraid that he should be burned (Exod. xix. 16–18): here, therefore, he sweat and did quake for fear (Heb. xii. 21). And now he began to be sorry that he had taken Mr. Worldly Wiseman's counsel. And with that he saw Evangelist coming to meet him; at the sight also of whom he began to blush for shame. So Evangelist drew nearer and nearer; and coming up to him, he looked upon him with a severe and dreadful countenance, and thus began to reason with Christian.

EVAN. "What dost thou here, Christian?" said he. At which words Christian knew not what to answer; wherefore at present he stood speechless before him. Then said Evangelist further, "Art not thou the man that I found crying without the walls of the city of Destruction?"

CHR. Yes, dear sir, I am the man.

EVAN. Did not I direct thee the way to the little Wicket-gate?

CHR. "Yes, dear sir," said Christian.

EVAN. How is it, then, that thou art so quickly turned aside? for thou art now out of the way.

CHR. I met with a gentleman, so soon as I had got over the Slough of Despond, who persuaded me that I might, in the village before me, find a man that could take off my burden.

EVAN. What was he?

CHR. He looked like a gentleman, and talked much to me, and got me at last to yield; so I came hither: but when I beheld this hill, and how it hangs over the way, I suddenly made a stand, lest it should fall on my head.

EVAN. What said that gentleman to you?

CHR. Why, he asked me whither I was going; and I told him.

EVAN. And what said he then?

CHR. He asked me if I had a family; and I told him. But, said I, I am so loaden with the burden that is on my back, that I cannot take pleasure in them as formerly.

EVAN. And what said he then?

CHR. He bid me with speed get rid of my burden; and I told him it was ease that I sought. And, said I, I am therefore going to yonder gate to receive further direction how I may get to the place of deliverance. So he said that he would show me a better way, and short, not so attended with difficulties as the way, sir, that you set me in; which way, said he, will direct you to a gentleman's house that has skill to take off these burdens. So I believed him, and turned out of that way into this, if haply I might be soon eased of my burden. But when I came to this place, and beheld things as they are, I stopped for fear, as I said, of danger. But I now know not what to do.

Evan. Then said Evangelist, "Stand still a little, that I may shew thee the words of God." So he stood trembling. Then said Evangelist, "See that ye refuse not him that speaketh. For if they escaped not who refused him that spake on earth, much more shall not we escape, if we turn away from him that speaketh from heaven" (Heb. xii. 25). He said, moreover, "Now the just shall live by faith: but if any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him" (Heb. x. 38). He also did thus apply them: "Thou art the man that art running into this misery; thou hast begun to reject the counsel of the Most High, and to draw back thy foot from the way of peace, even almost to the hazarding of thy perdition."

Then Christian fell down at his foot as dead, crying, "Wo is me, for I am undone!" At the sight of which Evangelist caught him by the right hand, saying, "All manner of sin and blasphemies shall be forgiven unto men: be not faithless,

but believing" (Matt. xii. 31; John xx. 27). Then did Christian again a little revive, and stood up trembling, as at first, before Evangelist.

Then Evangelist proceeded, saying, "Give more earnest heed to the things that I shall tell thee of. I will now shew thee who it was that deluded thee, and who it was also to whom he sent thee. The man that met thee is one Worldly Wiseman: and rightly is he so called; partly because he savoureth only the doctrine of this world (1 John iv. 5) (therefore he always goes to the town of Morality to church), and partly because he loveth that doctrine best, for it saveth him from the cross (Gal. vi. 12); and because he is of this carnal temper, therefore he seeketh to pervert my ways, though right. Now there are three things in this man's counsel that thou must utterly abhor:

"1. His turning thee out of the way.

"2. His labouring to render the cross odious to thee.

"3. And his setting thy feet in that way that leadeth unto the administration of death.

"First, thou must abhor his turning thee out of the way, yea, and thine own consenting thereto, because this is to reject the counsel of God for the sake of the counsel of a *Worldly Wiseman*. The Lord says, 'Strive to enter in at the strait gate' (Luke xiii. 24),—the gate to which I sent thee; 'for strait is the gate that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it' (Matt. vii. 13, 14). From this little Wicket-gate, and from the way thereto, hath this wicked man turned thee, to the bringing of thee almost to destruction. Hate, therefore, his turning thee out of the way, and abhor thyself for hearkening to him.

"Secondly, thou must abhor his labouring to render the cross odious unto thee; for thou art to prefer it before the treasures in Egypt (Heb. xi. 26): besides, the King of Glory hath told thee, that he that will save his life shall lose it; and, he that comes after him, and hates not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.* I say, therefore, for man

* Matt. x. 39; Mark viii. 35; Luke xiv. 26; John xii. 25.

to labour to persuade thee that that shall be thy death, without which the Truth hath said thou canst not have eternal life, this doctrine thou must abhor.

"Thirdly, thou must hate his setting of thy feet in the way that leadeth to the ministration of death. And for this thou must consider to whom he sent thee, and also how unable that person was to deliver thee from thy burden.

"He to whom thou wast sent for ease, being by name Legality, is the son of the bondwoman which now is, and is in bondage with her children (Gal. iv. 22–27); and is, in a mystery, this Mount Sinai which thou hast feared will fall on thy head. Now if she with her children are in bondage, how canst thou expect by them to be made free? This Legality, therefore, is not able to set thee free from thy burden. No man was as yet ever rid of his burden by him; no, nor ever is like to be. Ye cannot be justified by the works of the law; for by the deeds of the law no man living can be rid of his burden. Therefore Mr. Worldly Wiseman is an alien, and Mr. Legality is a cheat; and for his son Civility, notwithstanding his simpering looks, he is but an hypocrite, and cannot help thee. Believe me, there is nothing in all this noise that thou hast heard of these sottish men, but a design to beguile thee of thy salvation, by turning thee from the way in which I had set thee." After this Evangelist called aloud to the heavens for confirmation of what he had said, and with that there came words and fire out of the mountain under which poor Christian stood, that made the hair of his flesh stand up. The words were thus pronounced: "As many as are of the works of the law are under the curse: for it is written, Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them" (Gal. iii. 10.)

Now Christian looked for nothing but death, and began to cry out lamentably; even cursing the time in which he met with Mr. Worldly Wiseman, still calling himself a thousand fools for hearkening to his counsel. He also was greatly ashamed to think that this gentleman's arguments, flowing only from the flesh, should have that prevalency with him as to cause him to forsake the right way. This done he applied himself again to Evangelist, in words and sense as follows:

CHR. Sir, what think you? Is there hopes? May I now go back, and go up to the Wicket-gate? Shall I not be abandoned for this, and sent back from thence ashamed? I am sorry I have hearkened to this man's counsel; but may my sin be forgiven?

EVAN. Then said Evangelist to him, "Thy sin is very great, for by it thou has committed two evils; thou hast forsaken the way that is good, to tread in forbidden paths; yet will the man at the gate receive thee, for he has *good will* for men; only," said he, "take heed that thou turn not aside again, lest thou perish from the way when his wrath is kindled but a little" (Ps. ii. 12). Then did Christian address himself to go back; and Evangelist, after he had kissed him, gave him one smile, and bid him God speed. So he went on with haste, neither spake he to any man by the way; nor, if any asked him, would he vouchsafe them an answer. He went like one that was all the while treading on forbidden ground, and could by no means think himself safe, till again he was got into the way which he left to follow Mr. Worldly Wiseman's counsel. So, in process of time, Christian got up to the gate. Now, over the gate there was written, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you" (Matt. vii. 7). He knocked, therefore, more than once or twice, saying—

> "May I now enter here? Will he within
> Open to sorry me, though I have been
> An undeserving rebel? Then shall I
> Not fail to sing his lasting praise on high."

At last there came a grave person to the gate, named Goodwill, who asked who was there? and whence he came? and what he would have?

CHR. Here is a poor burdened sinner. I come from the city of Destruction, but am going to Mount Zion, that I may be delivered from the wrath to come. I would, therefore, sir, since I am informed that by this gate is the way thither, know if you are willing to let me in.

GOODWILL. "I am willing, with all my heart," said he. And with that he opened the gate.

So when Christian was stepping in, the other gave him a pull. Then said Christian, "What means that?" The other told him, "A little distance from this gate there is erected a strong castle, of which Beelzebub is the captain; from

thence both he and them that are with him shoot arrows at those that come up to this gate, if haply they may die before they can enter in." Then said Christian, "I rejoice and tremble." So when he was got in, the man of the gate asked him who directed him thither.

CHR. Evangelist bid me come hither and knock, as I did; and he said that you, sir, would tell me what I must do.

GOODW. An open door is before thee, and no man can shut it.

CHR. Now I begin to reap the benefits of my hazards.

GOODW. But how is it that you came alone?

CHR. Because none of my neighbours saw their danger as I saw mine.

GOODW. Did any of them know of your coming?

CHR. Yes, my wife and children saw me at the first, and called after me to turn again; also some of my neighbours stood crying and calling after me to return; but I put my fingers in my ears, and so came on my way.

GOODW. But did none of them follow you, to persuade you to go back?

CHR. Yes, both Obstinate and Pliable; but when they saw that they could not prevail, Obstinate went railing back, but Pliable came with me a little way.

GOODW. But why did he not come through?

CHR. We indeed came both together until we came at the Slough of Despond, into the which we also suddenly fell. And then was my neighbour Pliable discouraged, and would not adventure farther. Wherefore, getting out again on that side next to his own house, he told me I should possess the brave country alone for him; so he went *his* way, and I came *mine;* he after Obstinate, and I to this gate.

GOODW. Then said Goodwill, "Alas, poor man! is the celestial glory of so small esteem with him, that he counteth it not worth running the hazard of a few difficulties to obtain it?"

CHR. "Truly," said Christian, "I have said the truth of Pliable; and if I should also say all the truth of myself, it will appear there is no betterment 'twixt him and myself.

'is true he went back to his own house, but I also turned aside to go in the way of death, being persuaded thereto by the carnal arguments of one Mr. Worldly Wiseman."

GOODW. Oh! did he light upon you? What, he would have had you have sought for ease at the hands of Mr. Legality! they are both of them a very cheat. But did you take his counsel?

CHR. Yes, as far as I durst. I went to find out Mr. Legality, until I thought that the mountain that stands by his house would have fallen upon my head; wherefore there I was forced to stop.

GOODW. That mountain has been the death of many, and will be the death of many more: 'tis well you escaped being by it dashed in pieces.

CHR. Why truly I do not know what had become of me there, had not Evangelist happily met me again as I was musing in the midst of my dumps; but 'twas God's mercy that he came to me again, for else I had never come hither. But now I am come, such a one as I am, more fit indeed for death by that mountain, than thus to stand talking with my Lord. But, oh! what a favour is this to me, that yet I am admitted entrance here.

GOODW. We make no objections against any; notwithstanding all that they have done before they come hither, they in no wise are cast out (John vi. 37); and, therefore, good Christian, come a little way with me, and I will teach thee about the way thou must go. Look before thee; dost thou see this narrow way? that is the way thou must go. It was cast up by the patriarchs, prophets, Christ and his apostles, and it is as straight as a rule can make it: this is the way thou must go.

CHR. "But," said Christian, "is there no turnings nor windings, by which a stranger may lose his way?"

GOODW. Yes, there are many ways butt down upon this, and they are crooked and wide; but thus thou mayest distinguish the right from the wrong, the right only being straight and narrow (Matt. vii. 14).

Then I saw in my dream that Christian asked him further.

if he could not help him off with his burden that was upon his back; for as yet he had not got rid thereof, nor could he by any means get it off without help.

He told him, "As to thy burden, be content to bear it until thou comest to the place of deliverance; for there it will fall from thy back of itself."

Then Christian began to gird up his loins, and to address himself to his journey. So the other told him that by that he was gone some distance from the gate, he would come at the house of the Interpreter, at whose door he should knock, and he would shew him excellent things. Then Christian took his leave of his friend, and he again bid him God speed.

Then he went on till he came at the house of the Interpreter, where he knocked over and over: at last one came to the door, and asked who was there?

CHR. Sir, here is a traveller, who was bid by an acquaintance of the good man of the house to call here for my profit; I would therefore speak with the master of the house. —So he called for the master of the house, who, after a little time, came to Christian, and asked him what he would have?

CHR. "Sir," said Christian, "I am a man that am come from the city of Destruction, and am going

to the Mount Zion; and I was told by the man that stands at the gate at the head of this way, that if I called here you would shew me excellent things, such as would be an help to me in my journey."

INTERPRETER. Then said the Interpreter, "Come in; I will shew thee that which will be profitable to thee." So he commanded his man to light the candle, and bid Christian follow him; so he had him into a private room, and bid his man open a door; the which when he had done, Christian saw the picture of a very grave person hang up against the wall; and this was the fashion of it: it had eyes lifted up to heaven, the best of books in his hand, the law of truth was written upon his lips, the world was behind his back; it stood as if it pleaded with men, and a crown of gold did hang over its head.

CHR. Then said Christian, "What meaneth this?"

INTERP. The man whose picture this is, is one of a thousand; he can beget children (1 Cor. iv. 15), travail in birth with children (Gal. iv. 19), and nurse them himself when they are born. And whereas thou seest him with his eyes lift up to heaven, the best of books in his hand, and the law of truth writ on his lips; it is to shew thee that his work is to know and unfold dark things to sinners; even as also thou seest him stand as if he pleaded with men: and whereas thou seest the world as cast behind him, and that a crown hangs over his head; that is to shew thee, that,

slighting and despising the things that are present, for the love that he hath to his Master's service, he is sure in the world that comes next to have glory for his reward. Now, said the Interpreter, I have shewed thee this picture first, because the man whose picture this is, is the only man whom the Lord of the place whither thou art going hath authorised to be thy guide in all difficult places thou mayest meet with in the way: wherefore, take good heed to what I have shewed thee, and bear well in thy mind what thou hast seen, lest in thy journey thou meet with some that pretend to lead thee right, but their way goes down to death.

Then he took him by the hand, and led him into a very large parlour that was full of dust, because never swept; the which, after he had reviewed a little while, the Interpreter called for a man to sweep. Now, when he began to sweep, the dust began so abundantly to fly about, that Christian had almost therewith been choked. Then said the Interpreter to a damsel that stood by, "Bring hither the water and sprinkle the room;" the which when she had done, it was swept and cleansed with pleasure.

CHR. Then said Christian, "What means this?"

INTERP. The Interpreter answered, "This parlour is the heart of a man that was never sanctified by the sweet grace of the gospel: the dust is his original sin and inward corruptions, that have defiled the whole man. He that began to

sweep at first is the law; but she that brought water, and did sprinkle it, is the gospel. Now, whereas thou sawest that, so soon as the first began to sweep, the dust did so fly about, that the room by him could not be cleansed, but that thou wast almost choked therewith: this is to shew thee, that the law, instead of cleansing the heart, by its working, from sin, doth revive, put strength into, and increase it in the soul, even as it doth discover and forbid it; for it doth not give power to subdue (Rom. v. 20; vii. 9; 1 Cor. xv. 56).

"Again, as thou sawest the damsel sprinkle the room with water, upon which it was cleansed with pleasure, this is to shew thee, that when the gospel comes in the sweet and precious influences thereof to the heart, then, I say, even as thou sawest the damsel lay the dust by sprinkling the floor with water, so is sin vanquished and subdued, and the soul made clean through the faith of it, and consequently fit for the king of glory to inhabit."*

I saw, moreover, in my dream, that the Interpreter took him by the hand, and had him into a little room, where sat two little children, each one in his chair. The name of the eldest was Passion, and the name of the other, Patience. Passion seemed to be much discontented, but Patience was very quiet. Then Christian asked, "What is the reason of the discontent of Passion?" The Interpreter answered, "The governor of them would have him stay for his best things till the beginning of the next year; but he will have all now. But Patience is willing to wait."

Then I saw that one came to Passion and

* John xv. 3; Acts xv. 9; Rom. xvi. 25, 26; Eph. v. 26.

brought him a bag of treasure, and poured it down at his feet: the which he took up and rejoiced therein, and withal laughed Patience to scorn. But I beheld but a while, and he had lavished all away, and had nothing left him but rags.

CHR. Then said Christian to the Interpreter, "Expound this matter more fully to me."

INTERP. So he said, "These two lads are figures: Passion, of the men of this world; and Patience, of the men of that which is to come. For as here thou seest Passion will have all now this year, that is to say, in this world; so are the men of this world: they must have all their good things now; they cannot stay till next year, that is, until the next world, for their portion of good. That proverb, 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' is of more authority with them than are all the divine testimonies of the good of the world to come. But as thou sawest that he had quickly lavished all away, and had presently left him nothing but rags; so will it be with all such men at the end of this world."

CHR. Then said Christian, "Now I see that Patience has the best wisdom, and that upon many accounts: 1. because he stays for the best things; 2. and also because he will have the glory of his, when the other hath nothing but rags."

INTERP. Nay, you may add another, to wit, the glory of the next world will never wear out; but these are suddenly gone. Therefore Passion had not so much reason to laugh at Patience, because he had his good things first, as Patience will have to laugh at Passion, because he had his best things last; for *first* must give place to *last*, because *last* must have his time to come; but *last* gives place to nothing, for there is not another to succeed: he, therefore, that hath his portion *first* must needs have a time to spend it; but he that has his portion *last* must have it lastingly. Therefore it is said of Dives, "In thy life-time thou receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented" (Luke xvi).

CHR. Then I perceive 'tis not best to covet things that are now, but to wait for things to come.

INTERP. You say truth: "For the things that are seen are

temporal; but the things that are not seen are eternal" (2 Cor. iv. 18). But, though this be so, yet, since things present and our fleshly appetite are such near neighbours one to another; and again, because things to come and carnal sense are such strangers one to another; therefore it is that the first of these so suddenly fall into *amity*, and that *distance* is so continually between the second.

Then I saw in my dream that the Interpreter took Christian by the hand, and led him into a place where was a fire burning against a wall, and one standing by it always casting

much water upon it to quench it; yet did the fire burn higher and hotter.

CHR. Then said Christian, "What means this?"

INTERP. The Interpreter answered, "This fire is the work of grace that is wrought in the heart; he that casts water upon it to extinguish and put it out, is the devil: but in that thou seest the fire notwithstanding burn higher and hotter, thou shalt also see the reason of that." So he had him about to the backside of the wall, where he saw a man with a vessel of oil in his hand, of the which he did also continually cast, but secretly, into the fire.

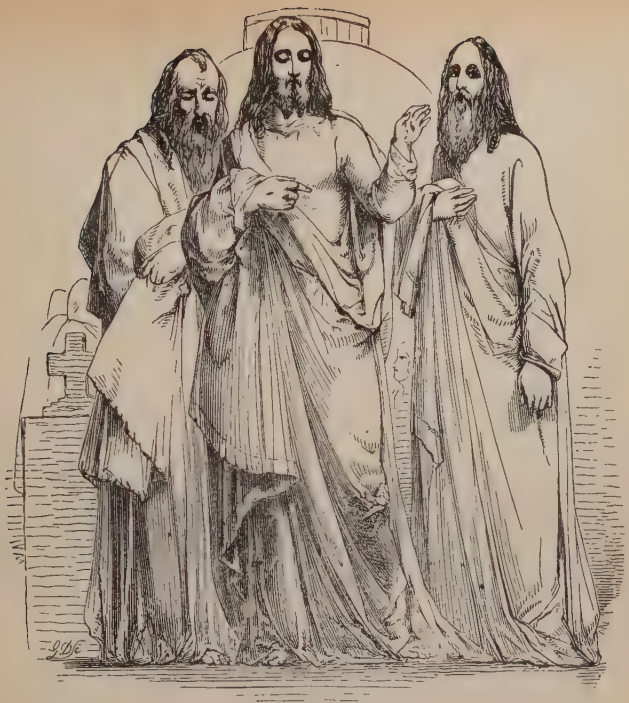
CHR. Then said Christian, "What means this?"

INTERP. The Interpreter answered, "This is Christ, who continually with the oil of his grace maintains the work already begun in the heart: by the means of which, notwithstanding what the devil can do, the souls of his people prove gracious still (2 Cor. xii. 9). And in that thou sawest that the man stood behind the wall to maintain the fire; this is to teach thee, that it is hard for the tempted to see how this work of grace is maintained in the soul."

I saw also that the Interpreter took him again by the hand, and led him into a pleasant place, where was builded a stately palace, beautiful to behold; at the sight of which Christian was greatly delighted: he saw also upon the top thereof certain persons walking, who were clothed all in gold.

CHR. Then said Christian, "May we go in thither?"

Then the Interpreter took him and led him up toward the door of the palace; and, behold, at the door stood a great company of men, as desirous to go in, but durst not. There



also sat a man at a little distance from the door, at a table-side, with a book and his ink-horn before him, to take the name of him that should enter therein: he saw also that in the doorway stood many men in armour, to keep it, being resolved to do to the men that would enter what hurt and mischief they could. Now was Christian somewhat in amaze: at last, when every man started back, for fear of the armed men, Christian saw a man of a very stout countenance come up to the man that sat there to write, saying, "Set down my name, sir:" the which when he had done, he saw the man draw his sword, and put an helmet upon his head, and rush toward the door upon the armed men, who laid upon him with deadly force; but the man, not at all discouraged, fell to cutting and hacking most fiercely. So, after he had

received and given many wounds to those that attempted to keep him out, he cut his way through them all, and pressed forward into the palace (Acts xiv. 22); at which there was a pleasant voice heard from those that were within, even of those that walked upon the top of the palace, saying,

"Come in, come in;
Eternal glory thou shalt win."

So he went in, and was clothed with such garments as they. Then Christian smiled, and said, "I think, verily, I know the meaning of this."

"Now," said Christian, "let me go hence."

"Nay, stay," said the Interpreter, "till I have shewed thee a little more, and after that thou shalt go on thy way." So he took him by the hand again, and led him into a very dark room, where there sat a man in an iron cage.

Now, the man, to look on, seemed very sad. He sat with his eyes looking down to the ground, his hands folded together, and he sighed as if he would break his heart. Then said Christian, "What means this?" At which the Interpreter bid him talk with the man.

CHR. Then said Christian to the man, "What art thou?"

MAN. The man answered, "I am what I was not once."

CHR. What wast thou once?

MAN. The man said, "I was once a fair and flourishing professor, both in mine own eyes and also in the eyes of others: I once was, as I thought, fair for the Celestial City, and had then even joy at the thoughts that I should get thither" (Lu. viii. 13).

CHR. Well, but what art thou now?

MAN. I am now a man of despair, and am shut up in it, as in this iron cage. I cannot get out; oh, *now* I cannot.

CHR. But how camest thou in this condition?

MAN. I left off to watch and be sober; I laid the reins upon the neck of my lusts; I sinned against the light of the word, and the goodness of God; I have grieved the Spirit, and he is gone; I tempted the devil, and he is to come to me; I have provoked God to anger, and he has left me; I have so hardened my heart, that I *cannot* repent.

Then said Christian to the Interpreter, "But is there no hopes for such a man as this?" "Ask him," said the Interpreter.

CHR. Then said Christian, "Is there no hope, but you must be kept in the iron cage of despair?"

MAN. No, none at all!

CHR. Why? the Son of the Blessed is very pitiful.

MAN. I have crucified him to myself afresh (Heb. vi. 6), I have despised his person (Lu. xix. 14), I have despised his righteousness, I have counted his blood an unholy thing, I have done despite to the Spirit of grace (Heb. x. 26–29): therefore I have shut myself out of all the promises, and there now remains to me nothing but threatenings, dreadful threatenings, fearful threatenings of certain judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour me as an adversary.

CHR. For what did you bring yourself into this condition?

MAN. For the lusts, pleasures, and profits of this world; in the enjoyment of which I did then promise myself much delight: but now every one of those things also bite me and gnaw me like a burning worm.

CHR. But canst thou not now repent and turn?

MAN. God hath denied me repentance. His word gives me no encouragement to believe: yea, himself hath shut me up in this iron cage; nor can all the men in the world let me out. O eternity! eternity! how shall I grapple with the misery that I must meet with in eternity!

INTERP. Then said the Interpreter to Christian, "Let this man's misery be remembered by thee, and be an everlasting caution to thee."

CHR. "Well," said Christian, "this is fearful! God help me to watch and be sober, and to pray that I may shun the

cause of this man's misery. Sir, is it not time for me to go on my way now?"

INTERP. Tarry till I shall show thee one thing more, and then thou shalt go on thy way.

So he took Christian by the hand again, and led him into a chamber where there was one rising out of bed; and as he put on his raiment he shook and trembled. Then said Christian, "Why doth this man thus

tremble?" The Interpreter then bid him tell to Christian the reason of his so doing. So he began and said, "This night as I was in my sleep, I dreamed; and behold, the heavens grew exceeding black; also it thundered and lightened in most fearful wise, that it put me into an agony. So I looked up in my dream, and saw the clouds rack at an unusual rate; upon which I heard a great sound of a trumpet, and saw also a man sit upon a cloud, attended with the thousands of heaven; they were all in flaming fire, also the heavens were on a burning flame. I heard then a voice, saying, 'Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment;' and with that the rocks rent, the graves opened, and the dead that were therein came forth:* some of them were exceeding glad, and looked upward; and some sought to hide themselves under the mountains: then I saw the man that sat upon the cloud open the book and bid the world draw near.† Yet there was, by reason of a fierce flame that issued out and came before him, a convenient distance betwixt him and them, as betwixt the judge and the prisoners at the bar (Dan. vii. 9, 10; Mal. iii. 2, 3). I heard it also proclaimed to them that attended on the man that sat on the cloud, 'Gather together the tares, the chaff, and stubble, and cast them into the burning lake' (Matt. iii. 12; xiii. 30; Mal. iv. 1): and with that the bottomless pit opened just whereabout I stood; out of the mouth of which there came, in an abundant manner, smoke, and coals of fire, with hideous noises. It was also said to the same persons, 'Gather my wheat into the garner' (Lu. iii. 17). And with that I saw many catched up and carried away into the clouds (1 Thess. iv. 16, 17); but I was left behind. I also sought to hide myself, but I could not, for the man that sat upon the cloud still kept his eye upon me: my sins also came into my mind, and my conscience did accuse me on every side (Rom. ii. 14, 15). Upon this I awaked from my sleep."

CHR. But what was it that made you so afraid of this sight?

* 1 Cor. xv.; 1 Thess. iv.; Jude, 15; 2 Thess. i. 8; John v. 28; Rev. xx. 11-14. † Ps. i. 1-3; Isa. xxvi. 21; Mic. vii. 16, 17.

MAN. Why, I thought that the day of judgment was come, and that I was not ready for it: but this frighted me most, that the angels gathered up several, and left me behind; also the pit of hell opened her mouth just where I stood. My conscience, too, afflicted me; and, as I thought, the Judge had always his eye upon me, shewing indignation in his countenance.

Then said the Interpreter to Christian, "Hast thou considered all these things?"

CHR. Yes; and they put me in hope and fear.

INTERP. Well, keep all things so in thy mind that they may be as a goad in thy sides, to prick thee forward in the way thou must go.—Then Christian began to gird up his loins,

and to address himself to his journey. Then said the Interpreter, "The Comforter be always with thee, good Christian, to guide thee in the way that leads to the city."

So Christian went on his way, saying—

"Here I have seen things rare and profitable;
Things pleasant, dreadful, things to make me stable
In what I have begun to take in hand:
Then let me think on them, and understand
Wherefore they shew'd me were; and let me be
Thankful, O good Interpreter, to thee."

Now I saw in my dream, that the highway up which Christian was to go was fenced on either side with a wall, and that wall was called Salvation (Isa. xxvi. 1). Up this way, therefore, did burdened Christian run, but not without great difficulty, because of the load on his back.

He ran thus till he came at a place somewhat ascending, and upon that place stood a Cross, and a little below, in the bottom, a Sepulchre. So I saw in my dream, that just as Christian came up with the cross, his burden loosed from off his shoulders, and fell from off his back, and began to tumble, and so continued to do till it came to the mouth of the sepulchre, where it fell in, and I saw it no more.

Then was Christian glad and lightsome, and said, with a merry heart, "He hath given me rest by his sorrow, and life by his death." Then he stood still awhile to look and wonder; for it was very surprising to him, that the sight of the cross should thus ease him of his burden. He looked, therefore, and looked again, even till the springs that were in his head sent the waters down his cheeks (Zech. xii. 10). Now, as he stood looking and weeping, behold three shining ones came to him, and saluted him with "Peace be to thee:" so the first said to him, "Thy sins be forgiven thee" (Mark ii. 5); the second stripped him of his rags, and clothed him with change of raiment; the third also set a mark in his forehead, and gave him a roll with a seal upon it (Zech. iii. 4; Eph. i. 13), which he bid him look on as he ran, and that he should give it in at the celestial gate; so they went their way. Then Christian gave three leaps for joy, and went on singing:

"Thus far did I come laden with my sin,
Nor could aught ease the grief that I was in,
Till I came hither: what a place is this!
Must here be the beginning of my bliss?

Must here the burden fall from off my back ?
Must here the strings that bound it to me crack ?
Blest cross ! blest sepulchre ! blest rather be
The Man that there was put to shame for me !"

I saw then in my dream, that he went on thus even until he came at a bottom, where he saw, a little out of the way, three men fast asleep, with fetters upon their heels. The name of the one was Simple, another Sloth, and the third Presumption.

Christian then seeing them lie in this case, went to them, if peradventure he might awake them, and cried, "You are like them that sleep on the top of a mast, for the Dead Sea is under you, a gulf that hath no bottom (Prov. xxiii. 34). Awake, therefore, and come away ; be willing also, and I will help you off with your irons." He also told them, "If he that goeth about like a roaring lion comes by, you will certainly become a prey to his teeth" (1 Pet. v. 8). With that they looked upon him, and began to reply in this sort: Simple said, "I see no danger." Sloth said, "Yet a little more sleep." And Presumption said, "Every fat must stand upon his own bottom." And so they lay down to sleep again, and Christian went on his way.

Yet was he troubled to think, that men in that danger should so little esteem the kindness of him that so freely offered to help them ; both by awakening of them, counselling

of them, and proffering to help them off with their irons. And as he was troubled thereabout, he espied two men come tumbling over the wall, on the left hand of the narrow way, and they made up apace to him. The name of the one was Formalist, and the name of the other Hypocrisy. So, as I said, they drew up unto him, who thus entered with them into discourse.

CHR. Gentlemen, whence came you, and whither do you go?

FORM. AND HYP. We were born in the land of Vain-glory, and are going for praise to Mount Sion.

CHR. Why came you not in at the gate which standeth at the beginning of the way? Know you not that it is written, that he that cometh not in by the door, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber (John x. 1)?

FORM. AND HYP. They said, that to go to the gate for entrance was by all their countrymen counted too far about, and that therefore their usual way was to make a short cut of it, and to climb over the wall, as they had done.

CHR. But will it not be counted a trespass against the lord of the city whither we are bound, thus to violate his revealed will?

FORM. AND HYP. They told him that, as for that, he needed not to trouble his head thereabout; for what they did they had custom for, and could produce, if need were, testimony

that would witness it, for more than a thousand years.

CHR. "But," said Christian, "will your practice stand a trial at law?"

FORM. AND HYP. They told him, that custom, it being of so long a standing as above a thousand years, would doubtless now be admitted a thing legal by any impartial judge. And besides, said they, so be we get into the way, what's matter which way we get in? If we are in, we are in: thou art but in the way, who, as we perceive, came in at the gate; and we are also in the way, that came tumbling over the wall. Wherein now is thy condition better than ours?

CHR. I walk by the rule of my master; you walk by the rude working of your fancies. You are counted thieves already by the lord of the way, therefore I doubt you will not be found true men at the end of the way. You come in by yourselves without his direction, and shall go out by yourselves without his mercy.

To this they made him but little answer, only they bid him look to himself. Then I saw that they went on every man in his way, without much conference one with another, save that these two men told Christian, That as to laws and ordinances, they doubted not but they should as conscientiously do them as he. "Therefore," said they, "we see not wherein thou differest from us, but by the coat that is on thy back, which was, as we trow, given thee by some of thy neighbours to hide the shame of thy nakedness."

CHR. By laws and ordinances you will not be saved, since you came not in by the door (Gal. ii. 16). And as for this coat that is on my back, it was given me by the Lord of the place whither I go; and that, as you say, to cover my nakedness with. And I take it as a token of his kindness to

me, for I had nothing but rags before. And besides, thus I comfort myself as I go: Surely, think I, when I come to the gate of the city, the Lord thereof will know me for good, since I have his coat on my back,—a coat that he gave me freely in the day that he stripped me of my rags. I have, moreover, a mark in my forehead, of which, perhaps, you have taken no notice, which one of my Lord's most intimate associates fixed there in the day that my burden fell off my shoulders. I will tell you, moreover, that I had then given me a roll sealed, to comfort me by reading as I go in the way; I was also bid to give it in at the Celestial Gate, in token of my certain going in after it: all which things I doubt you want, and want them because you came not in at the gate.

To these things they gave him no answer, only they looked upon each other, and laughed. Then I saw that they went on all, save that Christian kept before, who had no more talk but with himself, and that sometimes sighingly, and sometimes comfortably; also he would be often reading in the roll that one of the shining ones gave him, by which he was refreshed.

I beheld, then, that they all went on till they came to the foot of the hill Difficulty, at the bottom of which was a spring. There were also in the same place two other ways besides that which came straight from the gate; one turned to the left

hand, and the other to the right, at the bottom of the hill: but the narrow way lay right up the hill (and the name of the going up the side of the hill is called Difficulty). Christian now went to the spring and drank thereof to refresh himself (Isa. xlix. 10), and then began to go up the hill; saying,

"This hill, though high, I covet to ascend;
The difficulty will not me offend,
For I perceive the way to life lies here:
Come, pluck up, heart, let's neither faint nor fear:
Better, though difficult, the right way to go,
Than wrong, though easy, where the end is woe."

The other two also came to the foot of the hill. But when they saw that the hill was steep and high, and that there were two other ways to go; and supposing also that these two ways might meet again with that up which Christian went, on the other side of the hill, therefore they were resolved to go in those ways (now the name of one of those ways was Danger, and the name of the other Destruction). So the one took the way which is called Danger, which led him into a great wood; and the other took directly up the way to Destruction, which led him into a wide field full of dark mountains, where he stumbled and fell, and rose no more.

I looked then after Christian, to see him go up the hill, where I perceived he fell from running to going, and from going to clambering upon his hands and his knees, because of the steepness of the place. Now about the midway to the top of the hill was a pleasant arbour, made by the Lord of the hill, for the refreshment of weary travellers. Thither therefore Christian got, where also he sat down to rest him. Then he pulled his roll out of his bosom, and read therein to his comfort; he also now began afresh to take a review of the coat or garment that was given him as he stood by the cross. Thus pleasing himself a while, he at last fell into a slumber, and thence into a fast sleep, which detained him in that place until it was almost night, and in his sleep his roll fell out of

his hand. Now as he was sleeping, there came one to him, and awaked him, saying, "Go to the

ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise" (Prov. vi. 6). And with that Christian suddenly started up, and sped him on his way, and went apace till he came to the top of the hill.

Now when he was got up to the top of the hill, there came two men running against him amain. The name of the one was Timorous, and the name of the other Mistrust; to whom Christian said, "Sirs, what's the matter you run the wrong way?" Timorous answered that they were going to the city of Zion, and had got up that difficult place; "but," said he,

"the farther we go, the more danger we meet with, wherefore we turned, and are going back again."

"Yes," said Mistrust; "for just before us lie a couple of lions in the way, whether sleeping or waking we know not; and we could not think, if we came within reach, but they would presently pull us in pieces."

Chr. Then said Christian, "You make me afraid; but whither shall I fly to be safe? If I go back to mine own country, that is prepared for fire and brimstone; and I shall certainly perish there. If I can get to the celestial city, I am sure to be in safety there. I must venture: to go back is nothing but death; to go forward is fear of death, and life everlasting beyond it. I will yet go forward."

So Mistrust and Timorous ran down the hill; and Christian went on his way. But thinking again of what he heard from the men, he felt in his bosom for his roll, that he might read therein, and be comforted; but he felt, and found it not. Then was Christian in great distress, and knew not what to do; for he wanted that which used to relieve him, and that

which should have been his pass into the celestial city. Here, therefore, he began to be much perplexed, and knew not what to do; at last he bethought himself that he had slept in the arbour that is on the side of the hill: and falling down upon his knees, he asked God forgiveness for that his foolish act, and then went back to look for his roll. But all the way he went back, who can sufficiently set forth the sorrow of Christian's heart? sometimes he sighed, sometimes he wept, and oftentimes he chid himself for being so foolish to fall asleep in that place, which was erected only for a little refreshment from his weariness. Thus, therefore, he went back; carefully looking on this side and on that, all the way as he went, if happily he might find his roll, that had been his comfort so many times in his journey. He went thus till he came again within sight of the arbour where he sat and slept; but that sight renewed his sorrow the more, by bringing again even afresh his evil of sleeping into his mind. Thus, therefore, he now went on bewailing his sinful sleep, saying, "Oh, wretched man that I am, that I should sleep in the daytime! that I should sleep in the midst of difficulty! (1 Thess. v. 7, 8; Rev. ii. 4, 5,) that I should so indulge the flesh, as to use that rest for ease to my flesh, which the Lord of the hill hath erected only for the relief of the spirits of pilgrims! How many steps have I took in vain? (thus it happened to Israel; for their sin they were sent back again by the way of the Red Sea,) and I am made to tread those steps with sorrow, which I might have trod with delight, had

it not been for this sinful sleep. How far might I have been on my way by this time! I am made to tread those steps thrice over which I needed not to have trod but once: yea, now also I am like to be benighted, for the day is almost spent. Oh, that I had not slept!"

Now by this time he was come to the arbour again, where for a while he sat down and wept; but at last (as Christian would have it), looking sorrowfully down under the settle, there he espied his roll, the which he with trembling and haste catched up, and put it into his bosom; but who can tell how joyful this man was when he had gotten his roll again! For this roll was the assurance of his life and acceptance at the desired haven. Therefore he laid it up in his bosom, gave thanks to God for directing his eye to the place where it lay, and with joy and tears betook himself again to his journey. But oh, how nimbly now did he go up the rest of the hill! Yet before he got up, the sun went down upon Christian, and this made him again recall the vanity of his sleeping to his remembrance, and thus he again began to condole with himself: "Oh, thou sinful sleep! how for thy sake am I like to be benighted in my journey! I must walk without the sun, darkness must cover the path of my feet, and I must hear the noise of the doleful creatures, because of my sinful sleep!" Now also he remembered the story that Mistrust and Timorous told him of, how they were frighted with the sight of the lions. Then said Christian to himself again, "These beasts range in the night for their prey, and if they should meet with me in the dark, how should I shift them? how should I escape being by them torn in pieces?" Thus he went on his way; but while he was thus bewailing his unhappy miscarriage, he lift up his eyes, and behold, there was a very stately palace before him, the name of which was Beautiful, and it stood just by the highway side.

So I saw in my dream that he made haste and went forward, that if possible he might get lodging there. Now before he had gone far, he entered into a very narrow passage, which was about a furlong off of the porter's lodge, and, looking very narrowly before him as he went, he espied two

lions in the way. Now, thought he, I see the dangers that Mistrust and Timorous were driven back by. (The lions were chained, but he saw not the chains.) Then he was afraid, and thought also himself to go back after them, for he thought nothing but death was before him; but the porter at the lodge, whose name is Watchful, perceiving that Christian

made a halt, as if he would go back, cried unto him, saying, "Is thy strength so small? (Mark iv. 40,) fear not the lions, for they are chained, and are placed there for trial of faith where it is, and for discovery of those that have none: keep in the midst of the path, and no hurt shall come unto thee."

Then I saw that he went on, trembling for fear of the lions, but taking good heed to the directions of the porter; he heard them roar, but they did him no harm. Then he clapped his hands, and went on, till he came and stood before the gate where the porter was. Then said Christian to the porter, "Sir, what house is this, and may I lodge here to-night?" The porter answered, "This house was built by the Lord of the hill, and he built it for the relief and security of pilgrims." The porter also asked whence he was, and whither he was going?

CHR. I am come from the city of Destruction, and am going to Mount Zion; but because the sun is now set, I desire, if I may, to lodge here to-night.

POR. What is your name?

CHR. My name is now Christian; but my name at the first was Graceless: I came of the race of Japhet, whom God will persuade to dwell in the tents of Shem. (Gen. ix. 27.)

POR. But how doth it happen that you come so late? the sun is set.

CHR. I had been here sooner, but that, wretched man that I am! I slept by the arbour that stands on the hill-side; nay, I had, notwithstanding that, been here much sooner, but that in my sleep I lost my evidence, and came without it to the brow of the hill, and then, feeling for it, and finding it not, I was forced, with sorrow of heart, to go back to the place where I slept my sleep, where I found it, and now I am come.

POR. Well, I will call out one of the virgins of this place, who will, if she likes your talk, bring you in to the rest of the family, according to the rules of the house. So Watchful the porter rang a bell, at the sound of which, came out at the door of the house a grave and beautiful damsel, named Discretion, and asked why she was called.

The porter answered, "This man is in a journey from the city of Destruction to Mount Zion; but being weary and benighted, he asked me if he might lodge here to-night, so I told him I would call for thee, who, after discourse had with him, mayest do as seemeth thee good, even according to the law of the house."

Then she asked him whence he was, and whither he was going, and he told her. She asked him also how he got into the way, and he told her. Then she asked him what he had seen and met with in the way, and he told her; and last, she asked his name, so he said, "It is Christian; and I have so much the more a desire to lodge here to-night, because, by what I perceive, this place was built by the Lord of the hill for the relief and security of pilgrims." So she smiled, but

the water stood in her eyes; and after a little pause she said, "I will call forth two or three more of the family." So she ran to the door, and called out Prudence, Piety, and Charity, who, after a little more discourse with him, had him in to the family, and many of them meeting him at the threshold of the house said, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord; this house was built by the Lord of the hill on purpose to entertain such pilgrims in." Then he bowed his head, and followed them into the house. So when he was come in, and set down, they gave him something to drink, and consented together that, until supper was ready, some of them should have some particular discourse with Christian, for the best improvement of time: and they appointed Piety, and Prudence, and Charity, to discourse with him; and thus they began:

PIETY. Come, good Christian, since we have been so loving to you, to receive you into our house this night, let us, if perhaps we may better ourselves thereby, talk with you of all things that have happened to you in your pilgrimage.

CHR. With a very good will; and I am glad that you are so well disposed.

PIETY. What moved you at first to betake yourself to a pilgrim's life?

CHR. I was driven out of my native country by a dreadful sound that was in mine ears, to wit, that unavoidable destruction did attend me if I abode in that place where I was.

PIETY. But how did it happen that you came out of your country this way?

CHR. It was as God would have it; for when I was under the fears of destruction, I did not know whither to go; but by chance there came a man, even to me (as I was trembling and weeping), whose name is Evangelist, and he directed me to the wicket-gate, which else I should never have found; and so set me into the way that hath led me directly to this house.

PIETY. But did you not come by the house of the interpreter?

CHR. Yes, and did see such things there, the remembrance

of which will stick by me as long as I live; especially three things, to wit, How Christ, in despite of Satan, maintains his work of grace in the heart; how the man had sinned himself quite out of hopes of God's mercy; and also the dream of him that thought in his sleep the day of judgment was come.

PIETY. Why? did you hear him tell his dream?

CHR. Yes, and a dreadful one it was I thought; it made my heart ache as he was telling of it; but yet I am glad I heard it.

PIETY. Was that all that you saw at the house of the interpreter?

CHR. No; he took me and had me where he shewed me a stately palace, and how the people were clad in gold that were in it; and how there came a venturous man, and cut his way through the armed men that stood in the door to keep him

out; and how he was bid to come in and win eternal glory. Methought those things did ravish my heart: I could have stayed at that good man's house a twelvemonth, but that I knew I had farther to go.

PIETY. And what saw you else in the way?

CHR. Saw! Why, I went but a little farther, and I saw one, as I thought in my mind, hang bleeding upon the tree; and the very sight of him made my burden fall off my back (for I groaned under a weary burden), but then it fell down from off me. 'Twas a strange thing to me, for I never saw such a thing before. Yea, and while I stood looking up (for then I could not forbear looking), three shining ones came to me: one of them testified that my sins were forgiven me; another stript me of my rags, and gave me this 'broidered coat which you see; and the third set the mark which you see in my forehead, and gave me this sealed roll (and with that he plucked it out of his bosom).

PIETY. But you saw more than this, did you not?

CHR. The things that I have told you were the best; yet some other small matters I saw, as namely, I saw three men, Simple, Sloth, and Presumption, lie asleep a little out of the way as I came, with irons upon their heels; but do you think I could awake them! I saw also Formalist and Hypocrisy come tumbling over the wall, to go, as they pretended, to Zion, but they were quickly lost; even as I myself did tell them, but they would not believe: but above all, I found it hard work to get up this hill, and as hard to come by the lions' mouths; and truly, if it had not been for the good man, the porter, that stands at the gate, I do not know but that, after all, I might have gone back again; but now I thank God I am here, and I thank you for receiving of me.

Then Prudence thought good to ask him a few questions, and desired his answer to them.

PRU. Do you not think sometimes of the country from whence you came?

CHR. Yes; but with much shame and detestation; truly, if I had been mindful of that country from whence I came out, I might have had opportunity to have returned; but

now I desire a better country, that is, an heavenly (Heb. xi. 15, 16).

PRU. Do you not yet bear away with you some of the things that then you were conversant withal?

CHR. Yes; but greatly against my will; especially my inward and carnal cogitations, with which all my countrymen, as well as myself, were delighted; but now all those things are my grief, and might I but choose mine own things, I would choose never to think of those things more; but when I would be doing of that which is best, that which is worst is with me (Rom. vii.).

PRU. Do you not find sometimes, as if those things were vanquished, which at other times are your perplexity?

CHR. Yes, but that is but seldom; but they are to me golden hours in which such things happen to me.

PRU. Can you remember by what means you find your annoyances at times, as if they were vanquished?

CHR. Yes, when I think what I saw at the cross, that will do it; and when I look upon my 'broidered coat, that will do it; also when I look into the roll that I carry in my bosom, that will do it; and when my thoughts wax warm about whither I am going, that will do it.

PRU. And what is it that makes you so desirous to go to Mount Sion?

CHR. Why, there I hope to see Him alive that did hang dead on the cross; and there I hope to be rid of all those things that to this day are in me an annoyance to me; there they say there is no death (Isa. xxv. 8; Rev. xxi. 4), and there I shall dwell with such company as I like best. For to tell you truth, I love Him, because I was by Him eased of my burden, and I am weary of my inward sickness; I would fain be where I shall die no more, and with the company that shall continually cry, Holy, holy, holy.

Then said Charity to Christian, "Have you a family? are you a married man?"

CHR. I have a wife and four small children.

CHA. And why did you not bring them along with you?

CHR. Then Christian wept, and said, "Oh, how willingly

would I have done it! but they were all of them utterly averse to my going on pilgrimage."

CHA. But you should have talked to them, and have endeavoured to have shewn them the danger of being behind.

CHR. So I did, and told them also what God had shewed to me of the destruction of our city; but I seemed to them as one that mocked, and they believed me not (Gen. xix. 14).

CHA. And did you pray to God that he would bless your counsel to them?

CHR. Yes, and that with much affection; for you must think that my wife and poor children were very dear unto me.

CHA. But did you tell them of your own sorrow, and fear of destruction? for, I suppose, that destruction was visible enough to you.

CHR. Yes, over, and over, and over. They might also see my fears in my countenance, in my tears, and also in my trembling under the apprehension of the judgment that did hang over our heads; but all was not sufficient to prevail with them to come with me.

CHA. But what could they say for themselves why they came not?

CHR. Why, my wife was afraid of losing this world; and my children were given to the foolish delights of youth; so what by one thing, and what by another, they left me to wander in this manner alone.

CHA. But did you not with your vain life, damp all that you by words used by way of persuasion to bring them away with you?

CHR. Indeed I cannot commend my life, for I am conscious to myself of many failings therein; I know also that a man by his conversation, may soon overthrow what by argument or persuasion he doth labour to fasten upon others for their good. Yet, this I can say, I was very wary of giving them occasion, by any unseemly action, to make them averse to going on pilgrimage. Yea, for this very thing, they would tell me I was too precise, and that I denied myself of sins (for their sakes) in which they saw no evil. Nay, I think I may say, that, if what they saw in me did hinder them, it was my great tenderness in sinning against God, or of doing any wrong to my neighbour.

CHA. Indeed, Cain hated his brother because his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous (1 John iii. 12); and if thy wife and children have been offended with thee for this, they thereby shew themselves to be implacable to good; and thou hast delivered thy soul from their blood (Ezek. iii. 19).

Now I saw in my dream, that thus they sat talking together until supper was ready. So when they had made ready, they sat down to meat. Now the table was furnished with fat things, and with wine that was well refined; and all their talk at the table was about the Lord of the hill: as, namely, about what He had done, and wherefore He did what He did, and why He had builded that house: and by what they said, I perceived that He had been a great warrior, and had fought with and slain him that had the power of death (Heb. ii. 14, 15); but not without great danger to Himself, which made me love Him the more.

For, as they said, and as I believe (said Christian) He did

it with the loss of much blood; but that which put glory of grace into all He did, was, that He did it out of pure love to His country. And besides, there were some of them of the household that said they had seen and spoke with Him since He did die on the cross; and they have attested that they had it from his own lips, that He is such a lover of poor pilgrims, that the like is not to be found from the east to the west.

They moreover gave an instance of what they affirmed, and that was, He had stript Himself of His glory that He might

do this for the poor; and that they heard Him say and affirm, That He would not dwell in the Mountain of Zion alone. They said, moreover, that He had made many pilgrims princes, though by nature they were beggars born, and their original had been the dunghill (1 Sam. ii. 8; Ps. cxiii. 7).

Thus they discoursed together till late at night, and after they had committed themselves to their Lord for protection, they betook themselves to rest. The pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened towards the sun rising; the name of the chamber was Peace, where he slept till break of day; and then he awoke and sang,

> "Where am I now? is this the love and care
> Of Jesus for the men that pilgrims are,
> Thus to provide! That I should be forgiven!
> And dwell already the next door to heaven!"

So in the morning they all got up, and after some more discourse, they told him that he should not depart till they had shewed him the rarities of that place. And first they had him into the study, where they shewed him records of the greatest antiquity; in which, as I remember my dream, they shewed him first the pedigree of the Lord of the hill, that he was the son of the Ancient of days, and came by an eternal generation. Here also was more fully recorded the acts that He had done, and the names of many hundreds that He had taken into His service; and how He had placed them in such habitations that could neither by length of days, nor decays of nature, be dissolved.

Then they read to him some of the worthy acts that some of His servants had done. As how they had subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens (Heb. xi. 33, 34).

Then they read again in another part of the records of the house, where it was shewed how willing their Lord was to

receive into his favour any, even any, though they in time past had offered great affronts to His person and proceedings. Here also were several other histories of many other famous things, of all which Christian had a view. As of things both ancient and modern; together with prophecies and predictions of things that have their certain accomplishment, both to the dread and amazement of enemies, and the comfort and solace of pilgrims.

The next day they took him and had him into the armoury; where they shewed him all manner of furniture, which their Lord had provided for pilgrims, as sword, shield, helmet, breastplate, all-prayer, and shoes that would not wear out. And there was here enough of this to harness out as many

men for the service of their Lord as there be stars in the heaven for multitude.

They also shewed him some of the engines with which some of His servants had done wonderful things. They shewed him Moses' rod, the hammer and nail with which Jael slew Sisera, the pitchers, trumpets, and lamps, too, with which Gideon put to flight the armies of Midian. Then they shewed him the ox's goad wherewith Shamgar slew six hundred men. They shewed him also the jaw-bone with which Samson did such mighty feats; they shewed him, moreover, the sling and stone with which David slew Goliath of Gath; and the sword, also, with which their Lord will kill the man of sin, in the day that he shall rise up to the prey. They shewed him besides many excellent things, with which Christian was much delighted. This done, they went to their rest again.

Then I saw in my dream, that on the morrow he got up to go forwards; but they desired him to stay till the next day also, and then, said they, we will, if the day be clear, shew you the delectable mountains; which, they said, would yet further add to his comfort, because they were nearer the desired haven than the place where at present he was. So he consented, and stayed. When the morning was up, they had him to the top of the house, and bid him look south; so he did; and behold, at a great distance (Isa. xxxiii. 16, 17) he saw a most pleasant mountainous country, beautified with woods, vineyards, fruits of all sorts, flowers also; with springs and fountains, very delectable to behold. Then he asked the name of the country, they said it was Immanuel's land; and it is as common, said they, as this hill is, to and for all the pilgrims. And when thou comest there, from thence, said they, thou mayest see to the gate of the celestial city, as the shepherds that live there will make appear.

Now he bethought himself of setting forward, and they were willing he should; but first, said they, let us go again into the armoury; so they did; and when he came there, they harnessed him from head to foot with what was of proof, lest

perhaps he should meet with assaults in the way. He, being therefore thus accoutred, walketh out with his friends to

the gate, and there he asked the porter if he saw any pilgrims pass by; then the porter answered, Yes.

CHR. Pray did you know him? said he.

POR. I asked him his name, and he told me it was Faithful.

CHR. "Oh," said Christian, "I know him; he is my towns-

man, my near neighbour; he comes from the place where I was born. How far do you think he may be before?"

Por. He is got by this time below the hill.

Chr. "Well," said Christian, "good porter, the Lord be with thee, and add to all thy blessings much increase for the kindness that thou hast shewed to me."

Then he began to go forward; but Discretion, Piety, Charity, and Prudence, would accompany him down to the foot of the hill. So they went on together, reiterating their former discourses, till they came to go down the hill. Then said Christian, "As it was difficult coming up, so (so far as I can see) it is dangerous going down." "Yes," said Prudence, "so it is; for it is a hard matter for a man to go down into the valley of Humiliation, as thou art now, and to catch no slip by the way; therefore," said they, "are we come out to accompany thee down the hill." So he began to go down, but very warily, yet he caught a slip or two.

Then I saw in my dream that these good companions, when Christian was gone down to the bottom of the hill, gave him a loaf of bread, a bottle of wine, and a cluster of raisins; and then he went on his way.

But now, in this Valley of Humiliation, poor Christian was hard put to it; for he had gone but a little way before he espied a foul fiend coming over the field to meet him; his name is Apollyon. Then did Christian begin to be afraid, and to cast in his mind whether to go back or to stand his ground. But he considered again, that he had no armour for his back, and therefore thought that to turn the back to him might give him greater advantage with ease to pierce him with his darts; therefore he resolved to venture, and stand his ground. For, thought he, had I no more in mine eye than the saving of my life, 'twould be the best way to stand.

So he went on, and Apollyon met him. Now the monster was hideous to behold; he was clothed with scales like a fish (and they are his pride), he had wings like a dragon, feet like a bear, and out of his belly came fire and smoke, and his

mouth was as the mouth of a lion. When he was come up to Christian, he beheld him with a disdainful countenance, and thus began to question with him.

APOL. Whence come you, and whither are you bound?

CHR. I am come from the city of Destruction, which is the place of all evil, and am going to the city of Zion.

APOL. By this I perceive thou art one of my subjects; for all that country is mine, and I am the prince and god of it. How is it, then, that thou hast run away from thy king? Were it not that I hope thou mayest do me more service, I would strike thee now at one blow to the ground.

CHR. I was born indeed in your dominions; but your service was hard, and your wages such as a man could not live on, for the wages of sin is death (Rom. vi. 23); therefore, when I was come to years, I did as other considerate persons do, look out, if perhaps I might mend myself

APOL. There is no prince that will thus lightly lose his subjects, neither will I as yet lose thee. But since thou complainest of thy service and wages, be content to go back; what our country will afford I do here promise to give thee.

CHR. But I have let myself to another, even to the King of princes, and how can I with fairness go back with thee?

APOL. Thou hast done in this according to the proverb, changed a bad for a worse; but it is ordinary for those that have professed themselves his servants, after a while to give him the slip, and return again to me; do thou so too, and all shall be well.

CHR. I have given him my faith, and sworn my allegiance to him; how, then, can I go back from this, and not be hanged as a traitor?

APOL. Thou didst the same to me; and yet I am willing to pass by all, if now thou wilt yet turn again and go back.

CHR. What I promised thee was in my non-age; and besides, I count that the Prince under whose banner now I stand is able to absolve me; yea, and to pardon also what I did as to my compliance with thee; and besides, O thou destroying Apollyon, to speak truth, I like his service, his wages, his

servants, his government, his company and country, better than thine; and therefore leave off to persuade me further: I am his servant, and I will follow him.

Apol. Consider again, when thou art in cold blood, what thou art like to meet with in the way that thou goest. Thou knowest that for the most part, his servants come to an ill end, because they are transgressors against me and my ways. How many of them have been put to shameful deaths! and besides, thou countest his service better than mine, whereas he never came yet from the place where he is, to deliver any that served him out of our hands; but as for me, how many times, as all the world very well knows, have I delivered, either by power or fraud, those that have faithfully served me, from him and his, though taken by them, and so I will deliver thee.

Chr. His forbearing at present to deliver them, is on purpose to try their love, whether they will cleave to him to the

end; and as for the ill end thou sayest they come to, that is most glorious in their account. For, for present deliverance, they do not much expect it; for they stay for their glory, and then they shall have it, when their Prince comes in his, and the glory of the angels.

APOL. Thou hast already been unfaithful in thy service to him, and how dost thou think to receive wages of him?

CHR. Wherein, O Apollyon, have I been unfaithful to him?

APOL. Thou didst faint at first setting out, when thou wast almost choked in the Gulf of Despond; thou didst attempt wrong ways to be rid of thy burden, whereas thou shouldst have stayed till thy Prince had taken it off; thou didst sinfully sleep and lose thy choice thing; thou wast also almost persuaded to go back at the sight of the lions; and when thou talkest of thy journey, and of what thou hast heard and seen, thou art inwardly desirous of vainglory in all that thou sayest or doest.

CHR. All this is true, and much more, which thou hast left out; but the Prince whom I serve and honour is merciful and ready to forgive; but besides, these infirmities possessed me in thy country, for there I sucked them in, and I have groaned under them, been sorry for them, and have obtained pardon of my Prince.

APOL. Then Apollyon broke out into a grievous rage, saying, "I am an enemy to this Prince: I hate his person, his laws, and people: I am come out on purpose to withstand thee."

CHR. Apollyon, beware what you do; for I am in the King's highway, the way of holiness, therefore take heed to yourself.

APOL. Then Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said, "I am void of fear in this matter, prepare thyself to die; for I swear by my infernal den, that thou shalt go no farther; here will I spill thy soul;" and with that he threw a flaming dart at his breast; but Christian had a shield in his hand, with which he caught it, and so prevented the danger of that. Then did Christian draw, for he saw 'twas time to bestir him; and Apollyon as fast made at him, throwing darts as thick as hail; by the which, notwith-

standing all that Christian could do to avoid it, Apollyon wounded him in his head, his hand, and foot; this made Christian give a little back; Apollyon therefore followed his work amain, and Christian again took courage, and resisted as manfully as he could. This sore combat lasted for above half a day, even till Christian was almost quite spent. For you must know that Christian, by reason of his wounds, must needs grow weaker and weaker.

Then Apollyon, espying his opportunity, began to gather up close to Christian, and wrestling with him, gave him a dreadful fall; and with that, Christian's sword flew out of his hand. Then said Apollyon, "I am sure of thee now;" and with that, he had almost pressed him to death, so that Christian began to despair of life. But as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching of his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly reached out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy! when I fall I shall arise" (Mic. vii. 8); and with that, gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give back, as one that had received his mortal wound: Christian perceiving that, made at him again, saying, "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through Him that loved us" (Rom. viii. 37). And with that, Apollyon spread forth his dragon's wings, and sped him away (James iv. 7), that Christian for a season saw him no more.

In this combat no man can imagine, unless he had seen and heard as I did, what yelling and hideous roaring Apollyon made all the time of the fight; he spake like a dragon; and, on the other side, what sighs and groans burst from Christian's heart. I never saw him all the while give so much as one pleasant look, till he perceived he had wounded Apollyon with his two-edged sword, then, indeed, he did smile, and look upward; but 'twas the dreadfullest sight that ever I saw.

So when the battle was over, Christian said, I will here give thanks to him that hath delivered me out of the mouth of the lion, to him that did help me against Apollyon; and so he did, saying:

> "Great Beelzebub, the captain of this fiend,
> Design'd my ruin; therefore to this end
> He sent him harness'd out, and he with rage
> That hellish was, did fiercely me engage:
> But blessed Michael helped me, and I,
> By dint of sword, did quickly make him fly;
> Therefore to him let me give lasting praise
> And thanks, and bless his holy name always."

Then there came to him a hand, with some of the leaves of the tree of life, the which Christian took, and applied to the wounds that he had received in the battle, and was healed immediately. He also sat down in that place to eat bread, and to drink of the bottle that was given him a little before; so, being refreshed, he addressed himself to his journey, with his sword drawn in his hand; for he said, "I know not but some other enemy may be at hand." But he met with no other affront from Apollyon quite through this valley.

Now at the end of this valley was another, called the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and Christian must needs go through it, because the way to the celestial city lay through the midst of it. Now this valley is a very solitary place; the prophet Jeremiah thus describes it: A wilderness, a land of deserts and of pits, a land of drought, and of the shadow of

death; a land that no man (but a Christian) passeth through, and where no man dwelt (Jer. ii. 6).

Now here Christian was worse put to it than in his fight with Apollyon, as by the sequel you shall see.

I saw then in my dream, that when Christian was got to the bord rs of the shadow of death, there met him two men, children of them that brought up an evil report of the good land, making haste to go back (Numb. xiii. 32), to whom Christian spake as follows:

CHR. Whither are you going?

MEN. They said, "Back, back; and we would have you do so too, if either life or peace is prized by you."

CHR. "Why, what's the matter?" said Christian.

MEN. "Matter!" said they; "we were going that way as you are going, and went as far as we durst; and indeed we were almost past coming back, for had we gone a little farther, we had not been here to bring the news to thee."

CHR. "But what have you met with?" said Christian.

MEN. Why, we were almost in the Valley of the Shadow of Death (Ps. xliv. 19; cvii. 10); but that by good hap we looked before us, and saw the danger before we came to it.

CHR. "But what have you seen?" said Christian.

MEN. Seen! why, the valley itself, which is as dark as pitch; we also saw there the hobgoblins, satyrs, and dragons of the pit; we heard also in that valley a continual howling and yelling, as of a people under unutterable misery, who there sat bound in affliction and irons; and over that valley hangs the discouraging clouds of confusion, death also doth always spread his wings over it; in a word, it is every whit dreadful, being utterly without order (Job. iii. 5; x. 22).

CHR. Then said Christian, "I perceive not yet, by what you have said, but that this is my way to the desired haven."

MEN. "Be it thy way, we will not choose it for ours;" so they parted, and Christian went on his way; but still with his sword drawn in his hand, for fear lest he should be assaulted.

I saw then in my dream, so far as this valley reached, there was on the right hand a very deep ditch; that ditch is it into which the blind have led the blind in all ages, and have both there miserably perished. Again; behold, on the left hand

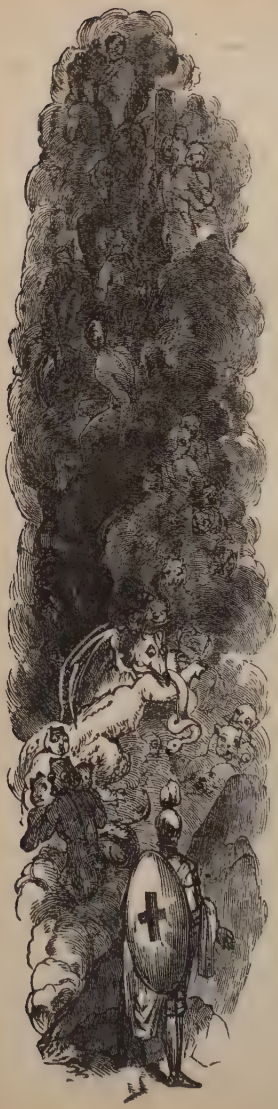
there was a very dangerous quag, into which, if even a good man falls, he can find no bottom for his foot to stand on. Into that quag King David once did fall, and had no doubt therein been smothered, had not He that is able plucked him out (Ps. lxix. 14).

The pathway was here also exceeding narrow, and therefore good Christian was the more put to it; for when he sought in the dark to shun the ditch on the one hand, he was ready to tip over into the mire on the other; also when he sought to escape the mire, without great carefulness, he would be ready to fall into the ditch. Thus he went on, and I heard him here sigh bitterly; for besides the dangers mentioned above, the pathway was here so dark, that ofttimes when he lift up his foot to set forward, he knew not where, or upon what, he should set it next.

About the midst of this valley I perceived the mouth of hell to be, and it stood also hard by the way-side. Now, thought Christian, what shall I do? And ever and anon the flame and smoke would come out in such abundance, with sparks and hideous noises (things that cared not for Christian's sword, as did Apollyon before), that he was forced to put up his sword, and betake himself to another weapon, called 'All Prayer'

(Eph. vi. 18); so he cried in my hearing, "O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul" (Ps. cxvi. 4). Thus he went on a great while, yet still the flames would be reaching towards him: also he heard doleful voices and rushings to and fro; so that sometimes he thought he should be torn in pieces, or trodden down like mire in the streets. This frightful sight was seen, and these dreadful noises were heard, by him for several miles together; and coming to a place where he thought he heard a company of fiends coming forward to meet him, he stopped, and began to muse what he had best to do. Sometimes he had half a thought to go back. Then again he thought he might be half-way through the valley; he remembered also how he had already vanquished many a danger, and that the danger of going back might be much more than for to go forward; so he resolved to go on. Yet the fiends seemed to come nearer and nearer, but when they were come even almost at him, he cried out in a most vehement voice, "I will walk in the strength of the Lord God;" so they gave back, and came no farther.

One thing I would not let slip: I took notice that now poor Christian was so confounded that he did not know his own voice;



and thus I perceived it: Just when he was come over against the mouth of the burning pit, one of the wicked ones got behind him, and stept up softly to him, and whisperingly suggested many grievous blasphemies to him, which he verily thought had proceeded from his own mind. This put Christian more to it than anything that he met with before, even to think that he should now blaspheme Him that he loved so much before; yet, could he have helped it, he would not have done it; but he had not the discretion neither to stop his ears, nor to know from whence those blasphemies came.

When Christian had travelled in this disconsolate condition some considerable time, he thought he heard the voice of a man, as going before him, saying, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear none ill, for thou art with me" (Ps. xxiii. 4).

Then was he glad, and that for these reasons:

First, because he gathered from thence that some who feared God were in this valley as well as himself.

Secondly, for that he perceived God was with them, though in that dark and dismal state; and why not, thought he, with me, though, by reason of the impediment that attends this place, I cannot perceive it? (Job ix. 10.)

Thirdly, for that he hoped (could he overtake them) to have company by and by. So he went on, and called to him that was before, but he knew not what to answer, for that he also thought himself to be alone. And by and by the day broke; then said Christian, "He hath turned the shadow of death into the morning" (Amos v. 8).

Now, morning being come, he looked back, not out of desire to return, but to see, by the light of the day, what hazards he had gone through in the dark. So he saw more perfectly the ditch that was on the one hand, and the quag that was on the other; also how narrow the way was which lay betwixt them both; also now he saw the hobgoblins, and satyrs, and dragons of the pit, but all afar off, for after break of day they came not nigh; yet they were discovered to him, according to that which is written, "He discovereth deep things out of darkness, and bringeth out to light the shadow of death" (Job xii. 22).

Now was Christian much affected with his deliverance from all the dangers of his solitary way, which dangers, though he feared them more before, yet he saw them more clearly now, because the light of the day made them conspicuous to him; and about this time the sun was rising, and this was another mercy to Christian; for you must note that, though the first part of the Valley of the Shadow of Death was dangerous, yet this second part, which he was yet to go, was, if possible, far more dangerous: for from the place where he now stood, even to the end of the valley, the way was all along set so full of snares, traps, gins, and nets here, and so full of pits, pitfalls, deep holes, and shelvings down there, that had it now been dark, as it was when he came the first part of the way, had he had a thousand souls, they had in reason been cast away; but, as I said, just now the sun was rising. "Then," said he, "His candle shineth on my head, and by his light I go through darkness" (Job xxix. 3).

In this light, therefore, he came to the end of the valley. Now I saw in my dream, that at the end of this valley lay blood, bones, ashes, and mangled bodies of men, even of pilgrims that had gone this way formerly: and while I was

musing what should be the reason, I espied a little before me a cave, where two giants, Pope and Pagan, dwelt in old time, by whose power and tyranny, the men whose bones, blood, ashes, &c. lay there, were cruelly put to death. But by this place Christian went without much danger, whereat I somewhat wondered; but I have learnt since, that Pagan has been dead many a day; and as for the other, though he be yet alive, he is, by reason of age, and also of the many shrewd brushes that he met with in his younger days, grown so crazy and stiff in his joints, that he can now do little more than sit in his cave's mouth grinning at pilgrims as they go by, and biting his nails, because he cannot come at them.

So I saw that Christian went on his way, yet at the sight of the old man that sat in the mouth of the cave he could not tell what to think, especially because he spake to him, though he could not go after him, saying, "You will never mend, till more of you be burned:" but he held his peace, and set a good face on't, and so went by, and catched no hurt. Then sang Christian,

"O world of wonders! (I can say no less)
That I should be preserv'd in that distress
That I have met with here! O blessed be
That hand that from it hath delivered me!
Dangers in darkness, devils, hell, and sin,
Did compass me, while I this va'e was in:
Yea, snares, and pits, and traps, and nets did lie
My path about, that worthless silly I
Might have been catched, entangled, and cast down
But since I live, let JESUS wear the crown."

Now as Christian went on his way, he came to a little ascent, which was cast up on purpose, that pilgrims might see before them; up there, therefore, Christian went, and looking forward, he saw Faithful before him upon his journey. Then said Christian aloud, "Ho, ho! So-ho! stay, and I will be your companion." At that Faithful looked behind him, to whom Christian cried again, "Stay, stay, till I come up to you." But Faithful answered, "No, I am upon my life, and the Avenger of Blood is behind me." At this Christian was somewhat moved, and putting to all his strength, he quickly

got up with Faithful, and did also overrun him, so the last was first. Then did Christian vain-gloriously smile, because he had gotten the start of his brother; but not taking good

heed to his feet, he suddenly stumbled and fell, and could not rise again until Faithful came up to help him.

Then I saw in my dream, they went very lovingly on together; and had sweet discourse of all things that had happened to them in their pilgrimage; and thus Christian began.

CHR. My honoured and well-beloved brother Faithful, I am glad that I have overtaken you; and that God has so tempered our spirits, that we can walk as companions in this so pleasant a path.

FAITH. I had thought, dear friend, to have had your company quite from our town; but you did get the start of me, wherefore I was forced to come thus much of the way alone.

CHR. How long did you stay in the City of Destruction before you set out after me on your pilgrimage?

FAITH. Till I could stay no longer; for there was great talk

presently, after you were gone out, that our city would in short time with fire from heaven be burned down to the ground.

CHR. What! did your neighbours talk so?

FAITH. Yes; 'twas for a while in everybody's mouth.

CHR. What! and did no more of them but you come out to escape the danger?

FAITH. Though there was, as I said, a great talk thereabout, yet I do not think they did firmly believe it. For in the heat of the discourse, I heard some of them deridingly speak of you and of your desperate journey (for so they called this your pilgrimage); but I did believe, and do so still, that the end of our city will be with fire and brimstone from above, and therefore I have made mine escape.

CHR. Did you hear no talk of neighbour Pliable?

FAITH. Yes, Christian; I heard that he followed you till he came at the Slough of Despond, where, as some said, he fell in; but he would not be known to have so done; but I am sure he was soundly bedabbled with that kind of dirt.

CHR. And what said the neighbours to him?

FAITH. He hath, since his going back, been had greatly in derision, and that among all sorts of people: some do mock and despise him, and scarce will any set him on work. He is now seven times worse than if he had never gone out of the city.

CHR. But why should they be so set against him, since they also despise the way that he forsook?

FAITH. "Oh," they say, "hang him, he is a turncoat, he was not true to his profession." I think God has stirred up even his enemies to hiss at him, and make him a proverb, because he hath forsaken the way (Jer. xxix. 18, 19).

CHR. Had you no talk with him before you came out?

FAITH. I met him once in the streets, but he leered away on the other side, as one ashamed of what he had done; so I spake not to him.

CHR. Well, at my first setting out, I had hopes of that man; but now I fear he will perish in the overthrow of the city, "for it is happened to him according to the true proverb,

The dog is turned to his vomit again, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire" (2 Pet. ii. 22).

FAITH. They are my fears of him too: but who can hinder that which will be?

CHR. "Well, neighbour Faithful," said Christian, "let us leave him, and talk of things that more immediately concern ourselves. Tell me now what you have met with in the way as you came, for I know you have met with some things, or else it may be writ for a wonder."

FAITH. I escaped the slough that I perceive you fell into, and got up to the gate without that danger; only I met with one whose name was Wanton, that had like to have done me a mischief.

CHR. 'Twas well you escaped her net; Joseph was hard put to it by her, and he escaped her as you did, but it had like to have cost him his life (Gen. xxxix. 11, 12, 13). But what did she do to you?

FAITH. You cannot think (but that you know something) what a flattering tongue she had; she lay at me hard to turn aside with her, promising me all manner of content.

CHR. Nay, she did not promise you the content of a good conscience.

FAITH. You know what I mean, all carnal and fleshly content.

CHR. Thank God you have escaped her: The abhorred of the Lord shall fall into her ditch (Prov. xxii. 14).

FAITH. Nay, I know not whether I did wholly escape her, or no.

CHR. Why I trow you did not consent to her desires?

FAITH. No, not to defile myself; for I remembered an old writing that I had seen, which saith, Her steps take hold of hell (Prov. v. 5). So I shut mine eyes, because I would not be bewitched with her looks (Job xxxi. 1); then she railed on me, and I went my way.

CHR. Did you meet with no other assault as you came?

FAITH. When I came to the foot of the hill called Difficulty, I met with a very aged man, who asked me what I was, and whither bound? I told him that I was a pilgrim going to the Celestial City: then said the old man, Thou lookest like an honest fellow; wilt thou be content to dwell with me for the wages that I shall give thee? Then I asked him his name, and where he dwelt? He said his name was Adam the first, and that he dwelt in the Town of Deceit (Eph. iv. 22). I asked him then, What was his work? and what the wages that he would give? He told me, that his work was many delights; and his wages, that I should be his heir at last. I further asked him, what house he kept, and what other servants he had? so he told me that his house was maintained with all the dainties

in the world, and that his servants were those of his own begetting. Then I asked how many children he had? He said that he had but three daughters,—the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life (1 John ii. 16); and that I should marry them all, if I would. Then I asked how long time he would have me live with him? and he told me, as long as he lived himself.

CHR. Well, and what conclusion came the old man and you to at last?

FAITH. Why, at first I found myself somewhat inclinable to go with the man, for I thought he spake very fair; but, looking in his forehead as I talked with him, I saw there written, Put off the old man with his deeds.

CHR. And how then?

FAITH. Then it came burning hot into my mind, whatever he said, and however he flattered, when he got me home to his house he would sell me for a slave. So I bid him forbear to talk, for I would not come near the door of his house. Then he reviled me, and told me that he would send such a one after me, that should make my way bitter to my soul; so I turned to go away from him; but just as I turned myself to go thence, I felt him take hold of my flesh, and give me such a deadly twitch back, that I thought he had pulled part of me after himself; this made me cry, O wretched man! (Rom. vii. 24.) So I went on my way up the hill.

Now when I had got about half-way up, I looked behind me, and saw one coming after me, swift as the wind; so he overtook me just about the place where the settle stands.

CHR. "Just there," said Christian, "did I sit down to rest me; but, being overcome with sleep, I there lost this roll out of my bosom."

FAITH. But, good brother, hear me out: so soon as the man overtook me, he was but a word and a blow; for down he knocked me, and laid me for dead. But when I was a little come to myself again, I asked him wherefore he served me so? he said, because of my secret inclining to Adam the first; and with that he struck me another deadly blow on the breast, and beat me down backward, so I lay at his foot as

dead as before. So when I came to myself again, I cried him mercy; but he said, "I know not how to shew mercy," and with that knocked me down again. He had doubtless

made an end of me, but that one came by, and bid him forbear.

CHR. Who was that that bid him forbear?

FAITH. I did not know him at first; but as he went by, I perceived the holes in his hands and in his side; then I concluded that he was our Lord. So I went up the hill.

CHR. That man that overtook you was Moses; he spareth none, neither knoweth he how to shew mercy to those that transgress his law.

FAITH. I know it very well, it was not the first time that he has met with me. 'Twas he that came to me when I dwelt securely at home, and that told me he would burn my house over my head if I stayed there.

CHR. But did you not see the house that stood there on the top of that hill, on the side of which Moses met you?

FAITH. Yes, and the lions too, before I came at it; but for the lions, I think they were asleep, for it was about noon; and because I had so much of the day before me, I passed by the porter, and came down the hill.

Chr. He told me, indeed, that he saw you go by; but I wish you had called at the house; for they would have shewed you so many rarities, that you would scarce have forgot them to the day of your death. But pray tell me, did you meet nobody in the Valley of Humility?

Faith. Yes, I met with one Discontent, who would willingly have persuaded me to go back again with him; his reason was, for that the valley was altogether without honour. He told me, moreover, that there to go was the way to disobey all my friends, as Pride, Arrogancy, Selfconceit, Worldlyglory, with others, who he knew, as he said, would be very much offended if I made such a fool of myself as to wade through this valley.

Chr. Well, and how did you answer him?

Faith. I told him that although all these that he named might claim kindred of me, and that rightly (for indeed they were my relations according to the flesh), yet since I became

a pilgrim, they have disowned me, as I also have rejected them; and therefore they were to me now no more than if they had never been of my lineage. I told him, moreover, that as to this valley he had quite misrepresented the thing; for before honour is humility, and a haughty spirit before a fall. Therefore, said I, I had rather go through this valley to the honour that was so accounted by the wisest, than choose that which he esteemed most worth our affections.

CHR. Met you with nothing else in that valley?

FAITH. Yes; I met with Shame: but of all the men that I met with in my pilgrimage, he, I think, bears the wrong name: the other would be said nay, after a little argumentation (and somewhat else), but this bold-faced Shame would never have done.

CHR. Why, what did he say to you?

FAITH. What! why, he objected against religion itself; he said it was a pitiful, low, sneaking business for a man to mind religion; he said that a tender conscience was an unmanly thing, and that for a man to watch over his words and ways, so as to tie up himself from that hectoring liberty that the brave spirits of the times accustom themselves unto, would make him the ridicule of the times. He objected also, that but few of the mighty, rich, or wise, were ever of my opinion (1 Cor. i. 26); nor any of them neither, before they were persuaded to be fools (1 Cor. iii. 18; Phil. iii. 7, 8), and to be of a voluntary fondness to venture the loss of all for nobody else knows what. He moreover objected the base and low estate and condition of those that were chiefly the pilgrims of the times in which they lived, also their ignorance and want of understanding in all natural science (John vii. 48). Yea, he did hold me to it at that rate also, about a great many more things than here I relate; as, that it was a shame to sit whining and mourning under a sermon, and a shame to come sighing and groaning home. That it was a shame to ask my neighbour forgiveness for petty faults, or to make restitution where I had taken from any. He said also, that religion made a man grow strange to the great because of a few vices (which he called by finer names), and made him own and respect the base because of the same religious fraternity. And is not this, said he, a shame?

CHR. And what did you say to him?

FAITH. Say! I could not tell what to say at the first. Yea, he put me so to it, that my blood came up in my face; even this Shame fetched it up, and had almost beat me quite off. But at last I began to consider, that that which is highly esteemed among men is had in abomination with God (Luke

xvi. 15). And I thought again, this Shame tells me what men are, but it tells me nothing what God or the word of God is. And I thought moreover, that at the day of doom we shall not be doomed to death or life according to the hectoring spirits of the world, but according to the wisdom and law of the Highest. Therefore, thought I, what God says is best, indeed is best, though all the men in the world are against it. Seeing, then, that God prefers his religion, seeing God prefers a tender conscience, seeing they that make themselves fools for the kingdom of heaven are wisest, and that the poor man that loveth Christ is richer than the greatest man in the world that hates him, Shame, depart; thou art an enemy to my salvation: shall I entertain thee against my sovereign Lord? How, then, shall I look him in the face at his coming? Should I now be ashamed of his ways and servants, how can I expect the blessing? (Mark viii. 38.) But indeed this Shame was a bold villain; I could scarce shake him out of my company; yea, he would be haunting of me, and continually whispering me in the ear with some one or other of the infirmities that attend religion; but at last I told him 'twas but in vain to attempt further in this business, for those things that he disdained, in those did I see most glory: and so at last I got past this importunate one. And when I had shaken him off, then I began to sing:

"The trials that those men do meet withal
That are obedient to the heavenly call
Are manifold, and suited to the flesh,
And come, and come, and come again afresh;
That now, or some time else, we by them may
Be taken, overcome, and cast away.
Oh, let the pilgrims, let the pilgrims then
Be vigilant, and quit themselves like men."

CHR. I am glad, my brother, that thou didst withstand this villain so bravely; for of all, as thou sayest, I think he has the wrong name; for he is so bold as to follow us in the streets, and to attempt to put us to shame before all men;

that is, to make us ashamed of that which is good: but if he was not himself audacious, he would never attempt to do as he does; but let us still resist him, for notwithstanding all his bravadoes, he promoteth the fool, and none else. "The wise shall inherit glory," said Solomon; "but shame shall be the promotion of fools" (Prov. iii. 35).

FAITH. I think we must cry to him for help against Shame, that would have us to be valiant for the truth upon the earth.

CHR. You say true. But did you meet nobody else in that valley?

FAITH. No, not I; for I had sunshine all the rest of the way through that, and also through the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

CHR. 'Twas well for you; I am sure it fared far otherwise with me. I had for a long season, as soon almost as I entered into that valley, a dreadful combat with that foul fiend Apollyon. Yea, I thought verily he would have killed me; especially when he got me down, and crushed me under him, as if he would have crushed me to pieces. For as he threw me, my sword flew out of my hand; nay, he told me he was sure of me: but I cried to God, and he heard me, and delivered me out of all my troubles. Then I entered into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and had no light for almost half the way through it. I thought I should have been killed there over and over; but at last day brake, and the sun rose, and I went through that which was behind with far more ease and quiet.

Moreover I saw in my dream, that as they went on, Faithful, as he chanced to look on one side, saw a man whose name is Talkative walking at a distance beside them (for in this place there was room enough for them all to walk). He was a tall man, and something more comely at a distance than at hand. To this man Faithful addressed himself in this manner.

FAITH. Friend, whither away? Are you going to the heavenly country?

TALK. I am going to that same place.

FAITH. That is well; then I hope we may have your good company.

TALK. With a very good will will I be your companion.

FAITH. Come on, then, and let us go together, and let us spend our time in discoursing of things that are profitable.

TALK. To talk of things that are good, to me is very acceptable, with you or with any other; and I am glad that I have met with those that incline to so good a work. For, to speak the truth, there are but few that care thus to spend their time (as they are in their travels), but choose much rather to be speaking of things to no profit; and this hath been a trouble to me.

FAITH. That is indeed a thing to be lamented; for what things so worthy of the use of the tongue and mouth of men on earth, as are the things of the God of heaven?

TALK. I like you wonderful well, for your saying is full of conviction; and I will add, what thing is so pleasant, and what so profitable, as to talk of the things of God?

What things so pleasant? (that is, if a man hath any delight in things that are wonderful,) for instance, if a man doth delight to talk of the history or the mystery of things, or if a man doth love to talk of miracles, wonders, or signs, where shall he find things recorded so delightful, and so sweetly penned, as in the holy Scripture?

FAITH. That's true; but to be profited by such things in our talk should be that which we design.

TALK. That is it that I said; for to talk of such things is most profitable, for by so doing, a man may get knowledge of many things, as of the vanity of earthly things, and the benefit of things above (thus in general): but more particularly, by this a man may learn the necessity of the new birth, the insufficiency of our works, the need of Christ's

righteousness, &c. Besides, by this a man may learn what it is to repent, to believe, to pray, to suffer, or the like; by this also a man may learn what are the great promises and consolations of the Gospel, to his own comfort. Further, by this a man may learn to refute false opinions, to vindicate the truth, and also to instruct the ignorant.

FAITH. All this is true, and glad am I to hear these things from you.

TALK. Alas! the want of this is the cause that so few understand the need of faith and the necessity of a work of grace in their soul in order to eternal life, but ignorantly live in the works of the law, by which a man can by no means obtain the kingdom of heaven.

FAITH. But, by your leave, heavenly knowledge of these is the gift of God; no man attaineth to them by human industry, or only by the talk of them.

TALK. All this I know very well, for a man can receive nothing except it be given him from heaven,—all is of grace, not of works; I could give you an hundred scriptures for the confirmation of this.

FAITH. "Well, then," said Faithful, "what is that one thing that we shall at this time found our discourse upon?"

TALK. What you will: I will talk of things heavenly, or things earthly; things moral, or things evangelical; things sacred, or things profane; things past, or things to come; things foreign, or things at home; things more essential, or things circumstantial; provided that all be done to our profit.

FAITH. Now did Faithful begin to wonder; and stepping to Christian (for he walked all this while by himself), he said to him (but softly), "What a brave companion have we got! Surely this man will make a very excellent pilgrim."

CHR. At this Christian modestly smiled, and said, "This man with whom you are so taken will beguile with this tongue of his twenty of them that know him not."

FAITH. Do you know him, then?

CHR. Know him! Yes, better than he knows himself.

FAITH. Pray, what is he?

CHR. His name is Talkative, he dwelleth in our town. I

wonder that you should be a stranger to him, only I consider that our town is large.

FAITH. Whose son is he? And whereabout doth he dwell?

CHR. He is the son of one Say-well; he dwelt in Prating-row, and he is known of all that are acquainted with him by the name of Talkative in Prating-row; and notwithstanding his fine tongue, he is but a sorry fellow.

FAITH. Well, he seems to be a very pretty man.

CHR. That is, to them that have not thorough acquaintance with him, for he is best abroad, near home he is ugly enough: your saying, That he is a pretty man, brings to my mind what I have observed in the work of the painter, whose pictures showed best at a distance, but very near, more unpleasing.

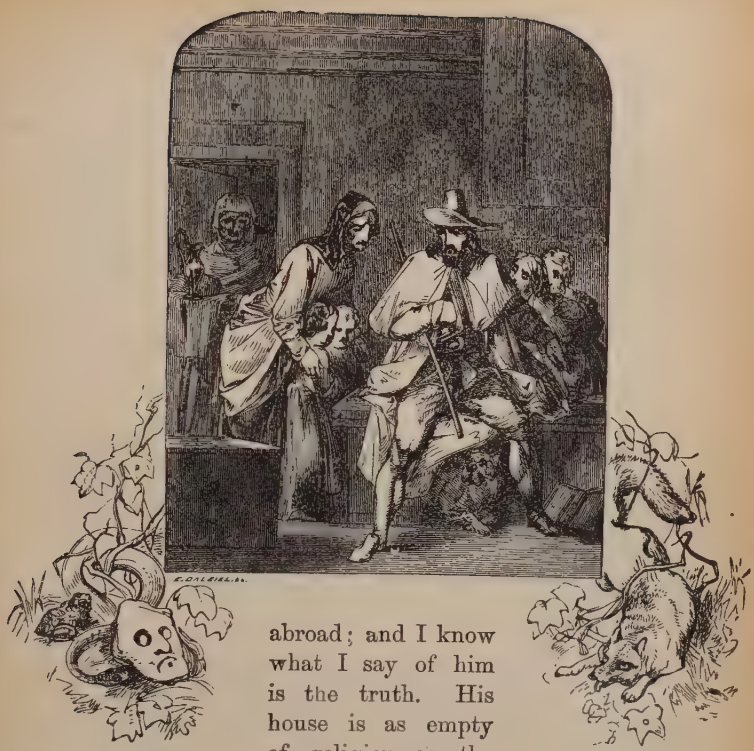
FAITH. But I am ready to think you do but jest, because you smiled.

CHR. God forbid that I should jest (though I smiled) in this matter, or that I should accuse any falsely; I will give you a further discovery of him. This man is for any company, and for any talk; as he talketh now with you,

so will he talk when he is on the ale-bench; and the more drink he hath in his crown, the more of these things he hath in his mouth: religion hath no place in his heart, or house, or conversation; all he hath lieth in his tongue, and his religion is to make a noise therewith.

FAITH. Say you so! Then am I in this man greatly deceived.

CHR. Deceived! you may be sure of it. Remember the proverb, They say, and do not; but the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power (Matt. xxiii. 3; 1 Cor. iv. 20). He talketh of prayer, of repentance, of faith, and of the new birth; but he knows but only to talk of them. I have been in his family, and have observed him both at home and



abroad; and I know what I say of him is the truth. His house is as empty of religion as the white of an egg is of savour. There is there neither prayer nor sign of repentance for sin; yea, the brute in his kind serves God far better than he. He is the very stain, reproach, and shame of religion to all that know him (Rom. ii. 23, 24); it can hardly have a good word in all that end of the town where he dwells, through him. Thus say the common people that know him: "A saint abroad, and a devil at home;" his poor family finds it so, he is such a churl, such a railer at, and so unreasonable with his servants, that they neither know how to do for or speak to him. Men that have any dealings with him, say

'tis better to deal with a Turk than with him, for fairer dealing they shall have at their hands. This Talkative, if it be possible, will go beyond them, defraud, beguile, and overreach them. Besides, he brings up his sons to follow his steps; and if he findeth in any of them a foolish timorousness (for so he calls the first appearance of a tender conscience), he calls them fools and blockheads, and by no means will employ them in much, or speak to their commendations before others. For my part, I am of opinion, that he has by his wicked life caused many to stumble and fall; and will be, if God prevent not, the ruin of many more.

Faith. Well, my brother, I am bound to believe you; not only because you say you know him, but also because like a Christian you make your reports of men. For I cannot think that you speak these things of ill will, but because it is even so as you say.

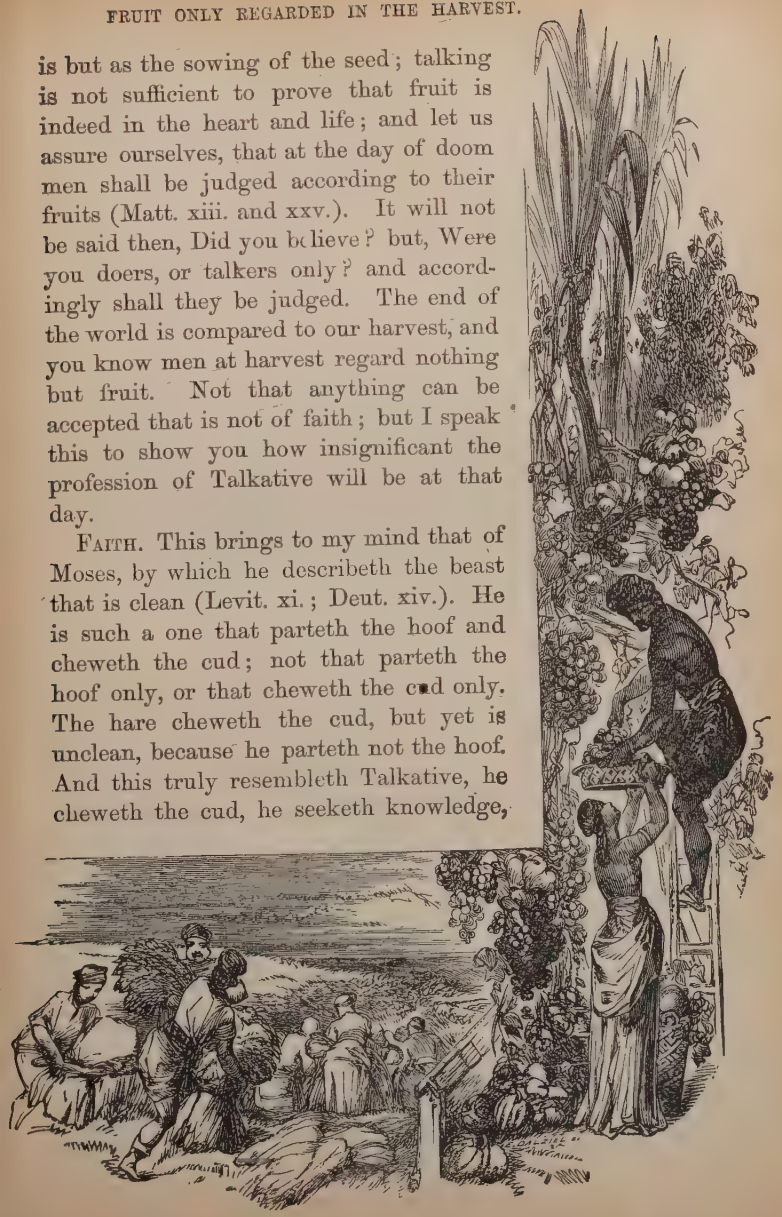
Chr. Had I known him no more than you, I might perhaps have thought of him as at the first you did; yea, had he received this report at their hands only that are enemies to religion, I should have thought it had been a slander (a lot that often falls from bad men's mouths upon good men's names and professions); but all these things, yea, and a great many more as bad, of my own knowledge I can prove him guilty of. Besides, good men are ashamed of him, they can neither call him brother nor friend; the very naming of him among them makes them blush, if they know him.

Faith. Well, I see that saying and doing are two things, and hereafter I shall better observe this distinction.

Chr. They are two things indeed, and are as diverse as are the soul and the body; for as the body without the soul is but a dead carcase, so saying, if it be alone, is but a dead carcase also. The soul of religion is the practick part; pure religion and undefiled, before God and the Father, is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world (James i. 22–27). This Talkative is not aware of; he thinks that hearing and saying will make a good Christian, and thus he deceiveth his own soul. Hearing

is but as the sowing of the seed; talking is not sufficient to prove that fruit is indeed in the heart and life; and let us assure ourselves, that at the day of doom men shall be judged according to their fruits (Matt. xiii. and xxv.). It will not be said then, Did you believe? but, Were you doers, or talkers only? and accordingly shall they be judged. The end of the world is compared to our harvest, and you know men at harvest regard nothing but fruit. Not that anything can be accepted that is not of faith; but I speak this to show you how insignificant the profession of Talkative will be at that day.

Faith. This brings to my mind that of Moses, by which he describeth the beast that is clean (Levit. xi.; Deut. xiv.). He is such a one that parteth the hoof and cheweth the cud; not that parteth the hoof only, or that cheweth the cud only. The hare cheweth the cud, but yet is unclean, because he parteth not the hoof. And this truly resembleth Talkative, he cheweth the cud, he seeketh knowledge,



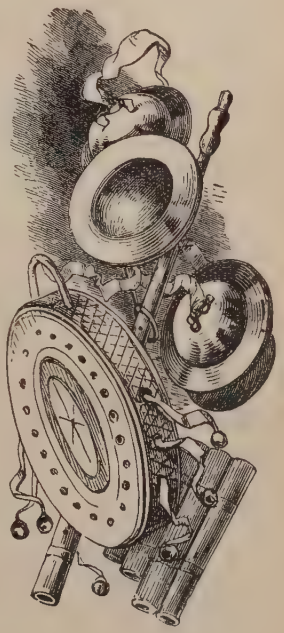
he cheweth upon the word, but he divideth not the hoof, he parteth not with the way of sinners; but, as the hare, he retaineth the foot of a dog, or bear, and therefore is unclean.

Chr. You have spoken, for aught I know, the true Gospel sense of those texts, and I will add another thing. Paul calleth some men, yea, and those great talkers too, sounding brass and tinkling cymbals; that is, as he expounds them in another place, things without life giving sound (1 Cor. xiii. 1–3; xiv. 7). Things without life, that is, without the true faith and grace of the Gospel; and consequently, things that shall never be placed in the kingdom of heaven among those that are the children of life; though their sound, by their talk, be as if it were the tongue or voice of an angel.

Faith. Well, I was not so fond of his company at first, but I am as sick of it now. What shall we do to be rid of him?

Chr. Take my advice, and do as I bid you, and you shall find that he will soon be sick of your company too, except

God shall touch his heart, and turn it.



FAITH. What would you have me to do?

CHR. Why, go to him, and enter into some serious discourse about the power of religion; and ask him plainly (when he has approved of it, for that he will) whether this thing be set up in his heart, house, or conversation.

FAITH. Then Faithful stepped forward again, and said to Talkative: Come, what cheer? how is it now?

TALK. Thank you, well. I thought we should have had a great deal of talk by this time.

FAITH. Well, if you will, we will fall to it now; and since you left it with me to state the question, let it be this: how doth the saving grace of God discover itself, when it is in the heart of man?

TALK. I perceive, then, that our talk must be about the power of things; well, 'tis a very good question, and I shall be willing to answer you. And take my answer in brief, thus. First, where the grace of God is in the heart, it causeth there a great outcry against sin. Secondly—

FAITH. Nay, hold; let us consider of one at once: I think you should rather say, it shews itself by inclining the soul to abhor its sin.

TALK. Why, what difference is there between crying out against, and abhorring of, sin?

FAITH. Oh! a great deal; a man may cry out against sin of policy; but he cannot abhor it but by virtue of a Godly

antipathy against it; I have heard many cry out against sin in the pulpit, who yet can abide it well enough in the heart, and house, and conversation. Joseph's mistress cried out with a loud voice, as if she had been very holy; but she would willingly, notwithstanding that, have committed uncleanness with him (Gen. xxxix. 15). Some cry out against sin, even as the mother cries out against her child in her lap, when she calleth it slut and naughty girl, and then falls to hugging and kissing it.

TALK. You lie at the catch, I perceive.

FAITH. No, not I; I am only for setting things right. But what is the second thing whereby you would prove a discovery of a work of grace in the heart?

TALK. Great knowledge of Gospel mysteries.

FAITH. This sign should have been first; but, first or last, it is also false; for knowledge, great knowledge may be obtained in the mysteries of the Gospel, and yet no work of grace in the soul (1 Cor. xiii.). Yea, if a man have all knowledge, he may yet be nothing, and so consequently be no child of God. When Christ said, Do you know all these things? and the disciples had answered yes, He addeth, Blessed are ye if ye do them. He doth not lay the blessing in the knowing of them, but in the doing of them. For there is a knowledge that is not attended with doing: he that knoweth his Master's will, and doth it not. A man may know like an angel, and yet be no Christian; therefore your sign of it is not true. Indeed, to know is a thing that pleaseth talkers and boasters; but to do is that which pleaseth God. Not that the heart can be good without knowledge, for without that the heart is naught: there is, therefore, knowledge and knowledge. Knowledge that resteth in the bare speculation of things, and knowledge that is accompanied with the grace of faith and love, which puts a man upon doing even the will of God from the heart: the first of these will serve the talker, but without the other the true Christian is not content. Give me understanding and I shall keep Thy law; yea I shall observe it with my whole heart (Psal. cxix. 34).

TALK. You lie at the catch again; this is not for edification.

FAITH. Well, if you please, propound another sign how this work of grace discovereth itself where it is.

TALK. Not I; for I see we shall not agree.

FAITH. Well, if you will not, will you give me leave to do it?

TALK. You may use your liberty.

FAITH. A work of grace in the soul discovereth itself either to him that hath it, or to standers-by. To him that hath it, thus: it gives him conviction of sin, especially of the defilement of his nature, and the sin of unbelief (for the sake of which he is sure to be damned, if he findeth not mercy at God's hand by faith in Jesus Christ). This sight and sense of things worketh in him sorrow and shame for sin; he findeth moreover revealed in him the Saviour of the world, and the absolute necessity of closing with him for life, at the which he findeth hungerings and thirstings after him, to which hungerings, &c. the promise is made. Now according to the strength or weakness of his faith in his Saviour, so is his joy and peace, so is his love to holiness, so are his desires to know him more, and also to serve him in this world. But though I say it discovereth itself thus unto him, yet it is but seldom that he is able to conclude that this is a work of grace, because his corruptions now, and his abused reason, make his mind to misjudge in this matter; therefore in him that hath this work there is required a very sound judgment before he can with steadiness conclude that this is a work of grace.*

To others it is thus discovered:

1. By an experimental confession of his faith in Christ. 2. By a life answerable to that confession, to wit, a life of holiness,—heart-holiness, family-holiness (if he hath a family), and by conversation-holiness in the world; which, in the general, teacheth him inwardly to abhor his sin, and himself for that in secret, to suppress it in his family, and to promote holiness in the world; not by talk only, as an hypocrite or talkative person may do, but by a practical subjection in faith and love to the power of the word.† And now, sir, as to this brief description of the work of grace, and also the discovery of it, if you have aught to object, object; if not, then give me leave to propound to you a second question.

* John xvi. 8, 9; Rom. vii. 24; Mark xvi. 16; Ps. xxxviii. 18; Jer. xxxi 19; Gal. ii. 16; Acts iv. 12; Matt. v. 6; Rev. xxi. 6; Rom. x. 10; Phil. iii. 17; Matt. v. 8.

† John xiv. 15; Ps. l. 23; Job. xlii. 5, 6; Ezek. xx. 43.

TALK. Nay, my part is not now to object, but to hear; let me, therefore, have your second question.

FAITH. It is this: Do you experience the first part of this description of it? and doth your life and conversation testify the same? or standeth your religion in word or in tongue, and not in deed and truth? Pray, if you incline to answer me in this, say no more than you know the God above will say amen to, and also nothing but what your conscience can justify you in; for not he that commendeth himself is approved, but whom the Lord commendeth. Besides, to say I am thus, and

thus, when my conversation and all my neighbours tell me I lie, is great wickedness.

TALK. Then Talkative at first began to blush, but recovering himself, thus he replied: "You come now to experience, to conscience, and God, and to appeal to him for justification of what is spoken. This kind of discourse I did not expect, nor am I disposed to give an answer to such questions, because I count not myself bound thereto, unless you take upon you to be a catechiser; and though you should so do, yet I may refuse to make you my judge. But I pray, will you tell me why you ask me such questions?"

FAITH. Because I saw you forward to talk, and because I knew not that you had aught else but notion. Besides, to tell you all the truth, I have heard of you, that you are a man whose religion lies in talk, and that your conversation gives this your mouth-profession the lie. They say you are a spot among Christians, and that religion fareth the worse for your ungodly conversation,—that some already have stumbled at your wicked ways, and that more are in danger of being destroyed thereby; your religion, and an ale-house, and covetousness, and uncleanness, and swearing, and lying, and vain company-keeping, &c. will stand together. The proverb is true of you which is said of a whore, to wit, that she is a shame to all women; so you are a shame to all professors.

TALK. Since you are ready to take up reports, and to judge so rashly as you do, I cannot but conclude you are some peevish or melancholy man, not fit to be discoursed with, and so adieu.

CHR. Then came up Christian, and said to his brother, "I told you how it would happen; your words and his lusts could not agree; he had rather leave your company than reform his life: but he is gone, as I said,—let him go; the loss is no man's but his own; he has saved us the trouble of going from him; for he continuing, as I suppose he will do, as he is, he would have been but a blot in our company; besides, the Apostle says, from such withdraw thyself."

FAITH. But I am glad we had this little discourse with him; it may happen that he will think of it again: however, I

have dealt plainly with him, and so am clear of his blood if he perisheth.

Chr. You did well to talk so plainly to him as you did; there is but little of this faithful dealing with men now-a-days, and that makes religion to stink in the nostrils of many as it doth; for they are these talkative fools whose religion is only in word, and are debauched and vain in their conversation,

that (being so much admitted into the fellowship of the godly) do stumble the world, blemish Christianity, and grieve the sincere. I wish that all men would deal with such as you have done; then should they either be made more comformable to religion, or the company of saints would be too hot for them.

Then did Faithful say:

> "How Talkative at first lifts up his plumes!
> How bravely doth he speak! how he presumes
> To drive down all before him! but so soon
> As Faithful talks of heart-work, like the moon
> That's past the full, into the wane he goes;
> And so will all but he that heart-work knows."

Thus they went on talking of what they had seen by the way; and so made that way easy, which would otherwise no doubt have been tedious to them, for now they went through a wilderness.

Now when they were got almost quite out of this wilderness, Faithful chanced to cast his eye back, and espied one coming after them, and he knew him. "Oh!" said Faithful to his brother, "who comes yonder?" Then Christian looked, and said, "It is my good friend Evangelist." "Ay, and my good friend too," said Faithful; "for 'twas he that set me the way to the gate." Now was Evangelist come up unto them, and thus saluted them:

Evan. Peace be with you, dearly beloved, and peace be to your helpers.

Chr. Welcome, welcome, my good Evangelist; the sight of thy countenance brings to my remembrance thy ancient kindness and unwearied labouring for my eternal good.

Faith. "And a thousand times welcome," said good Faithful; "thy company, O sweet Evangelist, how desirable is it to us poor pilgrims!"

Evan. Then said Evangelist, "How hath it fared with you, my friends, since the time of our last parting? what have you met with, and how have you behaved yourselves?"

Then Christian and Faithful told him of all things that

had happened to them in the way; and how, and with what difficulty, they had arrived to that place.

Evan. "Right glad am I," said Evangelist; "not that you met with trials, but that you have been victors, and for that you have (notwithstanding many weaknesses) continued in the way to this very day. I say, right glad am I of this thing, and that for mine own sake and yours; I have sowed, and you have reaped, and the day is coming when both he

that sowed and they that reaped shall rejoice together—that is, if you hold out; for in due time ye shall reap, if you faint not. The crown is before you, and it is an incorruptible one; so run that you may obtain it. Some there be that set out for this crown, and after they have gone far for it, another comes in, and takes it from them! Hold fast, therefore, that you have; let no man take your crown;* you are not yet out

* John iv. 36; Gal. vi. 9; 1 Cor. ix. 24-27; Rev. iii. 11.

of the gun-shot of the devil; you have not resisted unto blood, striving against sin. Let the kingdom be always before you, and believe steadfastly concerning things that are invisible. Let nothing that is on this side the other world get within you; and, above all, look well to your own hearts, and to the lusts thereof, for they are deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; set your faces like a flint, you have all power in heaven and earth on your side."

Then Christian thanked him for his exhortation, but told him withal, that they would have him speak further to them, for their help the rest of the way; and the rather, for that they well knew that he was a prophet, and could tell them of things that might happen unto them; and also how they might resist and overcome them. To which request Faithful also consented. So Evangelist began as followeth:

Evan. My sons, you have heard in the words of the truth of the Gospel, that you must through many tribulations enter into the kingdom of heaven. And again, that in every city bonds and afflictions abide on you; and therefore you cannot expect that you should go long on your pilgrimage without them, in some sort or other. You have found something of the truth of these testimonies upon you already, and more will immediately follow; for now, as you see, you are almost out of this wilderness, and therefore you will soon come into a town that you will by and by see before you: and in that town you will be hardly beset with enemies, who will strain hard but they will kill you; and be you sure that one or both of you must seal the testimony which you hold with blood; but be you faithful unto death, and the king will give you a crown of life. He that shall die there, although his death will be unnatural, and his pain perhaps great, he will yet have the better of his fellow; not only because he will be arrived at the Celestial City soonest, but because he will escape many miseries that the other will meet with in the rest of his journey. But when you are come to the town, and shall find fulfilled what I have here related, then remember your friend, and quit yourselves like men; and commit the

keeping of your souls to your God in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator.

Then I saw in my dream, that when they were got out of the wilderness, they presently saw a town before them, and the name of that town is Vanity; and at the town there is a fair kept, called Vanity-fair; it is kept all the year long. It beareth the name of Vanity-fair, because the town where 'tis kept is lighter than vanity; and also because all that is there sold, or that cometh thither, is vanity. As is the saying of the wise, All that cometh is vanity (Isa. xl. 17; Eccl. i. 2, 14; ii. 11, 17; xi. 8).

This fair is no new erected business, but a thing of ancient standing, I will shew you the original of it.

Almost five thousand years agone, there were pilgrims walking to the Celestial City, as these two honest persons are; and Beelzebub, Apollyon, and Legion, with their companies, perceiving by the path that the pilgrims made, that their way to the city lay through this town of Vanity, they contrived here to set up a fair; a fair wherein should be sold of all sorts of vanity, and that it should last all the year long. Therefore at this fair are all such merchandise sold as houses, lands, trades, places, honours, preferments, titles, countries, kingdoms; lusts, pleasures, and delights of all sorts, as whores, bawds, wives, husbands, children, masters, servants, lives, blood, bodies, souls, silver, gold, pearls, precious stones, and what not.

And moreover at this fair there is at all times to be seen jugglings, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues, and that of every kind.

Here are to be seen too, and that for nothing, thefts, murders, adulteries, false-swearers, and that of a blood-red colour.

And as in other fairs of less moment there are the several rows and streets, under their proper names, where such and such wares are vended, so here likewise you have the proper places, rows, streets (viz., countries and kingdoms), where the wares of this fair are soonest to be found: here is the Britain row, the French row, the Italian row, the Spanish row, the German row, where several sorts of vanities are to be sold. But as in other fairs some one commodity is as the chief of all the fair, so the ware of Rome and her merchandise is greatly promoted in this fair: only our English nation, with some others, have taken a dislike thereat.

Now, as I said, the way to the Celestial City lies just through this town, where this lusty fair is kept; and he that will go to the city, and yet not go through this town, must needs go out of the world (1 Cor. v. 10). The Prince of princes himself, when here, went through this town to his own country, and that upon a fair-day too; yea, and as I

think, it was Beelzebub, the chief lord of this fair, that invited him to buy of his vanities; yea, would have made him lord of the fair, would he but have done him reverence as he went through the town. Yea, because he was such a

person of honour, Beelzebub had him from street to street, and shewed him all the kingdoms of the world in a little time, that he might, if possible, allure that blessed one to cheapen and buy some of his vanities. But he had no mind to the merchandise, and therefore left the town without laying out so much as one farthing upon these vanities (Matt. iv. 8; Luke iv. 5, 6, 7). This fair, therefore, is an ancient thing, of long standing, and a very great fair.

Now these pilgrims, as I said, must needs go through this fair; well, so they did; but behold, even as they entered into the fair, all the people in the fair were moved, and the town itself as it were in a hubbub about them; and that for several reasons. For—

First, the pilgrims were clothed with such kind of raiment as was diverse from the raiment of any that traded in that fair. The people, therefore, of the fair made a great gazing upon them; some said they were fools, some they were bedlams, and some they are outlandish men (1 Cor. ii. 7, 8).

Secondly, and as they wondered at their apparel, so they did likewise at their speech, for few could understand what they said; they naturally spoke the language of Canaan, but they that kept the fair were the men of this world; so that from one end of the fair to the other, they seemed barbarians each to the other.

Thirdly, but that which did not a little amuse the merchandisers was, that these pilgrims set very light by all their wares, they cared not so much as to look upon them; and if they called upon them to buy, they would put their fingers in

their ears, and cry, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity;" and look upwards, signifying that their trade and traffic was in heaven (Ps. cxix. 37; Phil. iii. 19, 20).

One chanced mockingly, beholding the carriages of the men, to say unto them, "What will ye buy?" but they, looking gravely upon him, said, "We buy the truth" (Prov. xxiii. 23). At that there was an occasion taken to despise the men the more; some mocking, some taunting, some speaking reproachfully, and some calling upon others to smite them. At last things came to an hubbub and great stir in the fair, insomuch that all order was confounded. Now was word presently brought to the great one of the fair, who quickly came down, and deputed some of his most trusty friends to take these men into examination, about whom the fair was almost overturned. So the men were brought to examination; and they that sat upon them, asked them whence they came, whither they went, and what they did there in such an unusual garb? The men told them, that they were pilgrims and strangers in the world, and that they were going to their own country, which was the heavenly Jerusalem (Heb. xi. 13–16); and that they had given none occasion to the men of the town, nor yet to the merchandisers, thus to abuse them, and to let them in their journey. Except it was, for that, when one asked them what they would buy, they said they would buy the truth. But they that were appointed to examine them did not believe them to be any other than bedlams and mad, or else such as came to put all things into a confusion in the fair. Therefore they took them and beat them, and besmeared them with dirt, and then put them into the cage, that they might be made a spectacle to all the men of the fair. There, therefore, they lay for some time, and were made the objects of any man's sport, or malice, or revenge; the great one of the fair laughing still at all that befel them. But the men being patient, and not rendering railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing, and giving good words for bad, and kindness for injuries done, some men in the fair that were more observing and less prejudiced than the rest, began to check and blame the baser sort for their con-

tinual abuses done by them to the men. They, therefore, in angry manner, let fly at them again, counting them as bad as the men in the cage, and telling them that they seemed confederates, and should be made partakers of their misfortunes. The other replied, that for aught they could see, the men were quiet and sober, and intended nobody any harm; and that there were many that traded in their fair that were more worthy to be put into the cage, yea, and pillory too, than were the men that they had abused. Thus after divers words had passed on both sides (the men behaving themselves all the

while very wisely and soberly before them), they fell to some blows among themselves, and did harm one to another. Then were these two poor men brought before their examiners again, and there charged as being guilty of the late hubbub that had been in the fair. So they beat them pitifully, and hanged irons upon them, and led them in chains up and down the fair for an example and a terror to others, lest any should further speak in their behalf, or join themselves unto them. But Christian and Faithful behaved themselves yet more wisely, and received the ignominy and shame that was cast upon them with so much meekness and patience, that it won to their side (though but few in comparison of the rest) several of the men in the fair. This put the other party yet into a greater rage, insomuch that they concluded the death of these two men. Wherefore they threatened that the cage nor irons should serve their turn, but that they should die for the abuse they had done, and for deluding the men of the fair.

Then were they remanded to the cage again, until further order should be taken with them. So they put them in, and made their feet fast in the stocks.

Here therefore they called again to mind what they had heard from their faithful friend Evangelist, and were the more confirmed in their way and sufferings by what he told them would happen to them. They also now comforted each other, that whose lot it was to suffer, even he should have the best on't; therefore each man secretly wished that he might have that preferment; but committing themselves to the all-wise dispose of Him that ruleth all things, with much content they abode in the condition in which they were, until they should be otherwise disposed of.

Then, a convenient time being appointed, they brought them forth to their trial, in order to their condemnation. When the time was come, they were brought before their enemies and arraigned. The judge's name was Lord Hategood. Their indictment was one and the same in substance, though somewhat varying in form; the contents thereof was this:

That they were enemies to, and disturbers of, their trade; that they had made commotions and divisions in the town, and had won a party to their own most dangerous opinions, in contempt of the law of their prince.

Then Faithful began to answer, that he had only set himself against that which had set itself against Him that is higher than the highest. "And," said he, "as for disturbance, I make none, being myself a man of peace; the parties that were won to us, were won by beholding our truth and innocence, and they are only turned from the worse to the better. And as to the king you talk of, since he is Beelzebub the enemy of our Lord, I defy him and all his angels."

Then proclamation was made, that

they that had aught to say for their lord the king against the prisoner at the bar, should forthwith appear and give in their evidence. So there came in three witnesses, to wit, Envy, Superstition, and Pickthank. They were then asked, if they knew the prisoner at the bar? and what they had to say for their lord the king against him?

Then stood forth Envy, and said to this effect: "My lord, I have known this man a long time, and will attest upon my oath before this honourable bench, that he is—"

JUDGE. Hold; give him his oath.

So they sware him. Then he said, "My lord, this man, notwithstanding his plausible name, is one of the vilest men in our country; he neither regardeth prince nor people, law nor custom; but doth all that he can to possess all men with certain of his disloyal notions, which he, in the general, calls principles of faith and holiness. And in particular, I heard him once myself affirm that Christianity and the customs of our town of Vanity were diametrically opposite, and could not be reconciled. By which saying, my lord, he doth at once, not only condemn all our laudable doings, but us in the doing of them."

JUDGE. Then did the judge say unto him, "Hast thou any more to say?"

ENVY. "My lord, I could say much more, only I would not be tedious to the court. Yet, if need be, when the other gentlemen have given in their evidence, rather than any thing shall be wanting that will despatch him, I will enlarge my testimony against him." So he was bid stand by.

Then they called Superstition, and bid him look upon the prisoner; they also asked, what he could say for their lord the king against him? Then they sware him, so he began

SUPER. My lord, I have no great acquaintance with this man, nor do I desire to have further knowledge of him. However, this I know, that he is a very pestilent fellow, from some discourse that the other day I had with him in this town; for then, talking with him, I heard him say, that our religion was nought, and such by which a man could by no means please God; which sayings of his, my lord, your lord-

ship very well knows what necessarily thence will follow, to wit, that we still do worship in vain, are yet in our sins, and finally shall be damned; and this is that which I have to say.

Then was Pickthank sworn, and bid say what he knew in behalf of their lord the king against the prisoner at the bar.

PICK. My lord, and you gentlemen all, this fellow I have

known of a long time, and have heard him speak things that ought not to be spoke. For he hath railed on our noble Prince Beelzebub, and hath spoke contemptibly of his honourable friends, whose names are, the Lord Oldman, the Lord Carnal-delight, the Lord Luxurious, the Lord Desire of Vain-glory, my old Lord Lechery, Sir Having Greedy, with all the rest of our nobility; and he hath said moreover, that if all men were of his mind, if possible, there is not one of these noble men should have any longer a being in this town. Besides, he hath not been afraid to rail on you, my lord, who are now appointed to be his judge, calling you an ungodly villain, with many other such like vilifying terms, with which he hath bespattered most of the gentry of our town.

When this Pickthank had told his tale, the judge directed his speech to the prisoner at the bar, saying, "Thou runagate, heretic, and traitor, hast thou heard what these honest gentlemen have witnessed against thee?"

FAITH. May I speak a few words in my own defence?

JUDGE. Sirrah, sirrah, thou deservest to live no longer, but to be slain immediately upon the place; yet that all men may see our gentleness towards thee, let us hear what thou, vile runagate, hast to say.

FAITH. 1. I say then, in answer to what Mr. Envy hath spoken, I never said aught but this, That what rule, or laws, or custom, or people, were flat against the word of God, are diametrically opposite to Christianity. If I have said amiss in this, convince me of my error, and I am ready here before you to make my recantation.

2. As to the second, to wit, Mr. Superstition, and his charge against me, I said only this, That in the worship of God there is required a divine faith; but there can be no divine faith without a divine revelation of the will of God: therefore whatever is thrust into the worship of God that is not agreeable to a divine revelation, cannot be done but by a human faith; which faith will not profit to eternal life.

3. As to what Mr. Pickthank hath said, I say (avoiding terms, as that I am said to rail, and the like), That the prince of this town, with all the rabblement his attendants, by this

gentleman named, are more fit for being in hell than in this town and country; and so the Lord have mercy upon me.

Then the judge called to the jury (who all this while stood by, to hear and observe), "Gentlemen of the jury, you see this man about whom so great an uproar hath been made in this town; you have also heard what these worthy gentlemen have witnessed against him; also you have heard his reply and confession: it lieth now in your breasts to hang him, or save his life; but yet I think meet to instruct you into our law.

"There was an act made in the days of Pharaoh the Great, servant to our prince, that lest those of a contrary religion should multiply and grow too strong for him, their males should be thrown into the river (Exod. i.). There was also an act made in the days of Nebuchadnezzar the Great, another of his servants, that whoever would not fall down and worship his golden image, should be thrown into a fiery furnace (Dan.

iii.). There was also an act made in the days of Darius, that whoso, for some time, called upon any God but his, should be cast into the lions' den (Dan. vi.). Now the substance of these laws this rebel has broken, not only in thought (which is not to be borne), but also in word and deed, which must therefore needs be intolerable.

"For that of Pharaoh, his law was made upon suspicion to prevent mischief, no crime yet being apparent; but here is a crime apparent. For the second and third, you see he disputeth against our religion; and for the treason he hath confessed, he deserveth to die the death."

Then went the jury out, whose names were, Mr. Blind-man, Mr. No-good, Mr. Malice, Mr. Love-lust, Mr. Live-loose, Mr. Heady, Mr. High-mind, Mr. Enmity, Mr. Liar, Mr. Cruelty, Mr. Hate-light, and Mr. Implacable, who every one gave in his private verdict against him among themselves, and afterwards unanimously concluded to bring him in guilty before the judge. And first among themselves, Mr. Blind-man the foreman said, "I see clearly that this man is an heretic." Then said Mr. No-good, "Away with such a fellow from the earth." "Ay," said Mr. Malice, "for I hate the very looks of him." Then said Mr. Love-lust, "I could never endure him." "Nor I," said Mr. Live-loose, "for he would always be condemning my way." "Hang him, hang him," said Mr. Heady. "A sorry scrub," said Mr. High-mind. "My heart riseth against him," said Mr. Enmity. "He is a rogue," said Mr. Liar. "Hanging is too good for him," said Mr. Cruelty. "Let's despatch him out of the way," said Mr. Hate-light. Then said Mr. Implacable, "Might I have all the world given me, I could not be reconciled to him; therefore let us forthwith bring him in guilty of death." And so they did; therefore he was presently condemned to be had from the place where he was to the place from whence he came, and there to be put to the most cruel death that could be invented.

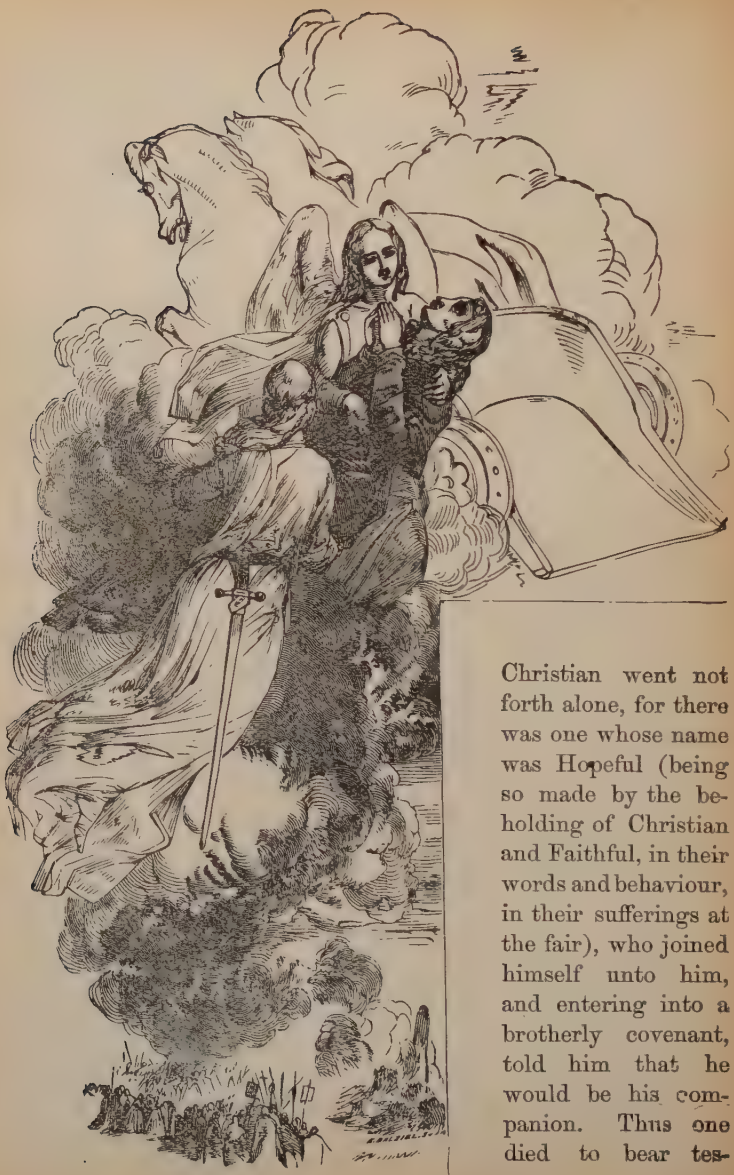
They therefore brought him out, to do with him according to their law; and first they scourged him, then they buffeted him, then they lanced his flesh with knives; after that they

stoned him with stones, then pricked him with their swords, and last of all they burned him to ashes at the stake. Thus came Faithful to his end. Now I saw that there stood behind the multitude a chariot and a couple of horses waiting for Faithful, who (so soon as his adversaries had despatched him) was taken up into it, and straightway was carried up through the clouds, with sound of trumpet, the nearest way to the Celestial Gate. But as for Christian, he had some respite, and was remanded back to prison, so he there remained for a space. But He that overrules all things, having the power of their rage in His own hand, so wrought it about that Christian, for that time, escaped them, and went his way.

And as he went he sang, saying:

"Well, Faithful, thou hast faithfully profest
Unto thy Lord, with whom thou shalt be blest,
When faithless ones, with all their vain delight,
Are crying out under their hellish plight.
Sing, Faithful, sing; and let thy name survive,
For though they kill'd thee, thou art yet alive."

Now I saw in my dream that



Christian went not forth alone, for there was one whose name was Hopeful (being so made by the beholding of Christian and Faithful, in their words and behaviour, in their sufferings at the fair), who joined himself unto him, and entering into a brotherly covenant, told him that he would be his companion. Thus one died to bear tes-

timony to the truth, and another rises out of his ashes to be a companion with Christian in his pilgrimage. This Hopeful also told Christian that there were many more of the men in the fair that would take their time and follow after.

So I saw that, quickly after they were got out of the fair, they overtook one that was going before them, whose name was By-ends; so they said to him, "What countryman, sir? and how far go you this way?" He told them that he came from the town of Fair-speech, and he was going to the Celestial City (but told them not his name).

CHR. "From Fair-speech!" said Christian; "is there any that be good live there?" (Prov. xxvi. 25.)

BY-ENDS. "Yes," said By-ends, "I hope."

CHR. "Pray, sir, what may I call you?" said Christian.

BY-ENDS. I am a stranger to you, and you to me: if you be going this way, I shall be glad of your company; if not, I must be content.

CHR. "This town of Fair-speech," said Christian, "I have heard of; and, as I remember, they say it's a wealthy place."

BY-ENDS. Yes, I will assure you that it is; and I have very many rich kindred there.

CHR. Pray who are your kindred there, if a man may be so bold?

BY-ENDS. Almost the whole town; and in particular my Lord Turn-about, my Lord Time-server, my Lord Fair-speech (from whose ancestors that town first took its name); also

Mr. Smooth-man, Mr. Facing-both-ways, Mr. Any-thing, and the parson of our parish, Mr. Two-tongues, was my mother's own brother by father's side. And to tell you the truth, I am become a gentleman of good quality; yet my great-grandfather was but a waterman, looking one way and rowing another—and I got most of my estate by the same occupation.

CHR. Are you a married man?

BY-ENDS. Yes; and my wife is a very virtuous woman,—the daughter of a virtuous woman. She was my Lady Faining's daughter, therefore she came of a very honourable family, and is arrived to such a pitch of breeding, that she knows how to carry it to all, even to prince and peasant. 'Tis true we somewhat differ in religion from those of the stricter sort, yet but in two small points: First, we never strive against wind and tide; secondly, we are always most zealous when religion goes in his silver slippers; we love much to walk with him in the street if the sun shines, and the people applaud it.

Then Christian stepped a little aside to his fellow Hopeful, saying, "It runs in my mind that this is one By-ends of Fair-speech, and if it be he, we have as very a knave in our company as dwelleth in all these parts." Then said Hopeful, "Ask him; methinks he should not be ashamed of his name." So Christian came up with him again, and said: "Sir, you talk as if you knew something more than all the world doth; and if I take not my mark amiss, I deem I have half a guess of you: Is not your name Mr. By-ends of Fair-speech?"

By-ends. That is not my name; but indeed it is a nickname that is given me by some that cannot abide me, and I must be content to bear it as a reproach, as other good men have borne theirs before me.

Chr. But did you never give an occasion to men to call you by this name?

By-ends. Never, never! the worst that ever I did to give them an occasion to give me this name was, that I had always the luck to jump in my judgment with the present way of the times, whatever it was, and my chance was to get thereby; but if things are thus cast upon me, let me count them a blessing, but let not the malicious load me therefore with reproach.

Chr. I thought indeed that you were the man that I had heard of, and to tell you what I think, I fear this name belongs to you more properly than you are willing we should think it doth.

By-ends. Well, if you will thus imagine, I cannot help it. You shall find me a fair company-keeper, if you will still admit me your associate.

Chr. If you will go with us, you must go against wind and tide, the which, I perceive, is against your opinion; you must also own religion in his rags as well as when in his silver slippers; and stand by him too when bound in irons, as well as when he walketh the streets with applause.

By-ends. You must not impose, nor lord it over my faith; leave me to my liberty, and let me go with you.

Chr. Not a step farther, unless you will do, in what I propound, as we.

By-ends. Then said By-ends, "I shall never desert my old principles, since they are harmless and profitable. If I may not go with you, I must do as I did before you overtook me,

even go by myself, until some overtake me that will be glad of my company."

Now I saw in my dream that Christian and Hopeful forsook him, and kept their distance before him ; but one of them looking back, saw three men following Mr. By-ends; and behold, as they came up with him, he made them a very low congee, and they also gave him a compliment. The men's names were, Mr. Hold-the-world, Mr. Money-love, and Mr. Save-all, men that Mr. By-ends had formerly been acquainted with ; for in their minority they were schoolfellows, and were taught by one Mr. Gripe-man, a schoolmaster in Love-gain, which is a market-town in the county of Coveting, in the north. This schoolmaster taught them the art of getting, either by violence, cozenage, flattery, lying, or by putting on a guise of religion ; and these four gentlemen had attained much of the art of their master, so that they could each of them have kept such a school themselves.

Well, when they had, as I said, thus saluted each other, Mr. Money-love said to Mr. By-ends, "Who are they upon the road before us?" For Christian and Hopeful were yet within view.

By-ends. They are a couple of far countrymen, that, after their mode, are going on pilgrimage.

Money-love. Alas, why did they not stay, that we might have had their good company; for they, and we, and you, sir, I hope, are all going on a pilgrimage?

By-ends. We are so, indeed; but the men before us are so rigid, and love so much their own notions, and do also so lightly esteem the opinions of others, that let a man be never so godly, yet, if he jumps not with them in all things, they thrust him quite out of their company.

Mr. Save-all. That's bad; but we read of some that are righteous over-much, and such men's rigidness prevails with them to judge and condemn all but themselves. But I pray what and how many were the things wherein you differed?

By-ends. Why they, after their headstrong manner, conclude that it is their duty to rush on their journey all weathers, and I am for waiting for wind and tide. They are for hazarding all for God at a clap, and I am for taking all advantages to secure my life and estate. They are for holding their notions, though all other men be against them; but I am for religion in what, and so far as the times and my safety will bear it. They are for religion when in rags and contempt; but I am for him when he walks in his golden slippers in the sunshine, and with applause.

Mr. Hold-the-world. Ay, and hold you there still, good Mr. By-ends; for, for my part, I can count him but a fool, that, having the liberty to keep what he has, shall be so unwise as to lose it. Let us be wise as serpents; 'tis best to make hay when the sun shines: you see how the bee lieth still all winter, and bestirs her only when she can have profit with pleasure. God sends sometimes rain, and sometimes sunshine; if they be such fools to go through the first, yet let us be content to take fair weather along with us. For my part, I like that religion best that will stand with the security of God's good blessings unto us; for who can imagine, that is ruled by his reason, since God has bestowed upon us the good things of this life, but that He would have us keep them for His sake? Abraham and Solomon grew rich in religion.

And Job says, "That a good man shall lay up gold as dust." But he must not be such as the men before us, if they be as you have described them.

Mr. Save-all. I think that we are all agreed in this matter, and therefore there needs no more words about it.

Mr. Money-love. No, there needs no more words about this matter indeed; for he that believes neither Scripture nor reason (and you see we have both on our side), neither knows his own liberty, nor seeks his own safety.

Mr. By-ends. My brethren, we are, as you see, going all on pilgrimage; and for our better diversion from things that are bad, give me leave to propound unto you this question:

Suppose a man—a minister, or a tradesman, &c.—should have an advantage lie before him to get the good blessings of this life, yet so as that he can by no means come by them except, in appearance at least, he becomes extraordinary zealous in some points of religion that he meddled not with before; may he not use this means to attain his end, and yet be a right honest man?

Mr. Money-love. I see the bottom of your question, and, with these gentlemen's good leave, I will endeavour to shape you an answer. And first, to speak to your question as it concerns a minister himself: Suppose a minister, a worthy man, possessed but of a very small benefice, and has in his eye a greater, more fat and plump by far; he has also now an opportunity of getting of it; yet so as by being more studious, by preaching more frequently and zealously, and, because the temper of the people requires it, by altering of some of his principles; for my part, I see no reason but a man may do this (provided he has a call). Ay, and more a great deal besides, and yet be an honest man. For why?

1. His desire of a greater benefice is lawful (this cannot be contradicted), since 'tis set before him by Providence; so, then, he may get it if he can, making no question for conscience sake.

2. Besides, his desire after that benefice makes him more studious, a more zealous preacher, &c., and so makes him a better man. Yea, makes him better improve his parts, which is according to the mind of God.

3. Now as for his complying with the temper of his people by dissenting, to serve them, some of his principles, this argueth, 1st, that he is of a self-denying temper; 2nd, of a sweet and winning deportment; 3rd, and so more fit for the ministerial function.

4. I conclude then, that a minister that changes a small for a great, should not for so doing be judged as covetous, but rather, since he is improved in his parts and industry thereby, be counted as one that pursues his call, and the opportunity put into his hand to do good.

And now to the second part of the question, which concerns

the tradesman you mentioned: Suppose such an one to have but a poor employ in the world, but by becoming religious he may mend his market, perhaps get a rich wife, or more and far better customers to his shop. For my part, I see no reason but that this may be lawfully done. For why,

1. To become religious is a virtue, by what means soever a man becomes so.

2. Nor is it unlawful to get a rich wife, or more custom to my shop.

3. Besides, the man that gets these by becoming religious, gets that which is good of them that are good, by becoming good himself; so, then, here is a good wife, and good customers, and good gain, and all these by becoming religious, which is good. Therefore, to become religious, to get all these, is a good and profitable design.

This answer, thus made by this Mr. Money-love to Mr. By-ends' question, was highly applauded by them all; wherefore they concluded upon the whole, that it was most wholesome and advantageous. And because, as they thought, no man was able to contradict it, and because Christian and Hopeful were yet within call, they joyfully agreed to assault them with the question as soon as they overtook them, and the rather because they had opposed Mr. By-ends before. So they called after them, and they stopt, and stood still till they came up to them; but they concluded as they went, that not Mr. By-ends, but old Mr. Hold-the-world, should propound the question to them, because, as they supposed, their answer to him would be without

the remainder of that heat that was kindled betwixt Mr. By-ends and them at their parting a little before.

So they came up to each other; and after a short salutation, Mr. Hold-the-world propounded the question to Christian and his fellow, and bid them to answer if they could.

Chr. Then said Christian, "Even a babe in religion may answer ten thousand such questions. For if it be unlawful to follow Christ for loaves, as it is (John vi.), how much more abominable is it to make of Him and religion a stalking-horse to get and enjoy the world! Nor do we find any other than heathens, hypocrites, devils, and witches, that are of this opinion.

"1. Heathens, for when Hamor and Shechem had a mind to the daughter and cattle of Jacob, and saw that there was no ways for them to come at them, but by becoming circumcised, they say to their companions: 'If every male of us be circumcised, as they are circumcised, shall not their cattle, and their substance, and every beast of theirs be ours?' Their daughters and their cattle were that which they sought to obtain, and their religion the stalking-horse they made use of to come at them. Read the whole story (Gen. xxxiv. 20–23).

"2. The hypocritical Pharisees were also of this religion; long prayers were their pretence, but to get widows' houses were their intent; and greater damnation was from God their judgment (Luke xx. 46, 47).

"3. Judas the devil was also of this religion; he was religious for the bag, that he might be possessed of what was therein; but he was lost, cast away, and the very son of perdition.

"4. Simon the witch was of this religion too; for he would have had the Holy Ghost, that he might have got money therewith, and his sentence from Peter's mouth was according (Acts viii. 19–22).

"5. Neither will it out of my mind, but that that man that takes up religion for the world will throw away religion for the world; for so surely as Judas designed the world in becoming religious, so surely did he also sell religion and his

Master for the same. To answer the question therefore affirmatively, as I perceive you have done, and to accept of as authentic such answer, is both heathenish, hypocritical, and devilish, and your reward will be according to your works."

Then they stood staring one upon another, but had not wherewith to answer Christian. Hopeful also approved of the soundness of Christian's answer, so there was a great silence among them. Mr. By-ends and his company also staggered, and kept behind, that Christian and Hopeful might outgo them. Then said Christian to his fellow, "If these men cannot stand before the sentence of men, what will they

do with the sentence of God? and if they are mute when dealt with by vessels of clay, what will they do when they shall be rebuked by the flames of a devouring fire?"

Then Christian and Hopeful out-went them again, and went till they came at a delicate plain, called Ease, where they went with much content; but that plain was but narrow, so they were quickly got over it. Now at the further side of that plain was a little hill called Lucre, and in that hill a silver-mine, which some of them that had formerly gone that way, because of the rarity of it, had turned aside to see; but going too near the brink of the pit, the ground being deceitful under them, broke, and they were slain: some also had been maimed there, and could not to their dying day be their own men again.

Then I saw in my dream, that a little off the road, over against the silver-mine, stood Demas (gentlemanlike), to call to passengers to come and see; who said to Christian and his fellow, "Ho, turn aside hither, and I will shew you a thing."

Chr. What thing so deserving as to turn us out of the way to see it?

Demas. Here is a silver-mine, and some digging in it for treasure; if you will come, with a little pains you may richly provide for yourselves.

Hope. Then said Hopeful, "Let us go see."

Chr. "Not I," said Christian; "I have heard of this place before now, and how many have there been slain; and besides, that treasure is a snare to those that seek it, for it hindereth them in their pilgrimage." Then Christian called to Demas, saying, "Is not the place dangerous? hath it not hindered many in their pilgrimage?" (Hos. iv. 18.)

Demas. "Not very dangerous, except to those that are careless;" but withal, he blushed as he spake.

Chr. Then said Christian to Hopeful, "Let us not stir a step, but still keep on our way."

Hope. I will warrant you, when By-ends comes up, if he hath the same invitation as we, he will turn in thither to see.

Chr. No doubt thereof, for his principles lead him that way, and a hundred to one but he dies there.

Demas. Then Demas called again, saying, "But will you not come over and see?"

Chr. Then Christian roundly answered, saying, "Demas, thou art an enemy to the right ways of the Lord of this way, and hast been already condemned for thine own turning aside by one of his Majesty's judges; and why seekest thou to bring us into the like condemnation?" (2 Tim. iv. 10.) "Besides, if we at all turn aside, our Lord the King will certainly hear thereof, and will there put us to shame, where we would stand with boldness before him."

Demas cried again, That he also was one of their fraternity; and that if they would tarry a little, he also himself would walk with them.

Chr. Then said Christian, "What is thy name? is it not the same by the which I have called thee?"

Demas. Yes, my name is Demas; I am the son of Abraham.

Chr. I know you; Gehazi was your great-grandfather, and Judas your father, and you have trod their steps. It is but a devilish prank that thou usest: thy father was hanged for a

traitor, and thou deservest no better reward.* Assure thyself, that when we come to the King, we will do him word of this thy behaviour.

Thus they went their way.

By this time By-ends and his companions were come again within sight, and they at the first beck went over to Demas. Now, whether they fell into the pit by looking over the brink thereof, or whether they went down to dig, or whether they were smothered in the bottom by the damps that commonly arise, of these things I am not certain; but this I observed, that they never were seen again in the way. Then sang Christian,

> "By-ends and Silver-Demas both agree;
> One calls, the other runs, that he may be
> A sharer in his lucre: so these two
> Take up in this world, and no farther go."

Now I saw that, just on the other side of this plain, the pilgrims came to a place where stood an old monument hard by the highway-side, at the sight of which they were both concerned, because of the strangeness of the form thereof: for it seemed to them as if it had been a woman transformed into the shape of a pillar; here, therefore, they stood looking and looking upon it, but could not for a time tell what they should make thereof. At last, Hopeful espied written above upon the head thereof a writing in an unusual hand: but he being no scholar called to Christian (for he was learned) to see if he could pick out the meaning; so he came, and after a little laying of letters together, he found the same to be this, "Remember Lot's wife." So he read it to his fellow; after which, they both concluded, that that was the pillar of salt into which Lot's wife was turned for her looking back with a covetous heart when she was going from Sodom for safety (Gen. xix. 26), which sudden and amazing sight gave them occasion of this discourse.

CHR. Ah, my brother, this is a seasonable sight; it came

* 2 Kings v. 20; Matt. xxvi. 14, 15: xxvii. 1–5.

opportunely to us after the invitation which Demas gave us to come over to view the hill Lucre; and had we gone over as he desired us, and as thou wast inclining to do, my brother, we had, for aught I know, been made ourselves like this woman, a spectacle for those that shall come after to behold.

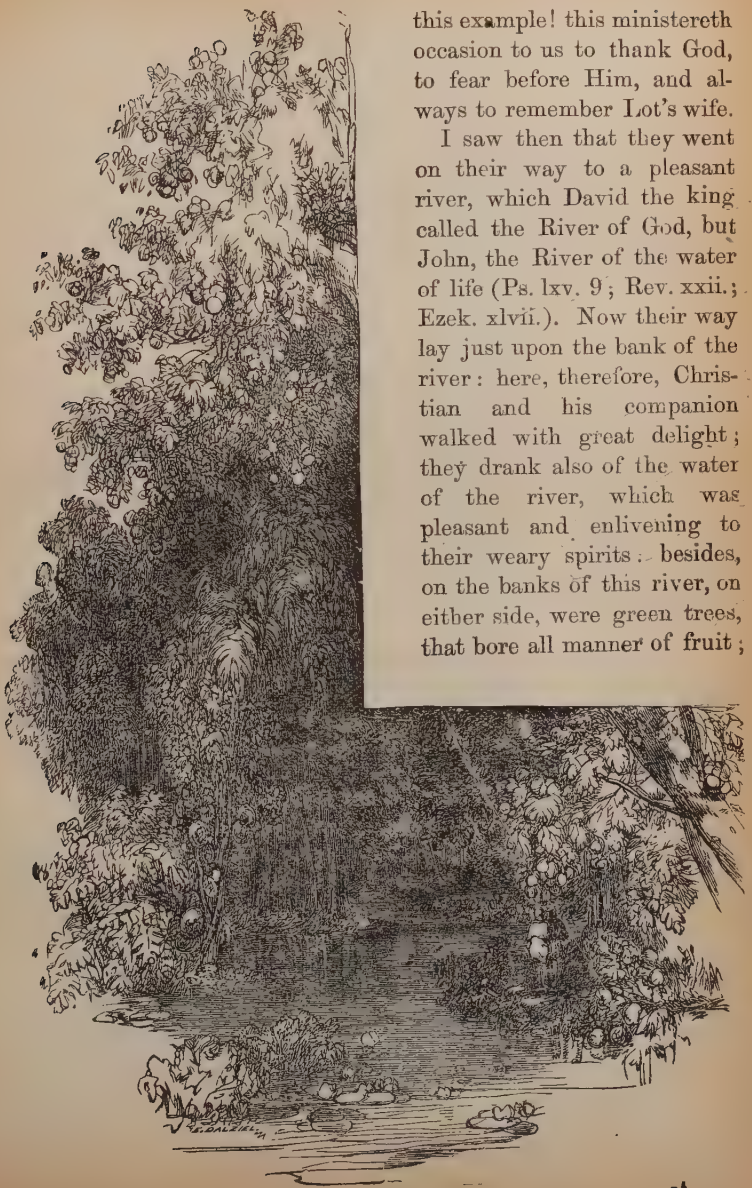
Hope. I am sorry that I was so foolish, and am made to wonder that I am not now as Lot's wife; for wherein was the difference 'twixt her sin and mine? she only looked back, and I had a desire to go see. Let grace be adored: and let me be ashamed that ever such a thing should be in mine heart.

CHR. Let us take notice of what we see here for our help for time to come. This woman escaped one judgment, for she fell not by the destruction of Sodom; yet she was destroyed by another;—as we see, she is turned into a pillar of salt.

HOPE. True; and she may be to us both caution and example: caution, that we should shun her sin, or a sign of what judgment will overtake such as shall not be prevented by this caution. So Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, with the two hundred and fifty men that perished in their sin, did also become a sign or example to others to beware (Num. xxvi. 9, 10): but above all, I muse at one thing, to wit, how Demas and his fellows can stand so confidently yonder to look for that treasure, which this woman, but for looking behind her, after (for we read not that she stept one foot out of the way) was turned into a pillar of salt; specially since the judgment which overtook her did make her an example within sight of where they are; for they cannot choose but see her, did they but lift up their eyes.

CHR. It is a thing to be wondered at, and it argueth that their hearts are grown desperate in the case; and I cannot tell who to compare them to so fitly as to them that pick pockets in the presence of the judge, or that will cut purses under the gallows. It is said of the men of Sodom, that they were sinners exceedingly (Gen. xiii. 10, 13), because they were sinners before the Lord,—that is, in his eyesight; and notwithstanding the kindnesses that He had shewn them, for the land of Sodom was now like the Garden of Eden heretofore. This, therefore, provoked Him the more to jealousy, and made their plague as hot as the fire of the Lord out of heaven could make it. And it is most rationally to be concluded, that such, even such as these are, that shall sin in the sight, yea, and that too in despite of such examples that are set continually before them, to caution them to the contrary, must be partakers of severest judgments.

HOPE. Doubtless thou hast said the truth; but what a mercy is it that neither thou, but especially I, am not made myself



this example! this ministereth occasion to us to thank God, to fear before Him, and always to remember Lot's wife.

I saw then that they went on their way to a pleasant river, which David the king called the River of God, but John, the River of the water of life (Ps. lxv. 9; Rev. xxii.; Ezek. xlvii.). Now their way lay just upon the bank of the river: here, therefore, Christian and his companion walked with great delight; they drank also of the water of the river, which was pleasant and enlivening to their weary spirits: besides, on the banks of this river, on either side, were green trees, that bore all manner of fruit;

and the leaves of the trees were good for medicine ; with the fruit of these trees they were also much delighted ; and the leaves they eat to prevent surfeits, and other diseases that are incident to those that heat their blood by travels. On either side of the river was also a meadow, curiously beautified with lilies, and it was green all the year long. In this meadow they lay down and slept ; for here they might lie down safely (Ps. xxiii. ; Isa. xiv. 30). When they awoke, they gathered

again of the fruit of the trees, and drank again of the water of the river, and then lay down again to sleep. Thus they did several days and nights. Then they sang :—

> "Behold ye how these crystal streams do glide
> (To comfort pilgrims) by the highway side;
> The meadows green, besides their fragrant smell,
> Yield dainties for them: and he that can tell
> What pleasant fruit, yea leaves, these trees do yield,
> Will soon sell all, that he may buy this field."

So when they were disposed to go on (for they were not, as yet, at their journey's end), they eat and drank, and departed.

Now I beheld in my dream, that they had not journeyed far but the river and the way for a time parted. At which they were not a little sorry, yet they durst not go out of the way. Now the way from the river was rough, and their feet tender by reason of their travels; so the souls of the pilgrims were much discouraged because of the way (Num. xxi. 4): wherefore, still as they went on, they wished for better way. Now a little before them, there was on the left hand of the road a meadow, and a stile to go over into it, and that meadow is called By-path Meadow. Then said Christian to his fellow, "If this meadow lieth along by our way-side, let's go over into it." Then he went to the stile to see, and behold a path lay along by the way on the other side of the fence. "'Tis according to my wish," said Christian; "here is the easiest going; come, good Hopeful, and let us go over."

Hope. But how if this path should lead us out of the way?

Chr. "That's not like," said the other; "look, doth it not go along by the way-side?" So Hopeful, being persuaded by his fellow, went after him over the stile. When they were gone over, and were got into the path, they found it very easy for their feet; and withal, they looking before them, espied a man walking as they did (and his name was Vain-Confidence); so they called after him, and asked him whither that way led? He said, "To the Celestial Gate." "Look," said Christian, "did not I tell you so? By this you may

see we are right." So they followed, and he went before them. But behold, the night came on, and it grew very dark, so that they that were behind lost the sight of him that went before.

He therefore that went before (Vain-Confidence by name), not seeing the way before him, fell into a deep pit (Isa. ix. 16), which was on purpose there made by the prince of those grounds, to catch vain-glorious fools withal, and was dashed in pieces with his fall.

Now Christian and his fellow heard him fall. So they called, to know the matter, but there was none to answer, only they heard a groaning. Then said Hopeful, "Where are we now?" Then was his fellow silent, as mistrusting that he had led him out of the way. And now it began to rain, and thunder, and lighten in a very dreadful manner, and the water rose amain.

Then Hopeful groaned in himself, saying, "Oh, that I had kept on my way!"

CHR. Who could have thought that this path should have led us out of the way?

HOPE. I was afraid on't at the very first, and therefore gave you that gentle caution. I would have spoke plainer, but that you are older than I.

CHR. Good brother, be not offended; I am sorry I have brought thee out of the way, and that I have put thee into such imminent danger. Pray, my brother, forgive me; I did not do it of an evil intent.

HOPE. Be comforted, my brother, for I forgive thee; and believe too, that this shall be for our good.

CHR. I am glad I have with me a merciful brother. But we must not stand thus; let's try to go back again.

HOPE. But, good brother, let me go before.

CHR. No, if you please, let me go first; that if there be any danger I may be first therein, because by my means we are both gone out of the way.

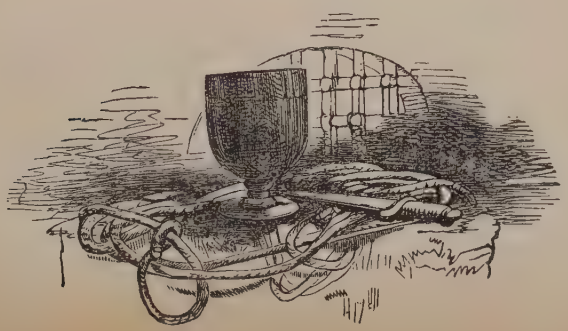
HOPE. "No," said Hopeful, "you shall not go first, for your mind being troubled, may lead you out of the way again." Then, for their encouragement, they heard the voice of one saying, Let thine heart be towards the highway, even the way that thou wentest; turn again (Jer. xxxi. 21). But by this time the waters were greatly risen, by reason of which the way of going back was very dangerous. (Then I thought that it is easier going out of the way when we are in, than going in when we are out.) Yet they adventured to go back; but it was so dark, and the flood was so high, that in their going back they had like to have been drowned nine or ten times.

Neither could they, with all the skill they had, get again to the stile that night. Wherefore, at last, lighting under a little shelter, they sat down there till the day brake; but being weary, they fell asleep. Now there was not far from the place where they lay, a castle, called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair, and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping; wherefore he getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then, with a grim and surly voice, he bid them awake; and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds.

They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then said the Giant, "You have this night trespassed on me, by trampling in and lying on my grounds, and therefore you must go along with me." So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in a fault. The Giant, therefore, drove them before him, and put them into his castle, into a very dark dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirit of these two men (Ps. lxxxviii. 18). Here, then, they lay, from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or any light, or any to ask how they did. They were, therefore, here in evil case, and were far from friends and acquaintance. Now in this place Christian had double sorrow, because 'twas through his unadvised counsel that they were brought into this distress.

Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffi-

dence: so when he was gone to bed, he told his wife what he had done, to wit, that he had taken a couple of prisoners, and cast them into his dungeon, for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best to do further to them. So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound; and he told her. Then she counselled him, that when he arose in the morning he should beat them without any mercy: so when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating of them as if they were dogs, although they gave him never a word of distaste; then he falls upon them, and beats them fearfully, in such sort, that they were not able to help themselves, or to turn them upon the floor. This done he withdraws and leaves them, there to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress; so all that day they spent the time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations. The next night, she talking with her husband about them further, and understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away themselves. So when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner, as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them, that since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be, forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison: "For why," said he, "should you choose life, seeing it is attended



with so much bitterness?" But they desired him to let them go; with that he looked ugly upon them, and rushing to them, had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits; for he sometimes in sunshine weather fell into fits, and lost (for a time) the use of his hand: wherefore he withdrew, and left them (as before) to consider what to do. Then did the prisoners consult between themselves, whether 'twas best to take his counsel or no: and thus they began to discourse.

CHR. "Brother," said Christian, "what shall we do? the life that we now live is miserable: for my part I know not whether is best, to live thus, or to die out of hand. 'My soul chooseth strangling rather than life' (Job vii. 15); and the grave is more easy for me than this dungeon. Shall we be ruled by the Giant?"

HOPE. Indeed our present condition is dreadful, and death would be far more welcome to me than thus for ever to abide; but yet let us consider, the Lord of the country to which we are going hath said, "Thou shalt do no murder," no, not to another man's person. Much more, then, are we forbidden to take his counsel to kill ourselves. Besides, he that kills another can but commit murder upon his body; but for one to kill himself, is to kill body and soul at once. And, moreover, my brother, thou talkest of ease in the grave; but hast thou forgotten the hell, whither for certain the murderers go? "for no murderer hath eternal life," &c. And let us consider again, that all the law is not in the hand of Giant Despair; others, so far as I can understand, have been taken by him as well as we, and yet have escaped out of his hand: who knows but that God that made the world may cause that Giant Despair may die; or that, at some time or other, he may forget to lock us in; or, but he may in a short time have another of his fits before us, and may lose the use of his limbs: and if ever that should come to pass again, for my part I am resolved to pluck up the heart of a man, and to try my utmost to get from under his hand. I was a fool that I did not try to do it before; but however, my brother, let's be patient, and endure a while; the time may come that may give us a happy release; but let us not be our own murderers.

With these words Hopeful at present did moderate the mind of his brother; so they continued together (in the dark) that day, in their sad and doleful condition.

Well, towards evening, the Giant goes down into the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel; but when he came there, he found them alive, and truly, alive was all: for now, what for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive; at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them that, seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

At this they trembled greatly, and I think that Christian fell into a swound; but coming a little to himself again, they renewed their discourse about the Giant's counsel, and whether yet they had best to take it or no. Now Christian again seemed to be for doing it; but Hopeful made his second reply, as followeth:

Hope. "My brother," said he, "rememberest thou not how valiant thou hast been heretofore? Apollyon could not crush thee; nor could all that thou didst hear, or see, or feel in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. What hardship, terror, and amazement hast thou already gone through,—and art thou now nothing but fear? Thou seest that I am in the dungeon with thee, a far weaker man by nature than thou art. Also, this Giant has wounded me as well as thee, and hath also cut

off the bread and water from my mouth; and with thee I mourn without the light: but let's exercise a little more patience. Remember how thou playedst the man at Vanity Fair, and wast neither afraid of the chain nor cage, nor yet of bloody death; wherefore let us (at least to avoid the shame that becomes not a Christian to be found in) bear up with patience as well as we can."

Now night being come again, and the Giant and his wife being in bed, she asked him concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel? To which he replied, "They are sturdy rogues; they choose rather to bear all hardship than to make away themselves." Then said she, "Take them into the castle-yard to-morrow, and shew them the bones and skulls of those that thou hast already despatched; and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou also wilt tear them in pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them."

So when the morning was come, the Giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle-yard, and shews them as his wife had bidden him. "These," said he, "were pilgrims as you are, once, and they trespassed in my grounds, as you have done; and when I thought fit I tore them in pieces; and so within ten days I will do you: go, get you down to your den again." And with that he beat them all the way thither. They lay, therefore, all day on Saturday in a lamentable case, as before. Now when night was come, and when Mrs. Diffidence and her husband the Giant were got to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their prisoners; and withal, the old Giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied: "I fear," said she, "that they live in hope that some will come to relieve them; or that they have pick-locks about them; by the means of which they hope to escape." "And sayest thou so, my dear?" said the Giant; "I will therefore search them in the morning."

Well, on Saturday about midnight they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.

Now a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out in this passionate speech: "What a fool," quoth he, "am I thus to lie in a stinking dungeon when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle." Then said Hopeful, "That's good news; good brother, pluck it out of thy bosom, and try."

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon door, whose bolt (as he turned the key) gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door that leads into the castle-yard, and with his key opened that door also. After, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too, but that lock went damnable hard, yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed; but that gate, as it opened, made such a creaking, that it waked Giant Despair, who hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail, for his fits took him

again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the king's highway again, and so were safe, because they were out of his jurisdiction.

Now when they were gone over the stile, they began to contrive with themselves what they should do at that stile, to prevent those that should come after from falling into the

hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar, and to engrave upon the side thereof this sentence: "Over this stile is the way to Doubting-Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the King of the Celestial Country, and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims." Many, therefore, that followed after, read what was written, and escaped the danger. This done, they sang as follows:

"Out of the way we went, and then we found
What 'twas to tread upon forbidden ground:
And let them that come after have a care,
Lest heedlessness makes them, as we, to fare;
Lest they, for trespassing, his prisoners are,
Whose castle 's Doubting, and whose name 's Despair."

They went, then, till they came to the Delectable Mountains, which mountains belong to the Lord of that hill of which we have spoken before. So they went up to the mountains, to behold the gardens and orchards, the vineyards and fountains of water; where also they drank, and washed themselves, and did freely eat of the vineyards. Now there was on the tops of these mountains shepherds feeding their flocks, and they stood by the highway side. The pilgrims therefore went to them; and, leaning upon their staves (as is common with weary pilgrims when they stand to talk with any by the way), they asked, "Whose delectable mountains are these? and whose be the sheep that feed upon them?"

SHEP. These mountains are Immanuel's land, and they are within sight of his city; and the sheep also are his, and he laid down his life for them (John x. 11).

CHR. Is this the way to the Celestial City?

SHEP. You are just in your way.

CHR. How far is it thither?

SHEP. Too far for any but those that shall get thither indeed.

CHR. Is the way safe or dangerous?

SHEP. Safe for those for whom it is to be safe; but transgressors shall fall therein (Hos. xiv. 9).

CHR. Is there in this place any relief for pilgrims that are weary and faint in the way?

SHEP. The Lord of these mountains hath given us a charge, not to be forgetful to entertain strangers (Heb. xiii. 1, 2); therefore the good of the place is even before you.

I saw also in my dream, that when the shepherds perceived that they were wayfaring men, they also put questions to them (to which they made answer as in other places), as, "Whence came you?" and, "How got you into the way?" and, "By what means have you so persevered therein? For but few of them that begin to come hither do shew their face on these mountains." But when the shepherds heard their answers, being pleased therewith, they looked very lovingly upon them, and said, "Welcome to the Delectable Mountains."

The shepherds, I say, whose names were, Knowledge, Experience, Watchful, and Sincere, took them by the hand, and had them to their tents, and made them partake of that which was ready at present. They said, moreover, "We would that you should stay here a while, to be acquainted with us, and yet more to solace yourselves with the good of these Delectable Mountains." They then told them, that they were content to stay; and so they went to their rest that night, because it was very late.

Then I saw in my dream, that in the morning the shepherds called up Christian and Hopeful to walk with them upon the

mountains. So they went forth with them, and walked a while, having a pleasant prospect on every side. Then said the shepherds one to another, "Shall we shew these pilgrims some wonders?" So when they had concluded to do it, they had them first to the top of an hill called Error, which was very steep on the furthest side, and bid them look down to the bottom. So

Christian and Hopeful looked down, and saw at the bottom several men dashed all to pieces by a fall that they had from the top. Then said Christian, "What meaneth this?" The shepherds answered, "Have you not heard of them that were made to err, by hearkening to Hymeneus and Philetus as concerning the faith of the resurrection of the body?" (2 Tim. ii. 17, 18.) They answered, "Yes." Then said the shepherds, "Those that you see lie dashed in pieces at the bottom of this mountain are they; and they have continued to this day unburied (as you see), for an example to others to take heed how they clamber too high, or how they come too near the brink of this mountain."

Then I saw that they had them to the top of another mountain,—and the name of that is Caution,—and bid them look afar off. Which when they did, they perceived, as they thought, several men walking up and down among the tombs that were there. And they perceived that the men were blind, because they stumbled sometimes upon the tombs, and because they could not get out from among them. Then said Christian, "What means this?"

The shepherds then answered, "Did you not see, a little below these mountains, a stile that led into a meadow on the left hand of this way?" They answered, "Yes." Then said the shepherds, "From that stile there goes a path that

leads directly to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair; and these men—(pointing to them among the tombs)—came once on pilgrimage, as you do now, even till they came to that same stile. And because the right way was rough in that place, they chose to go out of it into that meadow, and there were taken by Giant Despair, and cast into Doubting Castle; where, after they had a while been kept in the dungeon, he at last did put out their eyes, and led them among those tombs, where he has left them to wander to this very day, that the saying of the Wise Man might be fulfilled: He that wandereth out of the way of understanding, shall remain in the congregation of the dead" (Prov. xxi. 16). Then Christian and Hopeful looked one upon another, with tears gushing out; but yet said nothing to the shepherds.

Then I saw in my dream that the shepherds had them to another place, in a bottom, where was a door in the side of an hill; and they opened the door, and bid them look in.

They looked in, therefore, and saw that within it was very dark and smoky; they also thought that they heard there a rumbling noise as of fire, and a cry of some tormented, and that they smelt the scent of brimstone. Then said Christian, "What means this?" The shepherds told them, saying, "This is a by-way to hell, a way that hypocrites go in at: namely, such as sell their birthright, with Esau: such as sell

their master, with Judas; such as blaspheme the Gospel, with Alexander; and that lie and dissemble, with Ananias and Sapphira his wife."

HOPE. Then said Hopeful to the shepherds, "I perceive that these had on them, even every one, a show of pilgrimage, as we have now; had they not?"

SHEP. Yes, and held it a long time too.

HOPE. How far might they go on pilgrimage in their day, since they, notwithstanding, were thus miserably cast away?

SHEP. Some farther, and some not so far as these mountains.

Then said the pilgrims one to another, "We had need to cry to the strong for strength."

SHEP. Ay, and you will have need to use it when you have it, too.

By this time the pilgrims had a desire to go forwards, and

the shepherds a desire they should; so they walked together towards the end of the mountains. Then said the shepherds one to another, "Let us here shew to the pilgrims the gates of the Celestial City, if they have skill to look through our perspective glass." The pilgrims then lovingly accepted the motion: so they had them to the top of an high hill, called Clear, and gave them their glass to look. Then they essayed to look, but the remembrance of that last thing that the shepherds had shewed them made their hands shake, by means of which impediment, they could not look steadily through the glass; yet they thought they saw something like the gate, and also some of the glory of the place. Then they went away and sang this song:—

> "Thus by the shepherds secrets are reveal'd,
> Which from all other men are kept conceal'd:
> Come to the shepherds, then, if you would see
> Things deep, things hid, and that mysterious be."

When they were about to depart, one of the shepherds gave them a note of the way, another of them bid them beware of the flatterer, the third bid them take heed that they sleep not upon the enchanted ground, and the fourth bid them God speed. So I awoke from my dream.

And I slept, and dreamed again, and saw the same two pilgrims going down the mountains along the highway towards the city. Now, a little below these mountains, on the left hand, lieth the country of Conceit, from which country there comes into the way in which the pilgrims walked a little crooked lane. Here, therefore, they met with a very brisk lad, that came out of that country; and his name was Ignorance. So Christian asked him, "From what parts he came? and whither he was going?"

Ign. Sir, I was born in the country that lieth off there, a little on the left hand; and I am going to the Celestial City.

Chr. But how do you think to get in at the gate, for you may find some difficulty there?

Ign. "As other good people do," said he.

Chr. But what have you to shew at that gate that may cause that the gate should be opened to you?

Ign. I know my Lord's will, and I have been a good liver: I pay every man his own; I pray, fast, pay tithes, and give alms, and have left my country for whither I am going.

Chr. But thou camest not in at the wicket-gate that is at the head of this way, thou camest in hither through that same crooked lane, and therefore I fear, however thou mayest think of thyself, when the reckoning-day shall come, thou wilt have laid to thy charge, that thou art a thief and a robber, instead of getting admittance into the city.

Ign. Gentlemen, ye be utter strangers to me, I know you not; be content to follow the religion of your country, and I will follow the religion of mine. I hope all will be well. And as for the gate that you talk of, all the world knows that that is a great way off of our country. I cannot think that any man in all our parts doth so much as know the way to it; nor need they matter whether they do or no, since we have, as you see, a fine pleasant green lane, that comes down from our country the next way into it.

When Christian saw that the man was wise in his own conceit, he said to Hopeful whisperingly, "There is more hope of a fool than of him" (Prov. xxvi. 12). And said, moreover, "When he that is a fool walketh by the way, his wisdom faileth him, and he saith to every one that he is a fool (Eccles. x. 3). What! shall we talk further with him? or outgo him at present, and so leave him to think of what he hath heard already; and then stop again for him afterwards, and see if by degrees we can do any good by him?" Then said Hopeful:—

> "Let Ignorance a little while now muse
> On what is said, and let him not refuse
> Good counsel to embrace, lest he remain
> Still ignorant of what's the chiefest gain.
> God saith, 'Those that no understanding have
> (Although he made them) them he will not save.'"

Hope. He further added, "It is not good, I think, to say all to him at once; let us pass him by if you will, and talk to him anon, even as he is able to bear it."

So they both went on, and Ignorance he came after. Now when they had passed him a little way, they entered into a

very dark lane, where they met a man whom seven devils had bound with seven strong cords, and were a carrying of him back to the door that they saw in the side of the hill (Matt. xii. 45; Prov. v. 22). Now good Christian began to tremble, and so did Hopeful his companion; yet as the devils led away the man, Christian looked to see if he knew him, and he thought it might be one Turn-away, that dwelt in the town of Apostacy. But he did not perfectly see his face, for he did hang his head like a thief that is found; but being gone past, Hopeful looked after him, and espied on his back a paper with this inscription, "Wanton professor, and damnable apostate." Then said Christian to his fellow, "Now I call to remembrance that which was told me of a thing that happened to a good man hereabout. The name of the man was Little-faith, but a good man, and he dwelt in the town of

Sincere. The thing was this: at the entering in of this passage there comes down from Broadway-gate a lane called Deadman's-lane, so called because of the murders that are commonly done there. And this Little-faith going on pilgrimage, as we do now, chanced to sit down there, and slept. Now there happened, at that time, to come down the lane from Broadway-gate three sturdy rogues, and their names were Faint-heart, Mistrust, and Guilt (three brothers), and they espying Little-faith where he was, came galloping up with speed. Now the good man was just awaked from his sleep, and was getting up to go on his journey; so they came all up to him, and, with threatening language, bid him stand. At this, Little-faith looked as white as a clout, and had neither power to fight nor fly. Then said Faint-heart, "Deliver thy purse;" but he making no haste to do it (for he was loth to lose his money), Mistrust ran up to him, and, thrusting his hand into his pocket, pulled out thence a bag of silver. Then he cried out, "Thieves, thieves!" With that, Guilt,

with a great club that was in his hand, struck Little-faith on the head, and with that blow felled him flat to the ground, where he lay bleeding, as one that would bleed to death. All this while the thieves stood by; but at last, they hearing that some were upon the road, and fearing lest it should be one Great-grace, that dwells in the city of Good-confidence, they betook themselves to their heels, and left this good man to shift for himself. Now, after a while, Little-faith came to himself, and getting up, made shift to scrabble on his way. This was the story.

HOPE. But did they take from him all that ever he had?

CHR. No; the place where his jewels were they never ransacked, so those he kept still; but, as I was told, the good man was much afflicted for his loss, for the thieves got most of his spending-money. That which they got not (as I said) were jewels; also he had a little odd money left, but scarce enough to bring him to his journey's end (1 Pet. iv. 18); nay (if I was not misinformed), he was forced to beg as he went to keep himself alive (for his jewels he might not sell). But beg, and do what he could, he went (as we say) with many a hungry belly the most part of the rest of the way.

HOPE. But is it not a wonder they got not from him his certificate by which he was to receive his admittance at the Celestial Gate?

CHR. 'Tis a wonder but they got not that, though they missed it not through any good cunning of his; for he being dismayed with their coming upon him, had neither power nor skill to hide anything: so 'twas more by good providence than by his endeavour that they missed of that good thing (2 Tim. i. 14; 2 Pet. ii. 9).

HOPE. But it must needs be a comfort to him that they got not this jewel from him.

CHR. It might have been great comfort to him, had he used it as he should; but they that told me the story, said, That he made but little use of it all the rest of the way, and that because of the dismay that he had in their taking away of his money; indeed, he forgot it a great part of the rest of the journey; and besides, when at any time it came into his

mind, and he began to be comforted therewith, then would fresh thoughts of his loss come again upon him, and those thoughts would swallow up all.

HOPE. Alas, poor man, this could not but be a great grief unto him.

CHR. Grief! Ay, a grief indeed; would it not a been so to any of us, had we been used as he, to be robbed and wounded too, and that in a strange place, as he was? 'Tis a wonder he did not die with grief, poor heart! I was told, that he scattered almost all the rest of the way with nothing but doleful and bitter complaints. Telling also to all that overtook him, or that he overtook in the way as he went, where he was robbed, and how; who they were that did it, and what he lost; how he was wounded, and that he hardly escaped with life.

HOPE. But 'tis a wonder that his necessities did not put him upon selling or pawning some of his jewels, that he might have wherewith to relieve himself in his journey.

CHR. Thou talkest like one upon whose head is the shell to this very day; for what should he pawn them? or to whom should he sell them? In all that country where he was robbed, his jewels were not accounted of, nor did he want that relief which could from thence be administered to him; besides, had his jewels been missing at the gate of the Celestial City, he had (and that he knew well enough) been excluded from an inheritance there, and that would have been worse to him than the appearance and villany of ten thousand thieves.

HOPE. Why art thou so tart, my brother? Esau sold his birthright, and that for a mess of pottage; and that birthright was his greatest jewel (Heb. xii. 16); and if he, why might not Little-faith do so too?

CHR. Esau did sell his birthright indeed, and so do many besides; and by so doing, exclude themselves from the chief blessing, as also that caitiff did. But you must put a difference betwixt Esau and Little-faith, and also betwixt their estates. Esau's birthright was typical, but Little-faith's jewels were not so. Esau's belly was his god, but Little-faith's belly was not so (Gen. xxv. 32). Esau's want lay in his fleshly appetite, Little-faith's did not so. Besides, Esau could see no further than to the fulfilling of his lusts: "For I am at the point to die," said he; "and what good will this birthright do me?" But Little-faith, though it was his lot to have but a little faith, was by his little faith kept from such extravagances, and made to see and prize his jewels more than to sell them, as Esau did his birthright. You read not any where that Esau had faith, no, not so much as a little: therefore no marvel, if where the flesh only bears sway (as it will in that man where no faith is to resist), if he sells his birthright, and his soul and all, and that to the devil of hell; for it is with such as it is with the ass, who in her occasion cannot be turned away (Jer. ii. 24). When their minds are set upon their lusts, they will have them, whatever they cost. But Little-faith

was of another temper, his mind was on things divine; his livelihood was upon things that were spiritual, and from above: therefore, to what end should he that is of such a temper sell his jewels (had there been any that would have bought them), to fill his mind with empty things? Will a man give a penny to fill his belly with hay? or can you persuade the turtle-dove to live upon carrion, like the crow? Though faithless ones can, for carnal lusts, pawn, or mortgage, or sell what they have, and themselves outright to boot; yet

they that have faith, saving faith, though but a little of it, cannot do so. Here, therefore, my brother, is thy mistake.

Hope. I acknowledge it; but yet your severe reflection had almost made me angry.

Chr. Why, I did but compare thee to some of the birds that are of the brisker sort, who will run to and fro in trodden paths with the shell upon their heads; but pass by that, and consider the matter under debate, and all shall be well betwixt thee and me.

Hope. But, Christian, these three fellows, I am persuaded in my heart, are but a company of cowards: would they have run else, think you, as they did, at the noise of one that was coming on the road? Why did not Little-faith pluck up a greater heart? He might, methinks, have stood one brush with them, and have yielded when there had been no remedy.

Chr. That they are cowards, many have said, but few have found it so in the time of trial. As for a great heart, Little-faith had none; and I perceive by thee, my brother, hadst thou been the man concerned, thou art but for a brush, and then to yield. And, verily, since this is the height of thy stomach now they are at a distance from us, should they appear to thee, as they did to him, they might put thee to second thoughts.

But consider again, they are but journeyman-thieves, they serve under the king of the bottomless pit; who, if need be, will come in to their aid himself, and his voice is as the roaring of a lion (1 Pet. v. 8). I myself have been engaged as this Little-faith was, and I found it a terrible thing. These three villains set upon me, and I beginning like a Christian to resist, they gave but a call, and in came their master: I would, as the saying is, have given my life for a penny; but that, as God would have it, I was clothed with armour of proof. Ay, and yet though I was so harnessed, I found it hard work to quit myself like a man; no man can tell what in that combat attends us, but he that hath been in the battle himself.

Hope. Well, but they ran, you see, when they did but suppose that one Great-grace was in the way.

Chr. True, they have often fled, both they and their master, when Great-grace hath but appeared; and no marvel, for he is the king's champion: but I trow, you will put some difference between Little-faith and the king's champion; all the king's subjects are not his champions; nor can they, when tried, do such feats of war as he. Is it meet to think that a little child should handle Goliath as David did? or that there should be the strength of an ox in a wren? Some are strong,

some are weak; some have great faith, some have little: this man was one of the weak, and therefore he went to the walls.

HOPE. I would it had been Great-grace, for their sakes.

CHR. If it had been he, he might have had his hands full: for I must tell you, that though Great-grace is excellent good at his weapons, and has and can, so long as he keeps them at sword's point, do well enough with them; yet if they get within him, even Faint-heart, Mistrust, or the other, it shall go hard but they will throw up his heels. And when a man is down, you know, what can he do?

Whoso looks well upon Great-grace's face, shall see those scars and cuts there, that shall easily give demonstration of what I say. Yea, once I heard that he should say (and that when he was in the combat), "We despaired even of life." How did these sturdy rogues and their fellows make David groan, mourn, and roar? Yea, Heman and Hezekiah too, though champions in their day, were forced to bestir them, when by these assaulted; and yet, that notwithstanding, they had their coats soundly brushed by them. Peter, upon a time, would go try what he could do; but, though some do say of him that he is the Prince of the Apostles, they handled him so, that they made him at last afraid of a sorry girl.

Besides, their king is at their whistle, he is never out of hearing; and if at any time they be put to the worst, he, if possible, comes in to help them. And of him it is said, "The sword of him that layeth at him cannot hold: the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon; he esteemeth iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood; the arrow cannot make him fly; slingstones are turned with him into stubble; darts are counted as stubble; he laugheth at the shaking of a spear" (Job xli. 26). What can a man do in this case? 'Tis true, if a man could at every turn have Job's horse, and had skill and courage to ride him, he might do notable things. For "his neck is clothed with thunder; he will not be afraid as the grasshopper; the glory of his nostrils is terrible; he paweth in the valley, rejoiceth in his strength, and goeth out to meet

the armed men; he mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted, neither turneth back from the sword; the quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear, and the shield; he swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage, neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet; he saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thundering of the captains, and the shoutings" (Job xxxix. 19).

But for such footmen as thee and I are, let us never desire to meet with an enemy, nor yaunt as if we could do better, when we hear of others that they have been foiled; nor be tickled at the thoughts of our own manhood, for such commonly come by the worst when tried. Witness Peter, of whom I made mention before. He would swagger, ay, he

would: he would, as his vain mind prompted him to say, do better, and stand more for his Master, than all men; but who so foiled and run down by these villains as he?

When, therefore, we hear that such robberies are done on the king's highway, two things become us to do; first, to go out harnessed, and to be sure to take a shield with us; for it was for want of that, that he that laid so lustily at Leviathan

could not make him yield. For, indeed, if that be wanting, he fears us not at all. Therefore he that had skill hath said, "Above all, take the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked" (Eph. vi. 16).

'Tis good also that we desire of the king a convoy, yea, that he will go with us himself. This made David rejoice when in the Valley of the Shadow of Death; and Moses was rather for dying where he stood than to go one step without his God (Ex. xxxiii. 15). Oh, my brother, if He will but go along with us, what need we be afraid of ten thousands that shall set themselves against us? but without Him, the proud helpers fall under the slain (Ps. iii. 5–8; xxvii. 1–3; Isa. x. 4).

I, for my part, have been in the fray before now, and though (through the goodness of him that is best), I am, as you see, alive, yet I cannot boast of my manhood. Glad shall I be if I meet with no more such brunts, though I fear we are not got beyond all danger. However, since the lion and the bear hath not as yet devoured me, I hope God will also deliver us from the next uncircumcised Philistine.

Then sang Christian:

> "Poor Little-faith! hast been among the thieves?
> Wast robb'd? Remember this, whoso believes,
> And gets more faith, shall then a victor be
> Over ten thousand, else scarce over three."

So they went on, and Ignorance followed. They went then till they came at a place where they saw a way put itself into their way, and seemed withal to lie as straight as the way which they should go; and here they knew not which of the two to take, for both seemed straight before them; therefore here they stood still to consider. And as they were thinking about the way, behold a man, black of flesh, but covered with a very light robe, came to them, and asked them, "Why they stood there?" They answered, "They were going to the Celestial City, but knew not which of these ways to take." "Follow me!" said the man; "it is thither that I am going." So they followed him in the way that but now came into the

road, which by degrees turned and turned them so from the city that they desired to go to, that in little time their faces were turned away from it; yet they followed him. But by and by, before they were aware, he led them both within the compass of a net, in which they were both so entangled that they knew not what to do; and with that the white robe fell off the black man's back; then they saw where they were. Wherefore there they lay crying some time, for they could not get themselves out.

CHR. Then said Christian to his fellow, "Now do I see myself in an error. Did not the shepherds bid us beware of the flatterers? As is the saying of the Wise Man, so we have found it this day: 'A man that flattereth his neighbour spreadeth a net for his feet'" (Prov. xxix. 5).

HOPE. They also gave us a note of directions about the way, for our more sure finding thereof; but therein we have also forgotten to read, and have not kept ourselves from the paths of the destroyer. Here David was wiser than we; for, saith he, "Concerning the works of men, by the word of thy lips, I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer" (Ps. xvii. 4).

Thus they lay bewailing themselves in the net. At last they espied a shining one coming towards them, with a whip of small cord in his hand.

When he was come to the place where they were, he asked them whence they came? and what they did there? They told him, "That they were poor pilgrims going to Zion, but were led out of their way by a black man, clothed in white, who bid us," said they, "follow him; for he was going thither too." Then said he with the whip, "It is Flatterer, a false

apostle, that hath transformed himself into an angel of light" (Prov. xxix. 5; Dan. xi. 32; 2 Cor. xi. 13, 14). So he rent the net, and let the men out. Then said he to them, "Follow me, that I may set you in your way again." So he led them back to the way which they had left to follow the Flatterer. Then he asked them, saying, "Where did you lie the last night?" They said, "With the shepherds upon the Delectable

Mountains." He asked them then, "If they had not of those shepherds a note of direction for the way?" They answered, "Yes." "But did you," said he, "when you were at a stand, pluck out and read your note?" They answered, "No." He asked them why? They said they forgot. He asked, moreover, "If the shepherds did not bid them beware of the Flatterer?" They answered, "Yes; but we did not imagine" said they, "that this fine-spoken man had been he" (Rom. xvi. 18).

Then I saw in my dream that he commanded them to lie down (Deut. xxxv. 2); which when they did, he chastised them sore, to teach them the good way wherein they should walk (2 Chron. vi. 26, 27); and as he chastised them, he said, "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten; be zealous, therefore, and repent" (Rev. iii. 19). This done, he bid them go on their way, and take good heed to the other directions of the shepherds. So they thanked him for all his kindness, and went softly along the right way, singing:

"Come hither, you that walk along the way;
See how the pilgrims fare that go astray!
They catched are in an entangling net,
'Cause they good counsel lightly did forget.
'Tis true they rescued were, but yet you see
They're scourged to boot. Let this your caution be."

Now, after a while, they perceived afar off, one coming softly and alone, all along the highway, to meet them. Then said Christian to his fellow, "Yonder is a man with his back toward Zion, and he is coming to meet us."

Hope. I see him; let us take heed to ourselves now, lest he should prove a flatterer also.

So he drew nearer and nearer, and at last came up unto them. His name was Atheist, and he asked them whither they were going?

Chr. We are going to the Mount Zion.

Then Atheist fell into a very great laughter.

Chr. What is the meaning of your laughter?

ATHEIST. I laugh to see what ignorant persons you are, to take upon you so tedious a journey, and yet are like to have nothing but your travel for your pains.

CHR. Why, man; do you think we shall not be received?

ATH. Received! There is no such place as you dream of in all this world.

CHR. But there is in the world to come.

ATH. When I was at home in mine own country, I heard as you now affirm, and from that hearing went out to see, and have been seeking this city these twenty years, but find no more of it than I did the first day I set out (Jer. xvii. 15; Eccles. x. 15).

CHR. We have both heard and believe that there is such a place to be found.

ATH. Had not I, when at home, believed, I had not come thus far to seek; but finding none (and yet I should, had there been such a place to be found, for I have gone to seek it farther than you), I am going back again, and will seek to refresh myself with the things that I then cast away for hopes of that which I now see is not.

CHR. Then said Christian to Hopeful, his fellow, "Is it true which this man hath said?"

HOPE. "Take heed, he is one of the flatterers; remember what it hath cost us once already for our hearkening to such kind of fellows. What! no Mount Zion! Did we not see from the Delectable Mountains the gate of the city? Also, are we not now to walk by faith? Let us go on," said Hopeful, "lest the man with the whip overtake us again. You should have taught me that lesson, which I will round you in the ears withal: 'Cease, my son, to hear the instruction that causeth to err from the words of knowledge.' I say, my brother, cease to hear him, and let us believe to the saving of the soul" (Prov. xix. 27; Heb. x. 39).

CHR. My brother, I did not put the question to thee for that I doubted of the truth of our belief myself; but to prove thee, and to fetch from thee a fruit of the honesty of thy heart. As for this man, I know that he is blinded by the god of this world: let thee and I go on, knowing that

we have belief of the truth, and no lie is of the truth (1 John ii. 21).

Hope. Now do I rejoice in hope of the glory of God.

So they turned away from the man; and he, laughing at them, went his way.

I saw then in my dream, that they went till they came into a certain country, whose air naturally tended to make one drowsy, if he came a stranger into it. And here Hopeful began to be very dull and heavy of sleep; wherefore he said unto Christian, "I do now begin to grow so drowsy, that I can scarcely hold up mine eyes; let us lie down here and take one nap."

CHR. "By no means," said the other, "lest sleeping, we never awake more."

HOPE. Why, my brother, sleep is sweet to the labouring man; we may be refreshed if we take a nap.

CHR. Do you not remember that one of the shepherds bid us beware of the enchanted ground? He meant by that, that we should beware of sleeping; wherefore let us not sleep as do others, but let us watch and be sober (1 Thess. v. 6).

HOPE. I acknowledge myself in a fault; and had I been here alone, I had, by sleeping, run the danger of death. I see it is true that the Wise Man saith, "Two are better than one" (Eccles. iv. 9). Hitherto hath thy company been my mercy; and thou shalt have a good reward for thy labour.

CHR. "Now," then said Christian, "to prevent drowsiness in this place, let us fall into good discourse."

HOPE. "With all my heart," said the other.

CHR. Where shall we begin?

HOPE. Where God began with us. But do you begin, if you please.

CHR. I will sing you first this song:

> "When saints do sleepy grow, let them come hither,
> And hear how these two pilgrims talk together:
> Yea, let them learn of them, in any wise,
> Thus to keep ope their drowsy slumbering eyes.
> Saints' fellowship, if it be managed well,
> Keeps them awake, and that in spite of hell."

CHR. Then Christian began, and said, "I will ask you a question. How came you to think at first of so doing as you do now?"

HOPE. Do you mean, how came I at first to look after the good of my soul?

CHR. Yes, that is my meaning.

HOPE. I continued a great while in the delight of those things which were seen and sold at our fair; things which, as I believe now, would have (had I continued in them still) drowned me in perdition and destruction.

Chr. What things were they?

Hope. All the treasures and riches of the world. Also I delighted much in rioting, revelling, drinking, swearing, lying, uncleanness, Sabbath-breaking, and what not, that tended to destroy the soul. But I found at last, by hearing and considering of things that are divine, which indeed I heard of you, as also of beloved Faithful, that was put to death for his faith and good-living in Vanity Fair, that the end of these things is death, and that for these things' sake the wrath of God cometh upon the children of disobedience (Rom. vi. 21–23; Eph. v. 6).

Chr. And did you presently fall under the power of this conviction?

Hope. No; I was not willing presently to know the evil of sin, nor the damnation that follows upon the commission of it; but endeavoured, when my mind at first began to be shaken with the word, to shut mine eyes against the light thereof.

Chr. But what was the cause of your carrying of it thus to the first workings of God's blessed Spirit upon you?

Hope. The causes were,—1. I was ignorant that this was the work of God upon me. I never thought that, by awaken-

ings for sin, God at first begins the conversion of a sinner. 2. Sin was yet very sweet to my flesh, and I was loth to leave it. 3. I could not tell how to part with mine old companions, their presence and actions were so desirable unto me. 4. The hours in which convictions were upon me were such troublesome and such heart-affrighting hours, that I could not bear, no not so much as the remembrance of them upon my heart.

CHR. Then, as it seems, sometimes you got rid of your trouble.

HOPE. Yes, verily; but it would come into my mind again, and then I should be as bad, nay worse, than I was before.

CHR. Why, what was it that brought your sins to mind again?

HOPE. Many things, as,—

1 If I did but meet a good man in the streets; or,

2. If I have heard any read in the Bible; or,

3. If mine head did begin to ache; or,

4. If I were told that some of my neighbours were sick; or,

5. If I heard the bell toll for some that were dead; or,

6. If I thought of dying myself; or,

7. If I heard that sudden death happened to others.

8. But especially, when I thought of myself, that I must quickly come to judgment.

CHR. And could you at any time with ease get off the guilt of sin, when by any of these ways it came upon you?

HOPE. No, not latterly; for then they got faster hold of my conscience. And then, if I did but think of going back to sin (though my mind was turned against it), it would be double torment to me.

CHR. And how did you do then?

HOPE. I thought I must endeavour to mend my life, for else, thought I, I am sure to be damned.

CHR. And did you endeavour to mend?

HOPE. Yes; and fled from, not only my sins, but sinful company too, and betook me to religious duties, as praying, reading, weeping for sin, speaking truth to my neighbours,

&c. These things I did, with many others, too much here to relate.

Chr. And did you think yourself well then?

Hope. Yes, for a while; but at the last my trouble came tumbling upon me again, and that over the neck of all my reformations.

Chr. How came that about, since you were now reformed?

HOPE. There were several things brought it upon me, especially such sayings as these: "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." "By the works of the Law no man shall be justified." "When you have done all things, say, We are unprofitable:"* with many more such like. From whence I began to reason with myself thus: If *all* my righteousnesses are filthy rags, if by the deeds of the Law *no* man can be justified, and if, when we have done *all*, we are yet unprofitable, then 'tis but a folly to think of heaven by the Law. I further thought thus: If a man runs an £100 into the shopkeeper's debt, and after that shall pay for all that he shall fetch, yet if his old debt stands still in the book uncrossed, for that the shopkeeper may sue him, and cast him into prison till he shall pay the debt.

CHR. Well, and how did you apply this to yourself?

HOPE. Why, I thought thus with myself: I have by my

* Isa. lxiv. 6; Gal. ii. 16; Luke xvii. 10.

sins run a great way into God's book, and that my now reforming will not pay off that score; therefore I should think still, under all my present amendments, But how shall I be freed from that damnation that I have brought myself in danger of by my former transgressions?

CHR. A very good application; but pray go on.

HOPE. Another thing that hath troubled me, even since my late amendments, is, that if I look narrowly into the best of what I do now, I still see sin, new sin, mixing itself with the best of that I do. So that now I am forced to conclude, that notwithstanding my former fond conceits of myself and duties, I have committed sin enough in one duty to send me to hell, though my former life had been faultless.

CHR. And what did you do then?

HOPE. Do! I could not tell what to do, till I brake my mind to Faithful; for he and I were well acquainted: and he told me, "That unless I could obtain the righteousness of a man that never had sinned, neither mine own nor all the righteousness of the world could save me."

CHR. And did you think he spake true?

HOPE. Had he told me so when I was pleased and satisfied with mine own amendments, I had called him fool for his pains; but now, since I see my own infirmity, and the sin that cleaves to my best performance, I have been forced to be of his opinion.

CHR. But did you think, when at first he suggested it to you, that there was such a man to be found, of whom it might justly be said, That he never committed sin?

HOPE. I must confess the words at first sounded strangely; but after a little more talk and company with him, I had full conviction about it.

CHR. And did you ask him what man this was, and how you must be justified by him?

HOPE. Yes; and he told me it was the Lord Jesus, that dwelleth on the right hand of the Most High.* "And thus," said he, "you must be justified by Him, even by trusting to

* Heb. x.; Rom. iv.; Col. i.; 1 Pet. i.

what He hath done by Himself in the days of His flesh, and suffered when He did hang on the tree." I asked him further, "How that man's righteousness could be of that efficacy, to justify another before God?" And he told me, "He was the mighty God, and did what He did, and died the death also, not for Himself, but for me; to whom His doings, and the worthiness of them, should be imputed, if I believed on Him."

CHR. And what did you do then?

HOPE. I made my objections against my believing, for that I thought He was not willing to save me.

CHR. And what said Faithful to you then?

HOPE. He bid me go to Him and see. Then I said, "It was presumption;" but he said, "No; for I was invited to come" (Matt. xi. 28). Then he gave me a book of Jesus His inditing, to encourage me the more freely to come; and he said concerning that book, That every jot and tittle thereof stood firmer than heaven and earth (Matt. xxiv. 35). Then I asked him, "What I must do when I came?" and he told me, I must entreat upon my knees, with all my heart and soul, the Father to reveal Him to me.* Then I asked him further, "How I must make my supplication to Him?" and he said, "Go, and thou shalt find Him upon a mercy-seat, where He sits all the year long to give pardon and forgiveness to them that come."† I told him I knew not what to say when I came; and he bid me say to this effect, "God be merciful to me a sinner, and make me to know and believe in Jesus Christ; for I see that if His righteousness had not been, or I have not faith in that righteousness, I am utterly cast away. Lord, I have heard that Thou art a merciful God, and hast ordained that Thy Son Jesus Christ should be the saviour of the world; and moreover, that Thou art willing to bestow Him upon such a poor sinner as I am (and I am a sinner indeed); Lord, take therefore this opportunity, and magnify Thy grace in the salvation of my soul, through Thy Son Jesus Christ. Amen."

* Ps. xcv. 6; Dan. vi. 10; Jer. xxix. 12, 13.

† Exod. xxv. 22; Lev. xvi. 2; Numb. vii. 89; Heb. iv. 16.

Chr. And did you do as you were bidden?

Hope. Yes; over, and over, and over.

Chr. And did the Father reveal His Son to you?

Hope. Not at the first, nor second, nor third, nor fourth, nor fifth, no, nor at the sixth time neither.

Chr. What did you do then?

Hope. What! why, I could not tell what to do.

Chr. Had you not thoughts of leaving off praying?

Hope. Yes, a hundred times twice told.

Chr. And what was the reason you did not?

Hope. I believed that that was true which had been told me, to wit, that, without the righteousness of this Christ, all the world could not save me; and therefore thought I with

myself, if I leave off I die, and I can but die at the throne of grace. And withal, this came into my mind, "If it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come, and will not tarry" (Hab. ii. 3); so I continued praying until the Father shewed me His Son.

CHR. And how was He revealed unto you?

HOPE. I did not see Him with my bodily eyes, but with the eyes of mine understanding (Eph. i. 18, 19); and thus it was: One day I was very sad, I think sadder than at any one time in my life, and this sadness was through a fresh sight of the greatness and vileness of my sins; and as I was then looking for nothing but hell, and the everlasting damnation of my soul, suddenly as I thought, I saw the Lord Jesus look down from heaven upon me, and saying, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 30, 31).

But I replied, "Lord, I am a great, a very great sinner;" and He answered, "My grace is sufficient for thee" (2 Cor. xii. 9). Then I said, "But, Lord, what is believing?" and then I saw from that saying, "He that cometh to Me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst" (John vi. 35), that believing and coming was all one, and that he that came, that is, ran out in his heart and affections after salvation by Christ, he indeed believed in Christ. Then the water stood in mine eyes, and I asked further, "But, Lord, may such a great sinner as I am be indeed accepted of Thee, and be saved by Thee?" and I heard Him say, "And him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37). Then I said, "But, how Lord, must I consider of Thee in my coming to Thee, that my faith may be placed aright upon Thee?" Then He said, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. He is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believes; He died for our sins, and rose again for our justification; He loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood; He is mediator between God and us; He ever liveth to make intercession for us." * From all which I gathered, that I must look for righteousness in His

* 1 Tim. i. 15; Rom. x. 4; iv.; Heb. vii. 24, 25.

person, and for satisfaction for my sins by His blood; that what He did in obedience to His Father's law, and in submitting to the penalty thereof, was not for Himself, but for him that will accept it for his salvation, and be thankful. And now was my heart full of joy, mine eyes full of tears, and mine affections running over with love to the name, people, and ways of Jesus Christ.

CHR. This was a revelation of Christ to your soul indeed; but tell me particularly what effect this had upon your spirit.

HOPE. It made me see that all the world, notwithstanding all the righteousness thereof, is in a state of condemnation. It made me see that God the Father, though He be just, can justly justify the coming sinner. It made me greatly ashamed of the vileness of my former life, and confounded me with the sense of mine own ignorance; for there never came thought into mine heart before now that shewed me so the beauty of Jesus Christ. It made me love a holy life, and long to do something for the honour and glory of the name of the Lord Jesus. Yea, I thought, that had I now a thousand gallons of blood in my body, I could spill it all for the sake of the Lord Jesus.

I saw, then, in my dream, that Hopeful looked back and saw Ignorance, whom they had left behind, coming after. "Look," said he to Christian, "how far yonder youngster loitereth behind."

CHR. Ay, ay, I see him; he careth not for our company.

HOPE. But I trow it would not have hurt him had he kept pace with us hitherto.

CHR. That's true; but I warrant you he thinketh otherwise.

HOPE. "That I think he doth; but, however, let us tarry for him." So they did.

CHR. Then Christian said to him, "Come away, man; why do you stay so behind?"

IGN. I take my pleasure in walking alone, even more a great deal than in company, unless I like it the better.

CHR. Then said Christian to Hopeful (but softly), "Did I not tell you he cared not for our company? but, however," said he, "come up, and let us talk away the time in this solitary place." Then directing his speech to Ignorance, he said, "Come, how do you? how stands it between God and your soul now?"

IGN. I hope well, for I am always full of good motions, that come into my mind to comfort me as I walk.

CHR. What good motions? Pray tell us.

IGN. Why, I think of God and heaven.

CHR. So do the devils and damned souls.

IGN. But I think of them and desire them.

CHR. So do many that are never like to come there; the soul of the sluggard desires, and hath nothing (Prov. xiii. 4).

IGN. But I think of them, and leave all for them.

CHR. That I doubt, for leaving of all is a hard matter; yea, a harder matter than many are aware of. But why, or by what, art thou persuaded that thou hast left all for God and heaven?

IGN. My heart tells me so.

CHR. The Wise Man says, "He that trusts his own heart is a fool" (Prov. xxviii. 26).

IGN. This is spoken of an evil heart, but mine is a good one.

CHR. But how dost thou prove that?

IGN. It comforts me in the hopes of heaven.

CHR. That may be through its deceitfulness; for a man's heart may minister comfort to him in the hopes of that thing for which he yet has no ground to hope.

Ign. But my heart and life agree together, and therefore my hope is well grounded.

Chr. Who told thee that thy heart and life agree together?

Ign. My heart tells me so.

Chr. "Ask my fellow if I be a thief." Thy heart tells thee so! Except the word of God beareth witness in this matter, other testimony is of no value.

Ign. But is it not a good heart that has good thoughts? and is not that a good life that is according to God's commandments?

Chr. Yes, that is a good heart that hath good thoughts, and that is a good life that is according to God's commandments; but it is one thing indeed to have these, and another thing only to think so.

IGN. Pray what count you good thoughts, and a life according to God's commandments?

CHR. There are good thoughts of divers kinds; some respecting ourselves, some God, some Christ, and some other things.

IGN. What be good thoughts respecting ourselves?

CHR. Such as agree with the word of God.

IGN. When do our thoughts of ourselves agree with the word of God?

CHR. When we pass the same judgment upon ourselves which the word passes. To explain myself: the word of God saith of persons in a natural condition, "There is none righteous, there is none that doth good." It saith also, "That every imagination of the heart of man is only evil, and that continually" (Rom. iii.; Gen. vi. 5). And again, "The imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth." Now, then, when we think thus of ourselves, having sense thereof, then are our thoughts good ones, because according to the word of God.

IGN. I will never believe that my heart is thus bad.

CHR. Therefore thou never hadst one good thought concerning thyself in thy life. But let me go on. As the word passeth a judgment upon our heart, so it passeth a judgment upon our ways; and when our thoughts of our hearts and ways agree with the judgment which the word giveth of both, then are both good, because agreeing thereto.

IGN. Make out your meaning.

CHR. Why, the word of God saith, that man's ways are crooked ways; not good, but perverse. It saith, they are naturally out of the good way, that they have not known it.* Now, when a man thus thinketh of his ways—I say, when he doth sensibly and with heart-humiliation thus think, then hath he good thoughts of his own ways, because his thoughts now agree with the judgment of the word of God.

IGN. What are good thoughts concerning God?

CHR. Even (as I have said concerning ourselves) when our

* Ps. cxxv. 5; Prov. ii. 15; Rom. iii.

thoughts of God do agree with what the word saith of Him; and that is, when we think of His being and attributes as the word hath taught, of which I cannot now discourse at large. But to speak of Him with reference to us: then we have right thoughts of God when we think that He knows us better than we know ourselves, and can see sin in us when and where we can see none in ourselves; when we think He knows our inmost thoughts, and that our heart with all its depths is always open unto His eyes; also, when we think that all our righteousness stinks in his nostrils, and that

therefore He cannot abide to see us stand before Him in any confidence even of all our best performances.

IGN. Do you think that I am such a fool as to think God can see no further than I? or that I would come to God in the best of my performances?

CHR. Why, how dost thou think in this matter?

IGN. Why, to be short, I think I must believe in Christ for justification.

CHR. How! think thou must believe in Christ, when thou seest not thy need of Him! Thou neither seest thy original nor actual infirmities, but hast such an opinion of thyself, and of what thou doest, as plainly renders thee to be one that did never see a necessity of Christ's personal righteousness to justify thee before God. How, then, dost thou say, "I believe in Christ?"

IGN. I believe well enough, for all that.

CHR. How dost thou believe?

IGN. I believe that Christ died for sinners, and that I shall be justified before God from the curse, through His gracious acceptance of my obedience to His law; or thus, Christ makes my duties that are religious acceptable to His Father by virtue of His merits, and so shall I be justified.

CHR. Let me give an answer to this confession of thy faith:

1. Thou believest with a fantastical faith, for this faith is nowhere described in the word.

2. Thou believest with a false faith, because it taketh justification from the personal righteousness of Christ, and applies it to thy own.

3. This faith maketh not Christ a justifier of thy person, but of thy actions; and of thy person for thy actions' sake, which is false.

4. Therefore this faith is deceitful, even such as will leave thee under wrath in the day of God Almighty; for true justifying faith puts the soul (as sensible of its lost condition by the Law,) upon flying for refuge unto Christ's righteousness (which righteousness of His is not an act of grace by which He maketh for justification thy obedience accepted with God,

but His personal obedience to the Law in doing and suffering for us what that required at our hands). This righteousness,

I say, true faith accepteth, under the skirt of which, the soul being shrouded, and by it presented as spotless before God, it is accepted, and acquit from condemnation.

IGN. What! would you have us trust to what Christ in His own person has done without us! This conceit would loosen the reins of our lust, and tolerate us to live as we list; for what matter how we live, if we may be justified by Christ's personal righteousness from all, when we believe it?

CHR. Ignorance is thy name, and as thy name is, so art thou; even this thy answer demonstrateth what I say. Ignorant thou art of what justifying righteousness is, and as ignorant how to secure thy soul, through the faith of it, from the heavy wrath of God. Yea, thou also art ignorant of the true effects of saving faith in this righteousness of Christ, which is, to bow and win over the heart to God in Christ, to love His name, His word, ways, and people; and not as thou ignorantly imaginest.

HOPE. Ask him if ever he had Christ revealed to him from heaven?

IGN. What! you are a man for revelations! I do believe that what both you and all the rest of you say about that matter is but the fruit of distracted brains.

HOPE. Why, man, Christ is so hid in God from the natural apprehensions of the flesh, that He cannot by any man be savingly known, unless God the Father reveals Him to them.

IGN. That is your faith, but not mine; yet mine, I doubt not, is as good as yours, though I have not in my head so many whimsies as you.

CHR. Give me leave to put in a word. You ought not so slightly to speak of this matter; for this I will boldly affirm (even as my good companion hath done), that no man can know Jesus Christ but by the revelation of the Father; yea, and faith too, by which the soul layeth hold upon Christ (if it be right), must be wrought by the exceeding greatness of His mighty power;* the working of which faith, I perceive,

* Matt. xi. 27; 1 Cor. xii. 3; Eph. i. 18, 19.

poor Ignorance, thou art ignorant of. Be awakened, then see thine own wretchedness, and fly to the Lord Jesus; and by His righteousness, which is the righteousness of God (for He himself is God), thou shalt be delivered from condemnation.

Ign. You go so fast, I cannot keep pace with you. Do you go on before; I must stay awhile behind.

Then they said:

"Well, Ignorance, wilt thou yet foolish be,
To slight good counsel ten times given thee?

And if thou yet refuse it, thou shalt know
Ere long the evil of thy doing so.
Remember, man, in time; stoop, do not fear;
Good counsel taken well, saves; therefore hear.
But if thou yet shalt slight it, thou wilt be
The loser, Ignorance, I'll warrant thee."

Then Christian addressed thus himself to his fellow:

CHR. Well, come, my good Hopeful; I perceive that thou and I must walk by ourselves again.

So I saw in my dream that they went on a pace before, and Ignorance he came hobbling after. Then said Christian to his companion, "It pities me much for this poor man; it will certainly go ill with him at last."

HOPE. Alas, there are abundance in our town in his condition; whole families, yea, whole streets (and that of pilgrims too); and if there be so many in our parts, how many, think you, must there be in the place where he was born?

CHR. Indeed the Word saith, "He hath blinded their eyes, lest they should see," &c. But now we are by ourselves, what do you think of such men? Have they at no time, think you, convictions of sin, and so, consequently, fears that their state is dangerous?

HOPE. Nay, do you answer that question yourself, for you are the elder man.

CHR. Then I say sometimes (as I think) they may; but they, being naturally ignorant, understand not that such convictions tend to their good; and therefore they do desperately seek to stifle them, and presumptuously continue to flatter themselves in the way of their own hearts.

HOPE. I do believe as you say, that fear tends much to men's good, and to make them right, at their beginning, to go on pilgrimage.

CHR. Without all doubt it doth, if it be right; for so says the Word, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." *

* Job xxviii. 28; Ps. cxi. 10; Prov. i. 7; ix. 10.

HOPE. How will you describe right fear?

CHR. True, or right fear, is discovered by three things.

1. By its rise. It is caused by saving convictions for sin.

2. It driveth the soul to lay fast hold of Christ for salvation.

3. It begetteth and continueth in the soul a great reverence of God, His Word, and ways, keeping it tender, and making it afraid to turn from them, to the right hand or to the left, to any thing that may dishonour God, break its peace, grieve the Spirit, or cause the enemy to speak reproachfully.

HOPE. Well said; I believe you have said the truth. Are we now almost got past the enchanted ground?

CHR. Why, are you weary of this discourse?

HOPE. No, verily; but that I would know where we are.

CHR. We have not now above two miles farther to go thereon. But let us return to our matter. Now the ignorant know not that such convictions that tend to put them in fear are for their good, and therefore they seek to stifle them.

HOPE. How do they seek to stifle them?

CHR. 1. They think that those fears are wrought by the devil (though indeed they are wrought of God); and thinking so, they resist them, as things that directly tend to their overthrow. 2. They also think that these fears tend to the spoiling of their faith (when, alas for them, poor men that they are, they have none at all), and therefore they harden their hearts against them. 3. They presume they ought not to fear, and therefore, in despite of them, wax presumptuously confident. 4. They see that these fears tend to take away from them their pitiful self-holiness, and therefore they resist them with all their might.

HOPE. I know something of this myself; for before I knew myself it was so with me.

CHR. Well, we will leave at this time our neighbour Ignorance by himself, and fall upon another profitable question.

HOPE. With all my heart; but you shall still begin.

CHR. Well, then, did you not know, about ten years ago, one Temporary in your parts, who was a forward man in religion then?

HOPE. Know him! Yes; he dwelt in Graceless, a town about two miles off of Honesty, and he dwelt next door to one Turnback.

CHR. Right; he dwelt under the same roof with him. Well, that man was much awakened once. I believe that then he had some sight of his sins, and of the wages that was due thereto.

HOPE. I am of your mind; for (my house not being above three miles from him) he would ofttimes come to me, and that with many tears. Truly, I pitied the man, and was not altogether without hope of him; but one may see it is not every one that cries "Lord, Lord."

CHR. He told me once, that he was resolved to go on pilgrimage, as we do now; but all of a sudden he grew acquainted with one Save-self, and then he became a stranger to me.

HOPE. Now, since we are talking about him, let us a little inquire into the reason of the sudden backsliding of him and such others.

CHR. It may be very profitable; but do you begin.

HOPE. Well, then, there are in my judgment four reasons for it:

1stly. Though the consciences of such men are awakened, yet their minds are not changed; therefore, when the power of guilt weareth away, that which provoked them to be religious ceaseth. Wherefore, they naturally turn to their own course again; even as we see the dog that is sick of what he hath eaten, so long as his sickness prevails, he vomits and casts up all; not that he doth this of a free mind (if we may say a dog has a mind), but because it troubleth his stomach; but now, when his sickness is over, and so his stomach eased, his desires being not at all alienate from his vomit, he turns him about and licks up all. And so it is true which is written, "The dog is turned to his own vomit again" (2 Pet. ii. 22). This, I say, being hot for heaven, by virtue only of the sense and fear of the torments of hell, as their sense of hell and the fear of damnation chills and cools, so their desires for heaven and salvation cool also. So then it comes to pass, that when their guilt and fear is gone, their desires for heaven and happiness die, and they return to their course again.

2dly. Another reason is, they have slavish fears that do overmaster them. I speak now of the fears that they have of men: "For the fear of men bringeth a snare" (Prov. xxix. 25). So then, though they seem to be hot for heaven, so long as the flames of hell are about their ears, yet when that terror is a little over, they betake themselves to second thoughts; namely, that 'tis good to be wise, and not to run (for they know not what) the hazard of losing all, or at least of bringing themselves into unavoidable and unnecessary troubles; and so they fall in with the world again.

3dly. The shame that attends religion lies also as a block in their way. They are proud and haughty, and religion in their eye is low and contemptible; therefore, when they have lost their sense of hell and wrath to come, they return again to their former course.

4thly. Guilt, and to meditate terror, are grievous to them; they like not to see their misery before they come into it. Though perhaps the sight of it first, if they loved that sight, might make them fly whither the righteous fly and are safe; but because they do, as I hinted before, even shun the thoughts of guilt and terror; therefore, when once they are rid of their awakenings about the terrors and wrath of God, they harden their hearts gladly, and choose such ways as will harden them more and more.

Chr. You are pretty near the business; for the bottom of all is, for want of a change in their mind and will. And therefore they are but like the felon that standeth before the judge: he quakes and trembles, and seems to repent most heartily; but the bottom of all is, the fear of the halter, not of any detestation of the offence; as is evident, because, let but this man have his liberty, and he will be a thief, and so a rogue still; whereas, if his mind was changed he would be otherwise.

Hope. Now I have shewed you the reasons of their going back, do you shew me the manner thereof,

Chr. So I will willingly.

1. They draw off their thoughts all that they may from the remembrance of God, death, and judgment to come.

2. Then they cast off by degrees private duties, as closet prayer, curbing their lusts, watching, sorrow for sin, and the like.

3. Then they shun the company of lively and warm Christians.

4. After that they grow cold to public duty, as hearing, reading, godly conference, and the like.

5. Then they begin to pick holes, as we say, in the coats of some of the godly, and that devilishly, that they may have a seeming colour to throw religion (for the sake of some infirmity they have spied in them) behind their backs.

6. Then they begin to adhere to, and associate themselves with, carnal, loose, and wanton men.

7. Then they give way to carnal and wanton discourses in secret; and glad are they if they can see such things in any

that are counted honest, that they may the more boldly do it through their example.

8. After this they begin to play with little sins openly.

9. And then, being hardened, they shew themselves as they are. Thus, being launched again into the gulf of misery, unless a miracle of grace prevent it, they everlastingly perish in their own deceivings.

Now I saw in my dream, that, by this time, the pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground, and entering in the country of Beulah (Isa. lxii. 4), whose air was very sweet

and pleasant; the way lying directly through it, they solaced themselves there for a season. Yea, here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land (Cant. ii. 10–12). In this country the sun shineth night and day; wherefore this was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair, neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the city they were going to, also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land the shining ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of heaven. In this land also the contract between the bride and the bridegroom was renewed; yea, here, "as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so did their God rejoice over them." Here they had no want of corn and wine, for in this place they met with abundance of what they had sought for in all their pilgrimage. Here they heard voices from out of the city, loud voices, saying, "Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy salvation cometh; behold, his reward is with him." Here all the inhabitants of the country called them "The holy people, the redeemed of the Lord," "Sought out," &c. (Cant. ii. 10–12; Isa. lxii. 4–12.)

Now, as they walked in this land, they had more rejoicing than in parts more remote from the kingdom to which they were bound; and drawing near to the city, they had yet a more perfect view thereof. It was builded of pearls and precious stones, also the street thereof was paved with gold; so that, by reason of the natural glory of the city, and the reflection of the sunbeams upon it, Christian, with desire, fell sick; Hopeful also had a fit or two of the same disease; wherefore, here they lay by it a while, crying out, because of their pangs, "If you see my beloved, tell him that I am sick of love."

But being a little strengthened, and better able to bear their sickness, they walked on their way, and came yet nearer and nearer, where were orchards, vineyards, and gardens, and their gates opened into the highway. Now, as they came up to these places, behold the gardener stood in the way, to whom

the pilgrims said, "Whose goodly vineyards and gardens are these?" He answered, "They are the King's, and are planted here for His own delights, and also for the solace of pilgrims;" so the gardener had them into the vineyards, and bid them refresh themselves with dainties (Deut. xxiii. 24). He also shewed them there the King's walks, and the arbours where He delighted to be; and here they tarried and slept.

Now I beheld in my dream that they talked more in their sleep at this time than ever they did in all their journey; and being in a muse thereabout, the gardener said even to me, "Wherefore musest thou at the matter? It is the nature of the fruit of the grapes of these vineyards to go down so sweetly as to cause the lips of them that are asleep to speak."

So I saw that when they awoke they addressed themselves

to go up to the city; but, as I said, the reflections of the sun upon the city (for the city was pure gold *) was so extremely glorious, that they could not, as yet, with open face behold it, but through an instrument made for that purpose. So I saw that, as they went on, there met them two men in raiment that shone like gold, also their faces shone as the light.

These men asked the pilgrims whence they came, and they told them; they also asked them where they had lodged, what difficulties and dangers, what comforts and pleasures they had met in the way, and they told them. Then said the men that met them, "You have but two difficulties more to meet with, and then you are in the city."

Christian then, and his companion, asked the men to go along with them, so they told them they would; "But," said they, "you must obtain it by your own faith." So I saw in my dream that they went on together till they came in sight of the gate.

Now I further saw that betwixt them and the gate was a river, but there was no bridge to go over; the river was very deep. At the sight, therefore, of this river, the pilgrims were much stounded; but the men that went with them said, "You must go through, or you cannot come at the gate."

The pilgrims then began to inquire if there was no other way to the gate; to which they answered, Elijah, but there hath not any, save two, to wit, Enoch and "Yes; been permitted to tread that path since the foundation of the world, nor shall until the last trumpet shall sound" (1 Cor. xv. 51, 52). The pilgrims then, especially Christian, began to despond in his mind, and looked this way and that, but no way could be found by them by which they might escape the river. Then they asked the men if the waters were all of a depth? They said, "No;" yet they could not help them in that case, for, said they, "you shall find it deeper or shallower as you believe in the King of the place."

They then addressed themselves to the water; and entering, Christian began to sink, and crying out to his good friend

* Rev. xxi. 18; 2 Cor. iii. 18.

Hopeful, he said, "I sink in deep waters, the billows go over my head; all his waves go over me. Selah."

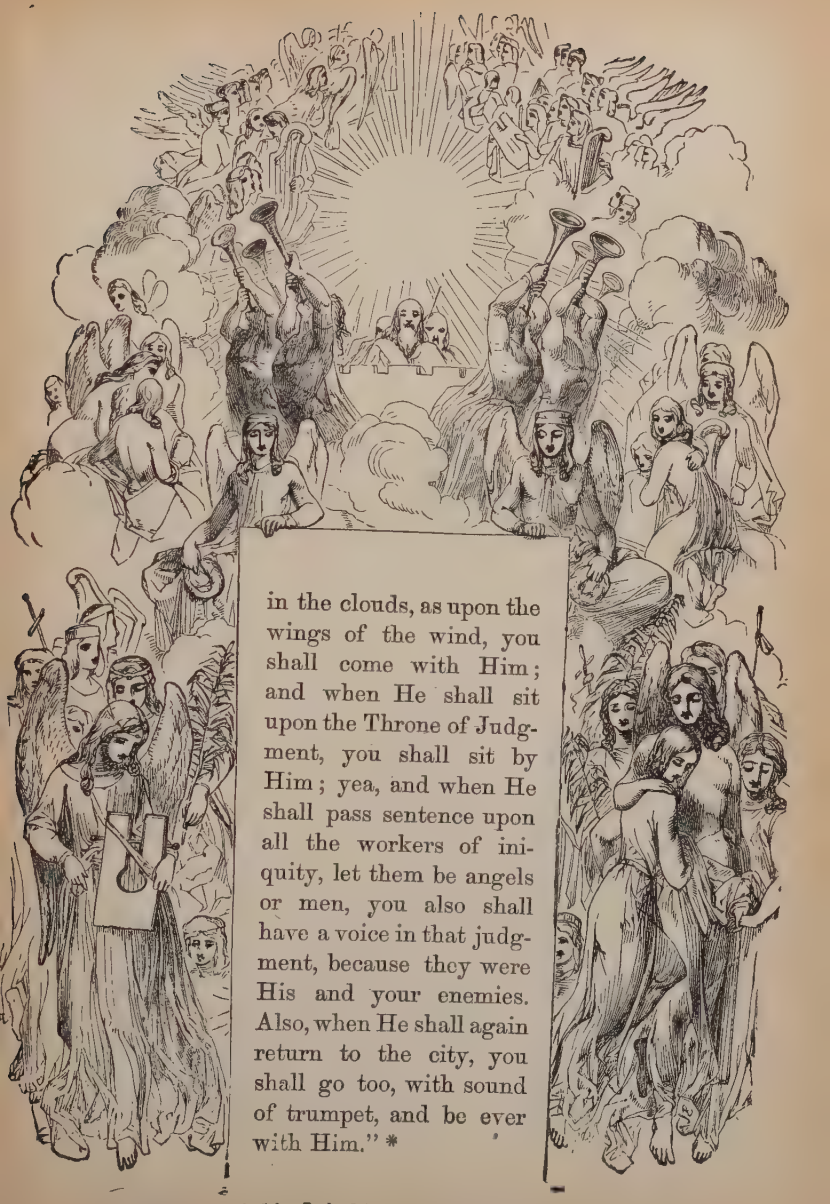
Then said the other, "Be of good cheer, my brother; I feel the bottom, and it is good." Then said Christian, "Ah! my friend, the sorrows of death have compassed me about; I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey;" and with that a great darkness and horror fell upon Christian, so that he could not see before him; also here he, in great measure, lost his senses, so that he could neither remember nor orderly talk of any of those sweet refreshments that he had met with in the way of his pilgrimage. But all the words that he spake still tended to discover that he had horror of mind, and hearty fears that he should die in that river, and never obtain entrance in at the gate; here also, as they that stood by perceived, he was much in the troublesome thoughts of the sins that he had committed, both since and before he began to be a pilgrim. 'Twas also observed that he was troubled with apparitions of hobgoblins and evil spirits, for ever and anon he would intimate so much by words. Hope-

ful, therefore, here had much ado to keep his brother's head above water; yea, sometimes he would be quite gone down, and then ere a while he would rise up again half dead. Hopeful also would endeavour to comfort him, saying, "Brother, I see the gate, and men standing by it to receive us;" but Christian would answer, "'Tis you, 'tis you they wait for; you have been Hopeful ever since I knew you." "And so have you," said he to Christian. "Ah! brother," said he, "surely, if I was right, He would now arise to help me; but, for my sins, He hath brought me into the snare, and hath left me." Then said Hopeful, "My brother, you have quite forgot the text where it's said of the wicked, 'There is no band in their death, but their strength is firm; they are not troubled as other men, neither are they plagued like other men' (Ps. lxxiii. 4, 5). These troubles and distresses that you go through in these waters are no sign that God hath forsaken you, but are sent to try you, whether you will call to mind that which heretofore you have received of His goodness, and live upon Him in your distresses."

Then I saw in my dream that Christian was as in a muse awhile, to whom also Hopeful added this word, "Be of good cheer, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole;" and with that Christian brake out with a loud voice, "Oh, I see Him again! and He tells me, 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee'" (Isa. xliii. 2). Then they both took courage, and the enemy was after that as still as a stone, until they were gone over. Christian therefore presently found ground to stand upon, and so it followed that the rest of the river was but shallow. Thus they got over. Now upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them; wherefore, being come up out of the river, they saluted them, saying, "We are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for those that shall be heirs of salvation." Thus they went along towards the gate. Now you must note that the city stood upon a mighty hill; but the pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms; also they had left

their mortal garments behind them in the river; for though they went in with them, they came out without them. They therefore went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the city was framed was higher than the clouds. They therefore went up through the regions of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted, because they safely got over the river, and had such glorious companions to attend them.

The talk they had with the shining ones was about the glory of the place, who told them that the beauty and glory of it was inexpressible. "There," said they, "is the Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect (Heb. xii. 22-24). You are going now," said they, "to the Paradise of God, wherein you shall see the tree of life, and eat of the never-fading fruits thereof; and when you come there you shall have white robes given you, and your walk and talk shall be every day with the King, even all the days of eternity (Rev. ii. 7; iii. 4; xxi. 1). There you shall not see again such things as you saw when you were in the lower region upon the earth, to wit, sorrow, sickness, affliction, and death, for the former things are passed away (Isa. lxv. 16). You are going now to Abraham, to Isaac, and Jacob, and to the prophets; men that God hath taken away from the evil to come, and that are now resting upon their beds, each one walking in his righteousness" (Isa. lvii. 1, 2). The men then asked, "What must we do in the holy place?" To whom it was answered, "You must there receive the comfort of all your toil, and have joy for all your sorrow; you must reap what you have sown, even the fruit of all your prayers and tears and sufferings for the King by the way (Gal. vi. 7). In that place you must wear crowns of gold, and enjoy the perpetual sight and visions of the Holy One, for there you shall see Him as He is (1 John iii. 2). There, also, you shall serve Him continually with praise, with shouting, and thanksgiving, whom you desired to serve in the world, though with much difficulty, because of the infirmity of your flesh. There your eyes shall be delighted with seeing, and your ears with hearing, the pleasant voice of the mighty One. There you shall enjoy your friends again, that are got thither before you; and there you shall with joy receive even every one that follows into the holy place after you. There, also, you shall be clothed with glory and majesty, and put into an equipage fit to ride out with the King of Glory. When He shall come with sound of trumpet



in the clouds, as upon the wings of the wind, you shall come with Him; and when He shall sit upon the Throne of Judgment, you shall sit by Him; yea, and when He shall pass sentence upon all the workers of iniquity, let them be angels or men, you also shall have a voice in that judgment, because they were His and your enemies. Also, when He shall again return to the city, you shall go too, with sound of trumpet, and be ever with Him." *

* 1 Thess. iv. 13-16; Jude 14; Dan. vii. 9, 10; 1 Cor. vi. 2, 3

Now, while they were thus drawing towards the gate, behold a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them; to whom it was said, by the other two shining ones, "These are the men that have loved our Lord when they were in the world, and that have left all for His holy Name, and He hath sent us to fetch them, and we have brought them thus far on their desired journey, that they may go in and look their Redeemer in the face with joy." Then the heavenly host gave a great shout, saying, "Blessed are they that are called to the marriage-supper of the Lamb" (Rev. xix.).

There came out also at this time, to meet them, several of the King's trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiment, who, with melodious noises, and loud, made even the heavens to echo with their sound. These trumpeters saluted Christian and his fellow with ten thousand welcomes, from the world; and this they did with shouting and sound of trumpet.

This done, they compassed them round on every side: some went before, some behind, and some on the right hand, some on the left (as 'twere to guard them through the upper regions), continually sounding as they went, with melodious noise, in notes on high; so that the very sight was, to them that could behold it, as if heaven itself was come down to meet them. Thus, therefore, they walked on together; and as they walked, ever and anon these trumpeters, even, with joyful sound, would, by mixing their music with looks and gestures, still signify to Christian and his brother how welcome they were into their company, and with what gladness they came to meet them. And now were these two men, as 'twere, in heaven, before they came at it, being swallowed up with the sight of angels, and with hearing of their melodious notes. Here also they had the city itself in view; and they thought they heard all the bells therein to ring, to welcome them thereto; but, above all, the warm and joyful thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there, with such company, and that for ever and ever. Oh, by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed! And thus they came up to the gate.

Now, when they were come up to the gate, there was written over it, in letters of gold, "Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city" (Rev. xxii. 24).

Then I saw in my dream, that the shining men bid them call at the gate, the which when they did, some from above looked over the gate; to wit, Enoch, Moses, and Elijah, &c., to whom it was said, "These pilgrims are come from the city of Destruction, for the love that they bare to the King of this place." And then the pilgrims gave in unto them each man his certificate, which they had received in the beginning;

those, therefore, were carried in to the King, who, when He had read them, said, "Where are the men?" To whom it was answered, "They are standing without the gate." The King then commanded to open the gate, "That the righteous nation," said He, "that keepeth truth, may enter in" (Isa. xxvi. 2).

Now I saw in my dream, that these two men went in at the gate; and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured; and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There was also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave them to them; the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honour; then I heard in my dream, that all the bells in the city rang again for joy; and that it was said unto them, "Enter ye into the joy of your Lord." I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying, "Blessing, honour, glory, and power, be to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever" (Rev. v. 13, 14).

Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them; and behold, the city shone like the sun, the streets also were paved with gold, and in them walked many men, with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal.

There were also of them that had wings; and they answered one another without intermission, saying, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord." And after that they shut up the gates, which when I had seen, I wished myself among them.

Now, while I was gazing upon all these things, I turned my head to look back, and saw Ignorance come up to the river side: but he soon got over, and that without half that difficulty which the other two men met with. For it happened that there was then in that place one Vain-hope, a ferryman, that with his boat helped him over: so he, as the other I saw, did ascend the hill to come up to the gate; only he came alone, neither did any man meet him with the least encouragement. When he was come up to the gate, he looked up to the writing that was above; and then began to knock, supposing that entrance should have been quickly administered

to him; but he was asked by the men that looked over the top of the gate, "Whence came you? and what would you have?" He answered, "I have eat and drank in the presence of the King, and He has taught in our streets." Then they asked him for his certificate, that they might go in and shew it to the King. So he fumbled in his bosom for one, and found none. Then said they, "Have you none?" But the man answered never a word. So they told the King; but He would not come down to see him, but commanded the two shining ones that conducted Christian and Hopeful to the city, to go out, and take Ignorance, and bind him hand and foot, and have him away. Then they took him up, and carried him through the air to the door that I saw in the side of the hill, and put him in there. Then I saw that there was a way to hell, even from the gates of heaven, as well as from the City of Destruction. So I awoke, and behold it was a dream!

The Conclusion.

Now, reader, I have told my dream to thee ;
See if thou canst interpret it to me,
Or to thyself, or neighbour : but take heed
Of misinterpreting ; for that, instead
Of doing good, will but thyself abuse :
By misinterpreting evil ensues.

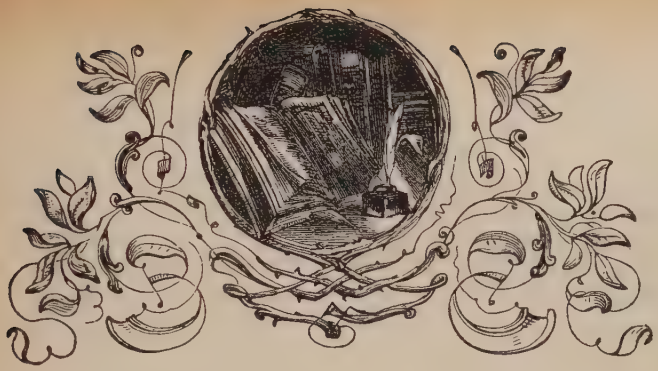
Take heed also that thou be not extreme
In playing with the outside of my dream ;
Nor let my figure, or similitude,
Put thee into a laughter or a feud.
Leave this for boys and fools ; but as for thee,
Do thou the substance of my matter see.

Put by the curtains, look within my veil ;
Turn up my metaphors, and do not fail
There, if thou seekest them, such things to find
As will be helpful to an honest mind.

What of my dross thou findest there, be bold
To throw away, but yet preserve the gold.
What if my gold be wrappèd up in ore ?
None throws away the apple for the core.
But if thou shalt cast all away as vain,
I know not but 'twill make me dream again.

The Pilgrim's Progress.

THE SECOND PART.



THE

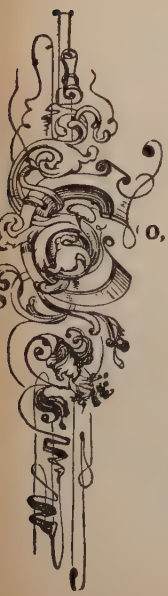
AUTHOR'S WAY OF SENDING FORTH

HIS

Second Part

OF

THE PILGRIM.



O, now, my little book, to every place
Where my first pilgrim has but shewn his face.
Call at their door; if any say, "Who's there?"
Then answer thou, "Christiana is here.
If they bid thee come in, then enter thou
With all thy boys. And then, as thou knowest how,
Tell who they are, also from whence they came:
Perhaps they'll know them by their looks, or name:
But if they should not, ask them yet again
If formerly they did not entertain
One Christian, a pilgrim. If they say
They did, and was delighted in his way,

Then let them know that those related were
Unto him; yea, his wife and children are.
Tell them that they have left their house and home,
Are turnèd pilgrims, seek a world to come;
That they have met with hardships in the way,
That they do meet with troubles night and day;
That they have trod on serpents, fought with devils,
Have also overcome a many evils.
Yea, tell them also of the next who have,
Of love to pilgrimage, been stout and brave
Defenders of that way, and how they still
Refuse this world to do their Father's will.
Go, tell them also of those dainty things
That pilgrimage unto the pilgrim brings.
Let them acquainted be, too, how they are
Belovèd of their King, under His care;
What goodly mansions for them He provides;
Though they meet with rough winds and swelling tides,
How brave a calm they will enjoy at last,
Who to their Lord and by His ways hold fast.
Perhaps with heart and hand they will embrace
Thee, as they did my firstling, and will grace
Thee and thy fellows with such cheer and fare,
As shew will they of pilgrims lovers are.

FIRST OBJECTION.

But how, if they will not believe of me
That I am truly thine? 'cause some there be
That counterfeit the pilgrim, and his name;
Seek by disguise to seem the very same;
And by that means have wrought themselves into
The hands and houses of I know not who.

ANSWER.

'Tis true, some have of late, to counterfeit
My pilgrim, to their own my title set;
Yea, others half my name and title too
Have stitchèd to their book, to make them do.
But yet they, by their features, do declare
Themselves not mine to be, whose'er they are.
If such thou meet'st with, then thine only way,
Before them all, is, to say out thy say
In thine own native language, which no man
Now useth, nor with ease dissemble can.
If, after all, they still of you shall doubt,
Thinking that you, like gipsies, go about,
In naughty-wise the country to defile,
Or that you seek good people to beguile
With things unwarrantable,—send for me,
And I will testify you pilgrims be;
Yea, I will testify that only you
My pilgrims are, and that alone will do.

SECOND OBJECTION.

But yet, perhaps, I may inquire for him
Of those that wish him damnèd life and limb.
What shall I do when I, at such a door,
For pilgrims ask, and they shall rage the more?

ANSWER.

Fright not thyself, my book, for such bugbears
Are nothing else but ground for groundless fears.
My pilgrim's book has travell'd sea and land,
Yet could I never come to understand

That it was slighted, or turn'd out of door
By any kingdom, were they rich or poor.
In France and Flanders, where men kill each other,
My pilgrim is esteem'd a friend, a brother.
In Holland too 'tis said, as I am told,
My pilgrim is with some worth more than gold.
Highlanders and wild Irish can agree,
My pilgrim should familiar with them be.
'Tis in New England under such advance,
Receives there so much loving countenance,
As to be trimm'd, new-clothed, and deck'd with gems,
That it may shew its features and its limbs;
Yet more, so comely doth my pilgrim walk,
That of him thousands daily sing and talk.
If you draw nearer home, it will appear
My pilgrim knows no ground of shame or fear.
City and country will him entertain
With "Welcome, pilgrim." Yea, they can't refrain
From smiling if my pilgrim be but by,
Or shews his head in any company.
Brave gallants do my pilgrim hug and love,
Esteem it much; yea, value it above
Things of a greater bulk; yea, with delight,
Say my lark's leg is better than a kite.
Young ladies, and young gentlewomen too,
Do no small kindness to my pilgrim shew;
Their cabinets, their bosoms, and their hearts
My pilgrim has, 'cause he to them imparts
His pretty riddles in such wholesome strains,
As yields them profit double to their pains
Of reading. Yea, I think I may be bold
To say, some prize him far above their gold.
The very children that do walk the street,
If they do but my holy pilgrim meet,

Salute him will, will wish him well, and say,
"He is the only stripling of the day."
They that have never seen him, yet admire
What they have heard of him, and much desire
To have his company, and hear him tell
Those pilgrim stories which he knows so well.
Yea, some who did not love him at the first,
But call'd him fool and noddy, say they must,
Now they have seen and heard him, him commend;
And to those whom they love they do him send.
Wherefore, my second part, thou need'st not be
Afraid to shew thy head; none can hurt thee
That wish but well to him that went before,
'Cause thou com'st after with a second store
Of things as good, as rich, as profitable
For young, for old, for staggering, and for stable.

THIRD OBJECTION.

But some there be that say he laughs too loud;
And some do say his head is in a cloud.
Some say, his words and stories are so dark,
They know not how, by them, to find his mark.

ANSWER.

One may, I think, say, "Both his laughs and cries
May well be guess'd at by his watery eyes."
Some things are of that nature as to make
One's fancy chuckle while his heart doth ache.
When Jacob saw his Rachel with the sheep,
He did at the same time both kiss and weep.
Whereas some say a cloud is in his head,
That doth but shew how wisdom's covered

With its own mantles; and to stir the mind
To a search after what it fain would find,
Things that seem to be hid in words obscure,
Do but the godly mind the more allure
To study what those sayings should contain,
That speak to us in such a cloudy strain.
I also know a dark similitude
Will on the fancy more itself intrude,
And will stick faster in the heart and head,
Than things from similes not borrowèd.
Wherefore, my book, let no discouragement
Hinder thy travels. Behold, thou art sent
To friends, not foes; to friends that will give place
To thee, thy pilgrims and thy words embrace.
Besides, what my first pilgrim left conceal'd,
Thou, my brave second pilgrim, hast reveal'd;
What Christian left lock'd up, and went his way,
Sweet Christiana opens with her key.

FOURTH OBJECTION.

But some love not the method of your first;
Romance they count it; throw 't away as dust.
If I should meet with such, what should I say?
Must I slight them as they slight me, or nay?

ANSWER.

My Christiana, if with such thou meet,
By all means in all loving wise them greet.
Render them not reviling for revile;
But if they frown, I prithee on them smile.
Perhaps 'tis nature, or some ill report,
Has made them thus despise, or thus retort.

Some love no cheese, some love no fish, and some
Love not their friends, nor their own house or home;
Some start at pig, slight chicken, love not fowl
More than they love a cuckoo or an owl.
Leave such, my Christiana, to their choice,
And seek those who, to find thee, will rejoice.
By no means strive, but, in all humble wise,
Present thee to them in thy pilgrim's guise.
Go, then, my little book, and shew to all
That entertain, and bid thee welcome shall,
What thou shalt keep close, shut up from the rest,
And wish what thou shalt shew them may be bless'd
To them for good; may make them choose to be
Pilgrims better by far than thee or me.
Go, then, I say, tell all men who thou art;
Say, "I am Christiana, and my part
Is now, with my four sons, to tell you what
It is for men to take a pilgrim's lot."
Go also tell them who and what they be
That now do go on pilgrimage with thee.
Say, "Here's my neighbour Mercy, she is one
That has long time with me a pilgrim gone;
Come, see her in her virgin face, and learn
'Twixt idle ones and pilgrims to discern.
Yea, let young damsels learn of her to prize
The world which is to come in any wise;
When little tripping maidens follow God,
And leave old doating sinners to His rod,
'Tis like those days wherein the young ones cried
Hosannah to whom old ones did deride."
Next tell them of old Honest, who you found,
With his white hairs, treading the pilgrim's ground;

Yea, tell them how plain-hearted this man was,
How after his good Lord he bare his cross.
Perhaps with some gray head this may prevail,
With Christ to fall in love, and sin bewail.
Tell them also how Master Fearing went
On pilgrimage, and how the time he spent
In solitariness, with fears and cries,
And how at last he won the joyful prize.
He was a good man, though much down in spirit;
He is a good man, and doth life inherit.
Tell them of Master Feeble-mind also,
Who, not before, but still behind would go;
Shew them also how he had like been slain,
And how one Great-heart did his life regain.
This man was true of heart, though weak in grace;
One might true godliness read in his face.
Then tell them of Master Ready-to-halt,
A man with crutches, but much without fault;
Tell them how Master Feeble-mind and he
Did love, and in opinions much agree.
And let all know, though weakness was their chance,
Yet sometimes one could sing, the other dance.
Forget not Master Valiant-for-the-truth,
That man of courage, though a very youth.
Tell every one his spirit was so stout,
No man could ever make him face about;
And how Great-heart and he could not forbear,
But put down Doubting Castle, slay Despair.
Overlook not Master Despondency,
Nor Much-afraid, his daughter, though they lie
Under such mantles as may make them look
(With some) as if their God had them forsook.
They softly went, but sure, and at the end
Found that the Lord of pilgrims was their friend.

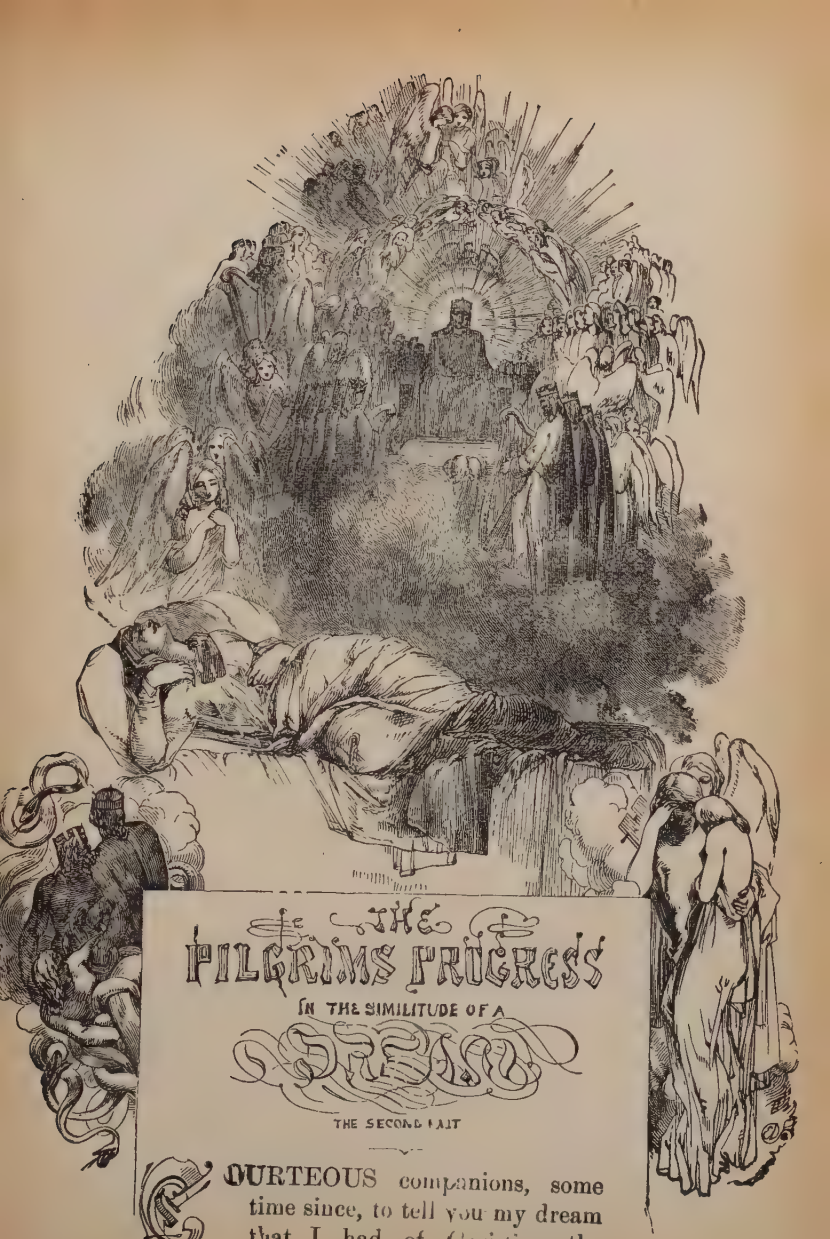
When thou hast told the world of all these things,
Then turn about, my book, and touch these strings;
Which, if but touch'd, will such music make,
They'll make a cripple dance, a giant quake.
These riddles that lie couch'd within thy breast,
Freely propound, expound; and for the rest
Of thy mysterious lines, let them remain
For those whose nimble fancies shall them gain.

Now may this little book a blessing be
To those that love this little book and me;
And may its buyer have no cause to say
His money is but lost or thrown away.
Yea, may this second pilgrim yield that fruit,
As may with each good pilgrim's fancy suit;
And may it persuade some that go astray,
To turn their foot and heart to the right way —

Is the hearty prayer of

The Author,

John Bunyan.



THE PILGRIMS PROGRESS

IN THE SIMILITUDE OF A

DREAM

THE SECOND PART

COURTEOUS companions, some time since, to tell you my dream that I had of Christian the

pilgrim, and of his dangerous journey towards the Celestial Country, was pleasant to me, and profitable to you. I told you then also what I saw concerning his wife and children, and how unwilling they were to go with him on pilgrimage: insomuch that he was forced to go on his progress without them; for he durst not run the danger of that destruction which he feared would come by staying with them in the City of Destruction: wherefore, as I then shewed you, he left them, and departed.

Now it hath so happened, through the multiplicity of business, that I have been much hindered and kept back from my wonted travels into those parts whence he went, and so could not till now obtain an opportunity to make further inquiry after whom he left behind, that I might give you an account of them. But having had some concerns that way of late, I went down again thitherward. Now, having taken up my lodgings in a wood about a mile off the place, as I slept I dreamed again.

And as I was in my dream, behold, an aged gentleman came by where I lay; and because he was to go some part of the way that I was travelling, methought I got up and went with him. So as we walked, and as travellers usually do, I was as if we fell into discourse, and our talk happened to be about Christian and his travels, for thus I began with the old man:

"Sir," said I, "what town is that there below, that lieth on the left hand of our way?"

Then said Mr. Sagacity, for that was his name, "It is the City of Destruction, a populous place, but possessed with a very ill-conditioned and idle sort of people."

"I thought that was that city," quoth I; "I went once myself through that town, and therefore know that this report you give of it is true."

Sag. Too true; I wish I could speak truth in speaking better of them that dwell therein.

"Well, sir," quoth I; "then I perceive you to be a well-meaning man, and so one that takes pleasure to hear and tell of that which is good; pray did you never hear what hap-

pened to a man some time ago in this town (whose name was Christian), that went on pilgrimage up towards the higher regions?"

SAG. Hear of him! ay, and I also heard of the molestations, troubles, wars, captivities, cries, groans, frights, and fears, that he met with and had in his journey. Besides, I must tell you, all our country rings of him; there are but few houses that have heard of him and his doings, but have sought after and got the records of his pilgrimage; yea, I think I

may say that that his hazardous journey has got a many well-wishers to his ways; for though when he was here he was fool in every man's mouth, yet now he is gone he is highly commended of all: for 'tis said he lives bravely where he is; yea, many of them that are resolved never to run his hazards, yet have their mouths water at his gains.

"They may," quoth I, "well think, if they think any thing that is true, that he liveth well where he is; for he now lives at and in the fountain of life, and has what he has without labour and sorrow, for there is no grief mixed therewith."

SAG. Talk! the people talk strangely about him. Some say that he now walks in white, that he has a chain of gold about his neck, that he has a crown of gold beset with pearls upon his head (Rev. iii. 4; vi. 11): others say that the shining ones that sometimes shewed themselves to him in his journey are become his companions, and that he is as familiar with them in the place where he is, as here one neighbour is with another (Zech. iii. 7). Besides, 'tis confidently affirmed concerning him, that the King of the place where he is has bestowed upon him already a very rich and pleasant dwelling at court, and that he every day eateth and drinketh, and walketh and talketh with Him, and receiveth of the smiles and favours of Him that is Judge of all there (Luke xiv. 15). Moreover, it is expected of some, that his Prince, the Lord of that country, will shortly come into these parts, and will know the reason, if they can give any, why his neighbours set so little by him, and had him so much in derision, when they perceived that he would be a pilgrim (Jude 14, 15). For they say, that now he is so in the affections of his Prince, and that his Sovereign is so much concerned with the indignities that were cast upon Christian when he became a pilgrim, that He will look upon all as if done unto Himself; and no marvel, for 'twas for the love that he had to his Prince that he ventured as he did (Luke x. 16).

"I dare say," quoth I. "I am glad on it; I am glad for the poor man's sake. For that now he has rest from his labour (Rev. xiv. 13); and for that he now reapeth the benefit of his tears with joy (Ps. cxxvi. 5, 6); and for that

he has got beyond the gunshot of his enemies, and is out of the reach of them that hate him. I also am glad for that a rumour of these things is noised abroad in this country. Who can tell but that it may work some good effect on some that are left behind! But pray, sir, while it is fresh in my mind, do you hear any thing of his wife and children? Poor hearts! I wonder in my mind what they do."

Sag. Who? Christiana and her sons! They are like to do as well as did Christian himself; for though they all played the fool at the first, and would by no means be persuaded by either the tears or entreaties of Christian, yet second thoughts have wrought wonderfully with them; so they have packed up and are also gone after him.

"Better and better," quoth I. "But what! Wife and children and all?"

Sag. 'Tis true. I can give you an account of the matter; for I was upon the spot at the instant, and was thoroughly acquainted with the whole affair.

"Then," said I, "a man, it seems, may report it for a truth?"

SAG. "You need not fear to affirm it. I mean, that they are all gone on pilgrimage, both the good woman and her four boys; and being we are, as I perceive, going some considerable way together, I will give you an account of the whole of the matter.

"This Christiana (for that was her name from the day that she, with her children, betook themselves to a pilgrim's life), after her husband was gone over the river, and she could hear of him no more, her thoughts began to work in her mind; first, for that she had lost her husband, and for that the loving bond of that relation was utterly broken betwixt them; for you know," said he to me, "nature can do no less but entertain the living with many a heavy cogitation in the remembrance of the loss of loving relations. This, therefore, of her husband did cost her many a tear. But this was not all; for Christiana did also begin to consider with herself, whether her unbecoming behaviour towards her husband was not one cause that she saw him no more, and that in such sort he was taken away from her. And upon this came into her mind by swarms all her unkind, unnatural, and ungodly carriages to her dear friend, which also clogged her conscience, and did load her with guilt. She was, moreover, much broken with calling to remembrance the restless groans, brinish tears, and self-bemoanings of her husband, and how she did harden her heart against all his entreaties and loving persuasions (of her and her sons) to go with him; yea, there was not any thing that Christian either said to her, or did before her, all the while that his burden did hang on his back, but it returned upon her like a flash of lightning, and rent the caul of her heart in sunder. Specially that bitter outcry of his, 'What shall I do to be saved?' did ring in her ears most dolefully.

"Then said she to her children, 'Sons, we are all undone. I have sinned away your father, and he is gone; he would have had us with him, but I would not go myself; I also have hindered you of life.' With that the boys fell all into tears, and cried out to go after their father. 'Oh!' said Christiana,

'that it had been but our lot to go with him, then had it fared well with us beyond what 'tis like to do now. For though I formerly foolishly imagined concerning the troubles of your father, that they proceeded of a foolish fancy that he had, or for that he was overrun with melancholy humours; yet now 'twill not out of my mind, but that they sprang from another cause, to wit, for that the light of light was given him; by the help of which, as I perceive, he has escaped the snares of death' (James i. 23–25). Then they all wept again, and cried out, 'Oh, wo worth the day!'

"The next night Christiana had a dream; and behold, she saw as if a broad parchment was opened before her, in which were recorded the sum of her ways; and the times, as she thought, looked very black upon her. Then she cried out aloud in her sleep, 'Lord, have mercy upon me, a sinner' (Luke xviii. 13): and the little children heard her.

"After this she thought she saw two very ill-favoured ones standing by her bedside, and saying, 'What shall we do with this woman? for she cries out for mercy waking and sleeping. If she be suffered to go on as she begins, we shall lose her as we have lost her husband. Wherefore we must, by one way or other, seek to take her off from the thoughts of what shall be hereafter; else all the world cannot help it but she will become a pilgrim.'

"Now she awoke in a great sweat, also a trembling was upon her; but after a while she fell to sleeping again. And then she thought she saw Christian her husband in a place of bliss, among many immortals, with an harp in his hand, standing and playing upon it before one that sate on a throne with a rainbow about his head. She saw also as if he bowed his head with his face to the paved work that was under the Prince's feet, saying, 'I heartily thank my Lord and King for bringing of me into this place.' Then shouted a company of them that stood round about, and harped with their harps: but no man living could tell what they said but Christian and his companions.

"Next morning, when she was up, had prayed to God, and talked with her children a while, one knocked hard at the door; to whom she spake out, saying, 'If thou comest in God's name, come in.' So he said, 'Amen,' and opened the door, and saluted her with, 'Peace be to this house.' The which when he had done, he said, 'Christiana, knowest thou wherefore I am come?' Then she blushed and trembled; also her heart began to wax warm with desires to know whence he came, and what was his errand to her. So he said unto her, 'My name is Secret: I dwell with those that are high. It is talked of where I dwell as if thou hadst a desire to go thither; also there is a report that thou art aware of the evil thou hast formerly done to thy husband in hardening of thy heart against his way, and in keeping of these thy babes in their ignorance. Christiana, the merciful One has sent me to tell thee that He is a God ready to forgive, and that He taketh delight to multiply pardon to offences. He also would have thee know that He inviteth thee to come into His presence,

to His table, and that He will feed thee with the fat of His house, and with the heritage of Jacob thy father.

"'There is Christian, thy husband that was, with legions more his companions, ever beholding that face that doth minister life to beholders; and they will all be glad when they shall hear the sound of thy feet step over thy Father's threshold.'

"Christiana at this was greatly abashed in herself, and bowing her head to the ground, this visitor proceeded, and said, 'Christiana, here is also a letter for thee, which I have brought from thy husband's King.' So she took it and opened it; but it smelt after the manner of the best perfume (Song i. 3), also it was written in letters of gold. The contents of the letter was, 'That the King would have her do

as did Christian her husband; for that was the way to come to His city, and to dwell in His presence with joy for ever.' At this the good woman was quite overcome. So she cried out to her visitor, 'Sir, will you carry me and my children with you, that we also may go and worship this King?'

"Then said the visitor, 'Christiana! the bitter is before the sweet. Thou must through troubles, as did he that went before thee, enter this Celestial City. Wherefore I advise thee to do as did Christian thy husband: go to the wicket-gate yonder, over the plain, for that stands in the head of the way up which thou must go, and I wish thee all good speed. Also I advise that thou put this letter in thy bosom. That thou read therein to thyself and to thy children, until you have got it by root-of-heart. For it is one of the songs that thou must sing while thou art in this house of thy pilgrimage (Psal. cxix. 54). Also this thou must deliver in at the further gate.'"

Now I saw in my dream, that this old gentleman as he told me this story, did himself seem to be greatly affected therewith. He moreover proceeded, and said, "So Christiana called her sons together, and began thus to address herself unto them. 'My sons, I have, as you may perceive, been of late under much exercise in my soul about the death of your father; not for that I doubt at all of his happiness, for I am satisfied now that he is well. I have also been much affected with the thoughts of mine own state and yours, which I verily believe is by nature miserable. My carriages also to your father in his distress is a great load to my conscience; for I hardened both my own heart and yours against him, and refused to go with him on pilgrimage.

"'The thoughts of these things would now kill me outright, but that for a dream which I had last night, and but that for the encouragement that this stranger has given me this morning. Come, my children, let us pack up, and be gone to the gate that leads to the celestial country, that we may see your father, and be with him and his companions in peace, according to the laws of that land.'

"Then did her children burst out into tears for joy that

the heart of their mother was so inclined. So their visitor bid them farewell; and they began to prepare to set out for their journey.

"But while they were thus about to be gone, two of the women that were Christiana's neighbours came up to her house and knocked at her door. To whom she said, as before, 'If you come in God's name, come in.' At this the women were stunned, for this kind of language they used not to hear, or to perceive to drop from the lips of Christiana. Yet they came in; but behold, they found the good woman a preparing to be gone from her house.

"So they began and said, 'Neighbour, pray what is your meaning by this?'

"Christiana answered and said to the eldest of them, whose name was Mrs. Timorous, 'I am preparing for a journey.' (This Timorous was daughter to him that met Christian upon the Hill Difficulty, and would a had him gone back for fear of the lions.)

"Timo. For what journey, I pray you?

"Chris. Even to go after my good husband.—And with that she fell a weeping.

"Timo. I hope not so, good neighbour. Pray, for your poor children's sakes, do not so unwomanly cast away yourself.

"Chris. Nay, my children shall go with me; not one of them is willing to stay behind.

"Timo. I wonder, in my very heart, what or who has brought you into this mind.

"Chris. Oh, neighbour, knew you but as much as I do, I doubt not but that you would go with me.

"Timo. Prithee, what new knowledge hast thou got that so worketh off thy mind from thy friends, and that tempteth thee to go nobody knows where?

"Chris. Then Christiana replied, 'I have been sorely afflicted since my husband's departure from me; but specially since he went over the river. But that which troubleth me most is, my churlish carriages to him when he was under his distress. Besides, I am now as he was then; nothing will serve me but going on pilgrimage. I was a dreaming last night that I saw him. Oh, that my soul was with him! He dwelleth in the presence of the King of the country, he sits and eats with Him at His table, he is become a companion of immortals, and has a house now given him to dwell in, to which the best palaces on earth, if compared, seem to me to be but as a dunghill (2 Cor. v. 1–4). The Prince of the place has also sent for me, with promise of entertainment if I shall come to Him. His messenger was here even now, and has brought me a letter, which invites me to come.' And with that she plucked out her letter, and read it, and said to them, 'What now will you say to this?'

"Timo. Oh, the madness that has possessed thee and thy husband, to run yourselves upon such difficulties! You have heard, I am sure, what your husband did meet with, even in a manner at the first step that he took on his way, as our neighbour Obstinate can yet testify; for he went along with him, yea, and Pliable too, until they, like wise men, were afraid to go any farther. We also heard, over and above, how he met with the lions, Apollyon, the Shadow of Death, and many other things. Nor is the danger that he met with at

Vanity Fair to be forgotten by thee. For if he, though a man, was so hard put to it, what canst thou, being but a poor woman, do? Consider, also, that these four sweet babes are thy children, thy flesh and thy bones. Wherefore, though thou shouldst be so rash as to cast away thyself, yet, for the sake of the fruit of thy body, keep thou at home.

"But Christiana said unto her, 'Tempt me not, my neighbour; I have now a price put into mine hand to get gain, and I should be a fool of the greatest size if I should have no heart to strike in with the opportunity. And for that you tell me

of all these troubles that I am like to meet with in the way, they are so far off from being to me a discouragement, that they shew I am in the right. The bitter must come before the sweet, and that also will make the sweet the sweeter. Wherefore, since you came not to my house in God's name, as I said, I pray you to be gone, and not to disquiet me further.'

"Then Timorous also reviled her, and said to her fellow, 'Come, neighbour Mercy, let's leave her in her own hands, since she scorns our counsel and company.' But Mercy was at a stand, and could not so readily comply with her neighbour; and that for a twofold reason. First, her bowels yearned over Christiana; so she said within herself, 'If my neighbour will needs be gone, I will go a little way with her, and help her.' Secondly, her bowels yearned over her own soul (for what Christiana had said had taken some hold upon her mind). Wherefore she said within herself again, 'I will yet have more talk with this Christiana: and if I find truth and life in what she shall say, myself with my heart shall also go with her.' Wherefore Mercy began thus to reply to her neighbour Timorous.

"MERCY. Neighbour, I did indeed come with you to see Christiana this morning; and since she is, as you see, a taking of her last farewell of her country, I think to walk this sunshine morning a little way with her to help her on the way.

"But she told her not of her second reason, but kept that to herself.

"TIMO. Well, I see you have a mind to go a fooling too; but take heed in time, and be wise: while we are out of danger we are out; but when we are in we are in.

"So Mrs. Timorous returned to her house, and Christiana betook herself to her journey. But when Timorous was got home to her house, she sends for some of her neighbours, to wit, Mrs. Bat's-eyes, Mrs. Inconsiderate, Mrs. Light-mind, and Mrs. Know-nothing. So when they were come to her house, she falls to telling of the story of Christiana and of her intended journey. And thus she began her tale.

"TIMO. Neighbours, having had little to do this morning, I went to give Christiana a visit, and when I came at the door I knocked, as you know 'tis our custom. And she answered, 'If you come in God's name, come in.' So in I went, thinking all was well; but when I came in, I found her preparing herself to depart the town, she and also her children. So I asked her what was her meaning by that; and she told me, in short, that she was now of a mind to go on pilgrimage, as did her husband. She told me also a dream that she had, and how the King of the country where her husband was had sent her an inviting letter to come thither.

"Then said Mrs. Know-nothing, 'And what, do you think she will go?"

"TIMO. Ay, go she will, whatever come on't; and methinks I know it by this, for that which was my great argument to persuade her to stay at home (to wit, the troubles she was like to meet with in the way), is one great argument with her to put her forward on her journey. For she told me in so many words, The bitter goes before the sweet. Yea, and for as much as it so doth, it makes the sweet the sweeter.

"MRS. BAT'S-EYES. 'Oh, this blind and foolish woman,' said she, 'will she not take warning by her husband's afflictions? For my part, I see, if he was here again, he would

rest him content in a whole skin, and never run so many hazards for nothing.'

"Mrs. Inconsiderate also replied, saying, 'Away with such fantastical fools from the town,—a good riddance, for my part, I say, of her. Should she stay where she dwells, and retain this her mind, who could live quietly by her? for she will either be dumpish or unneighbourly, or talk of such matters as no wise body can abide. Wherefore, for my part, I shall never be sorry for her departure; let her go, and let better come in her room: 'twas never a good world since these whimsical fools dwelt in it.'

"Then Mrs. Light-mind added as followeth: 'Come, put this kind of talk away. I was yesterday at Madam Wanton's, where we were as merry as the maids. For who do you think should be there, but I, and Mrs. Love-the-flesh, and three or four more, with Mr. Lechery, Mrs. Filth, and some others. So there we had music and dancing, and what else was meet to fill up the pleasure. And I dare say, my lady herself is an admirably well-bred gentlewoman, and Mr. Lechery is as pretty a fellow.'

"By this time Christiana was got on her way, and Mercy went along with her. So as they went, her children being there also, Christiana began to discourse. And, 'Mercy,' said Christiana, 'I take this as an unexpected favour that thou shouldest set foot out of doors with me, to accompany me a little in my way.'

"Mercy. Then said young Mercy (for she was but young), 'If I thought it would be to purpose to go with you, I would never go near the town any more.'

"Chris. 'Well, Mercy,' said Christiana, 'cast in thy lot with me. I well know what will be the end of our pilgrimage: my husband is where he would not but be for all the gold in the Spanish Mines. Nor shalt thou be rejected, though thou goest but upon my invitation. The King who hath sent for me and my children is one that delighteth in mercy. Besides, if thou wilt, I will hire thee, and thou shalt go along with me as my servant. Yet we will have all things in common betwixt thee and me, only go along with me.'

"Mer. But how shall I be ascertained that I also shall be entertained? Had I this hope but from one that can tell, I would make no stick at all, but would go, being helped by Him that can help, though the way was never so tedious.

"Chris. Well, loving Mercy, I will tell thee what thou shalt do. Go with me to the wicket-gate, and there I will further inquire for thee; and if there thou shalt not meet with encouragement, I will be content that thou shalt return to thy place. I also will pay thee for thy kindness which thou shewest to me and my children, in thy accompanying of us in our way as thou doest.

"Mer. Then will I go thither, and will take what shall

follow; and the Lord grant that my lot may there fall even as the King of heaven shall have His heart upon me.

"Christiana then was glad at her heart, not only that she had a companion, but also for that she had prevailed with this poor maid to fall in love with her own salvation. So they went on together, and Mercy began to weep. Then said Christiana, 'Wherefore weepeth my sister so?'

"MER. 'Alas!' said she, 'who can but lament that shall but rightly consider what a state and condition my poor relations are in that yet remain in our sinful town; and that which makes my grief the more heavy is, because they have no instructor, nor any to tell them what is to come.'

"CHRIS. Bowels becometh pilgrims. And thou dost for thy friends as my good Christian did for me when he left me; he mourned for that I would not heed nor regard him; but his Lord and ours did gather up his tears, and put them into his bottle; and now both I, and thou, and these my sweet babes, are reaping the fruit and benefit of them. I hope, Mercy, these tears of thine will not be lost; for the truth hath said, that they that sow in tears shall reap in joy, in singing. And he that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him (Ps. cxxvi. 5, 6).

"Then said Mercy,

'Let the Most Blessed be my guide,
If't be His blessed will,
Unto His gate, into His fold,
Up to His holy hill.

And let Him never suffer me
To swerve, or turn aside
From His free grace and holy ways,
Whate'er shall me betide.

And let Him gather them of mine
That I have left behind.
Lord, make them pray they may be Thine,
With all their heart and mind.'"

Now my old friend proceeded, and said, "But when Christiana came up to the Slough of Despond, she began to be at a stand: 'For,' said she, 'this is the place in which my dear husband had like to a been smothered with mud.' She perceived also, that notwithstanding the command of the King to make this place for pilgrims good, yet it was rather worse than formerly." So I asked if that was true? "Yes," said the old gentleman, "too true. For that many there be that pretend to be the King's labourers, and that say they are for mending the King's highway, that bring dirt and dung instead of stones, and so mar instead of mending. Here Christiana, therefore, with her boys, did make a stand. But said Mercy, 'Come, let us venture, only let us be wary.'

Then they looked well to the steps, and made a shift to get staggeringly over.

"Yet Christiana had like to a been in, and that not once nor twice. Now they had no sooner got over, but they thought they heard words that said unto them, 'Blesseth is she that believeth, for there shall be a performance of the things that have been told her from the Lord' (Luke i. 45).

"Then they went on again. And said Mercy to Christiana, 'Had I as good ground to hope for a loving reception at the wicket-gate as you, I think no Slough of Despond would discourage me.'

"'Well,' said the other, 'you know your sore, and I know mine; and, good friend, we shall all have enough evil before we come at our journey's end. For can it be imagined, that the people that design to attain such excellent glories as we do, and that are so envied that happiness as we are, but that we shall meet with what fears and scares, with what troubles and afflictions, they can possibly assault us with that hate us?'"

And now Mr. Sagacity left me to dream out my dream by myself. Wherefore methought I saw Christiana, and Mercy, and the boys, go all of them up to the gate. To which when they were come, they betook themselves to a short debate about how they must manage their calling at the gate, and what should be said to him that did open to them. So it was concluded, since Christiana was the eldest, that she should knock for entrance, and that she should speak to him that did open for the rest. So Christiana began to knock; and as her poor husband did, she knocked, and knocked again. But instead of any that answered, they all thought that they heard as if a dog came barking upon them. A dog, and a great one too; and this made the woman and children afraid. Nor durst they for a while to knock any more, for fear the mastiff should fly upon them. Now, therefore, they were greatly tumbled up and down in their minds, and knew not what to do. Knock they durst not, for fear of the dog; go back they durst not, for fear that the keeper of that gate should espy them as they so went, and should be offended

with them. At last they thought of knocking again, and knocked more vehemently than they did at the first. Then said the keeper of the gate, "Who is there?" So the dog left off to bark, and he opened unto them.

Then Christiana made low obeisance, and said, "Let not our Lord be offended with his handmaidens for that we have knocked at his princely gate."

Then said the keeper, "Whence come ye, and what is that ye would have?"

Christiana answered, "We are come from whence Christian did come, and upon the same errand as he; to wit, to be, if it shall please you, graciously admitted by this gate into the way that leads to the Celestial City. And I answer my Lord in the next place, that I am Christiana, once the wife of Christian, that now is gotten above."

With that the keeper of the gate did marvel, saying, "What, is she become now a pilgrim, that but a while ago abhorred that life?" Then she bowed her head, and said, "Yes; and so are these my sweet babes also."

Then he took her by the hand, and let her in, and said also, "Suffer the little children to come unto me;" and with that he shut up the gate. This done, he called to a trumpeter that was above over the gate, to entertain Christiana with shouting and sound of trumpet for joy (Luke xv. 7). So he obeyed and sounded, and filled the air with his melodious notes.

Now all this while poor Mercy did stand without, trembling and crying for fear that she was rejected. But when Christiana had gotten admittance for herself and her boys, then she began to make intercession for Mercy.

CHRIS. And she said, "My Lord, I have a companion of mine that stands yet without, that is come hither upon the same account as myself: one that is much dejected in her mind, for that she comes, as she thinks, without sending for, whereas I was sent to by my husband's King to come."

Now Mercy began to be very impatient, for each minute was as long to her as an hour, wherefore she prevented Christiana from a fuller interceding for her, by knocking at the gate herself; and she knocked then so loud, that she made Christiana to start. Then said the keeper of the gate, "Who is there?" And said Christiana, "It is my friend."

So he opened the gate, and looked out; but Mercy was fallen down without in a swoon, for she fainted, and was afraid that no gate would be opened to her.

Then he took her by the hand, and said, "Damsel, I bid thee arise."

"Oh, sir," said she, "I am faint; there is scarce life left in

me.' But he answered, that "One once said, 'When my soul fainted within me, I remembered the Lord, and my prayer came in unto Thee, into Thy holy temple' (Jonah ii. 7). Fear not, but stand upon thy feet, and tell me wherefore thou art come."

MER. I am come for that unto which I was never invited, as my friend Christiana was. Hers was from the King, and mine was but from her; wherefore I fear I presume.

"Did she desire thee to come with her to this place?"

MER. Yes; and, as my Lord sees, I am come. And if there is any grace or forgiveness of sins to spare, I beseech that I, thy poor handmaid, may be partaker thereof.

Then he took her again by the hand, and led her gently in, and said, "I pray for all them that believe on me, by what means soever they come unto me." Then said he to those that stood by, "Fetch something, and give it Mercy to smell on, thereby to stay her fainting." So they fetched her a bundle of myrrh, and a while after she was revived.

And now was Christiana and her boys, and Mercy, received of the Lord at the head of the way, and spoke kindly unto by him.

Then said they yet further unto him, "We are sorry for our sins, and beg of our Lord his pardon, and further information what we must do."

"I grant pardon," said he, "by word and deed: by word, in the promise of forgiveness; by deed in the way I obtained

it. Take the first from my lips with a kiss, and the other as it shall be revealed" (Song i. 2; John xx. 20).

Now I saw in my dream that he spake many good words unto them, whereby they were greatly gladed. He also had them up to the top of the gate, and shewed them by what deed they were saved; and told them withal, that that sight they would have again as they went along in the way, to their comfort.

So he left them awhile in the summer parlour below, where they entered into talk by themselves. And thus Christiana began, "O Lord! how glad am I that we are got in hither!"

MER. So you well may; but I, of all, have cause to leap for joy.

CHRIS. I thought one time, as I stood at the gate (because I had knocked, and none did answer), that all our labour had been lost; specially when that ugly cur made such a heavy barking against us.

MER. But my worse fears was after I saw that you was taken into his favour, and that I was left behind. Now thought I, 'tis fulfilled which is written, "Two women shall be grinding together; the one shall be taken, and the other left" (Matt. xxiv. 41). I had much ado to forbear crying out, Undone, undone! And afraid I was to knock any more; but when I looked up to what was written over the gate, I took courage. I also thought that I must either knock again, or die. So I knocked; but I cannot tell how, for my spirit now struggled betwixt life and death.

CHRIS. Can you not tell how you knocked? I am sure your knocks were so earnest, that the very sound of them made me start; I thought I never heard such knocking in all my life. I thought you would a come in by violent hands, or a took the kingdom by storm (Matt. xi. 12).

MER. Alas, to be in my case, who that so was could but a done so? You saw that the door was shut upon me, and that

there was a most cruel dog thereabout. Who, I say, that was so faint-hearted as I, that would not a knocked with all their might? But pray, what said my Lord to my rudeness? Was he not angry with me?

Chris. When he heard your lumbering noise, he gave a wonderful innocent smile. I believe what you did pleased him well enough, for he showed no sign to the contrary. But I marvel in my heart why he keeps such a dog. Had I known that afore, I fear I should not have had heart enough to a ventured myself in this manner. But now we are in, we are in, and I am glad with all my heart.

MER. I will ask, if you please, next time he comes down, why he keeps such a filthy cur in his yard. I hope he will not take it amiss.

"Ay, do," said the children; "and persuade him to hang him, for we are afraid he will bite us when we go hence."

So at last he came down to them again; and Mercy fell to the ground on her face before him, and worshipped, and said, "Let my Lord accept of the sacrifice of praise which I now offer unto him with the calves of my lips."

So he said unto her, "Peace be to thee: stand up."

But she continued upon her face, and said, "Righteous art thou, O Lord, when I plead with thee; yet let me talk with thee of thy judgments (Jer. xii. 1, 2): wherefore dost thou keep so cruel a dog in thy yard, at the sight of which such women and children as we are ready to fly from thy gate for fear?"

He answered, and said, "That dog has another owner; he also is kept close in another man's ground, only my pilgrims hear his barking. He belongs to the castle which you see there at a distance, but can come up to the walls of this place. He has frighted many an honest pilgrim from worse to better by the great voice of his roaring. Indeed, he that owneth him doth not keep him of any good will to me or mine, but with intent to keep the pilgrims from coming to me, and that they may be afraid to knock at this gate for entrance. Sometimes also he has broken out, and has worried some that I love, but I take all at present patiently. I also give my pilgrims timely help, so they are not delivered up to his power, to do to them what his dogish nature would prompt him to. But what! My purchased one, I trow, hadst thou known never so much beforehand, thou wouldst not a been afraid of a dog. The beggars that go from door to door will, rather than they will lose a supposed alms, run the hazard of the bawling, barking, and biting too, of a dog; and shall a dog, a dog in another man's yard, a dog whose barking I turn to the profit of pilgrims, keep any from coming to me? I deliver them from the lions, their darling from the power of the dog."

MER. Then said Mercy, "I confess my ignorance; I spake what I understood not; I acknowledge that thou doest all things well."

Then Christiana began to talk of their journey, and to inquire after the way. So he fed them, and washed their feet, and set them in the way of his steps, according as he had dealt with her husband before.

So I saw in my dream that they walked on in their way, and had the weather very comfortable to them.

Then Christiana began to sing, saying,

"Bless'd be the day that I began
A pilgrim for to be;
And blessèd also be that man
That thereto movèd me.

'Tis true, 'twas long ere I began
To seek to live for ever;
But now I run fast as I can,—
'Tis better late, than never.

Our tears to joy, our fears to faith,
Are turnèd, as we see:
Thus our beginning (as one saith)
Shews what our end will be."

Now there was on the other side of the wall that fenced in the way up which Christiana and her companions was to go, a garden; and that garden belonged to him whose was that barking dog of whom mention was made before. And some of the fruit-trees that grew in that garden shot their branches

over the wall; and, being mellow, they that found them did gather them up, and oft eat of them to their hurt. So Christiana's boys, as boys are apt to do, being pleased with the trees, and with the fruit that did hang thereon, did plash them, and began to eat. Their mother did also chide them for so doing; but still the boys went on.

"Well," said she, "my sons, you transgress, for that fruit is none of ours." But she did not know that they did belong to the enemy; I'll warrant you if she had, she would a been ready to die for fear. But that passed, and they went on their way. Now by that they were gone about two bows'-shot from the place that let them into the way, they espied two very ill-favoured ones coming down apace to meet them. With that Christiana, and Mercy her friend, covered themselves with their veils, and so kept on their journey. The children also went on before, so that at last they met together. Then they that came down to meet them came just up to the women as if they would embrace them; but Christiana said, "Stand back, or go peaceably by, as you should." Yet these two, as men that are deaf, regarded not Christiana's words, but began to lay hands upon them. At that Christiana, waxing very wroth, spurned at them with her feet. Mercy also, as well as she could, did what she could to shift them. Christiana again said to them, "Stand back, and be gone; for we have no money to lose, being pilgrims, as ye see, and such too as live upon the charity of our friends."

Ill-Fa. Then said one of the two of the men, "We make no assault upon you for money, but are come out to tell you that if you will but grant one small request which we shall ask, we will make women of you for ever."

Chris. Now Christiana, imagining what they should mean, made answer again, "We will neither hear, nor regard, nor yield to what you shall ask. We are in haste,—cannot stay; our business is a business of life and death." So again, she and her companions made a fresh essay to go past them; but they letted them in their way.

Ill-Fa. And they said, "We intend no hurt to your lives; 'tis another thing we would have.

CHRIS. "Ay," quoth Christiana, "you would have us body and soul, for I know 'tis for that you are come; but we will die rather upon the spot than suffer ourselves to be brought into such snares as shall hazard our well-being hereafter." And with that they both shrieked out, and cried, "Murder, murder!" and so put themselves under those laws that are provided for the protection of women (Deut. xxii. 23, 26, 27). But the men still made their approach upon them, with design to prevail against them; they therefore cried out again.

Now they being, as I said, not far from the gate in at which they came, their voice was heard from where they was, thither; wherefore some of the house came out, and knowing that it was Christiana's tongue, they made haste to her relief; but by that they was got within sight of them, the women was in a very great scuffle, the children also stood crying by. Then did he that came in for their relief call out to the ruffians, saying, "What is that thing that you do? Would you make my Lord's people to transgress?" He also attempted to take them, but they did make their escape over the wall into the garden of the man to whom the great dog belonged; so the dog became their protector. This Reliever then came up to the women, and asked them how they did. So they answered, "We thank thy Prince, pretty well, only we have been somewhat affrighted; we thank thee also for that thou camest in to our help, for otherwise we had been overcome."

REL. So after a few more words, this Reliever said as followeth: "I marvelled much when you was entertained at the gate above, being ye knew that ye were but weak women, that you petitioned not the Lord there for a conductor. Then might you have avoided these troubles and dangers, for he would have granted you one."

CHRIS. "Alas," said Christiana, "we were so taken with our present blessing, that dangers to come were forgotten by us; besides, who could have thought that so near the King's palace there should have lurked such naughty ones? Indeed, it had been well for us had we asked our Lord for one; but since our Lord knew 'twould be for our profit, I wonder he sent not one along with us."

Rel. It is not always necessary to grant things not asked for, lest by so doing they become of little esteem; but when the want of a thing is felt, it then comes under, in the eyes of him that feels it, that estimate that properly is its due, and so consequently will be thereafter used. Had my Lord granted you a conductor, you would not neither so have bewailed that oversight of yours in not asking for one as now you have occasion to do. So all things work for good, and tend to make you more wary.

Chris. Shall we go back again to my Lord, and confess our folly, and ask one?

Rel. Your confession of your folly I will present him with; to go back again, you need not. For in all places where you shall come, you will find no want at all, for in every of my Lord's lodgings which he has prepared for the reception of his

pilgrims, there is sufficient to furnish them against all attempts whatsoever. But, as I said, he will be inquired of by them to do it for them (Ezek. xxxvi. 37); and 'tis a poor thing that is not worth asking for.

When he had thus said, he went back to his place, and the pilgrims went on their way.

MER. Then said Mercy, "What a sudden blank is here! I made account we had now been past all danger, and that we should never see sorrow more."

CHRIS. "Thy innocency, my sister," said Christiana to Mercy, "may excuse thee much; but as for me, my fault is so much the greater, for that I saw this danger before I came out of the doors, and yet did not provide for it, where provision might a been had. I am, therefore, much to be blamed."

MER. Then said Mercy, "How knew you this before you came from home? Pray open to me this riddle."

CHRIS. Why, I will tell you. Before I set foot out of doors, one night, as I lay in my bed, I had a dream about this; for methought I saw two men, as like these as ever the world they could look, stand at my bed's-feet, plotting how they might prevent my salvation. I will tell you their very words. They said ('twas when I was in my troubles), "What shall we do with this woman? for she cries out, waking and sleeping, for forgiveness. If she be suffered to go on as she begins, we shall lose her as we have lost her husband." This, you know, might a made me take heed, and have provided when provision might a been had.

MER. "Well," said Mercy, "as by this neglect we have an occasion ministered unto us to behold our own imperfections, so our Lord has taken occasion thereby to make manifest the riches of his grace. For he, as we see, has followed us with unasked kindness, and has delivered us from their hands that were stronger than we of his mere good pleasure."

Thus now, when they had talked away a little more time, they drew nigh to an house which stood in the way, which house was built for the relief of pilgrims, as you will find

more fully related in the first part of these records of the Pilgrim's Progress. So they drew on towards the house (the house of the Interpreter), and when they came to the door they heard a great talk in the house. They then gave ear, and heard, as they thought, Christiana mentioned by name; for you must know that there went along, even before her, a talk of her and her children's going on pilgrimage; and this thing was the more pleasing to them, because they had heard that she was Christian's wife—that woman who was some time ago so unwilling to hear of going on pilgrimage. Thus, therefore, they stood still, and heard the good people within commending her who, they little thought, stood at the door. At last Christiana knocked, as she had done at the gate before. Now when she had knocked, there came to the door a young damsel named Innocent, and opened the door, and looked, and behold two women was there.

DAMS. Then said the damsel to them, "With whom would you speak in this place?

CHRIS. Christiana answered, "We understand that this is a privileged place for those that are become pilgrims, and we now at this door are such; wherefore, we pray that we may be partakers of that for which we at this time are come; for the day, as thou seest, is very far spent, and we are loath to-night to go any farther."

DAMS. Pray what may I call your name, that I may tell it to my Lord within?

CHRIS. My name is Christiana; I was the wife of that pilgrim that some years ago did travel this way, and these be his four children. This maiden also is my companion, and is going on pilgrimage too.

INNO. Then ran Innocent in (for that was her name), and said to

those within, "Can you think who is at the door? There is Christiana and her children, and her companion, all waiting for entertainment here."

Then they leaped for joy, and went and told their master. So he came to the door, and looking upon her, he said, "Art thou that Christiana whom Christian, the good man, left behind him when he betook himself to a pilgrim's life?"

CHRIS. I am that woman that was so hard-hearted as to slight my husband's troubles, and that left him to go on in his journey alone, and these are his four children; but now I also am come, for I am convinced that no way is right but this.

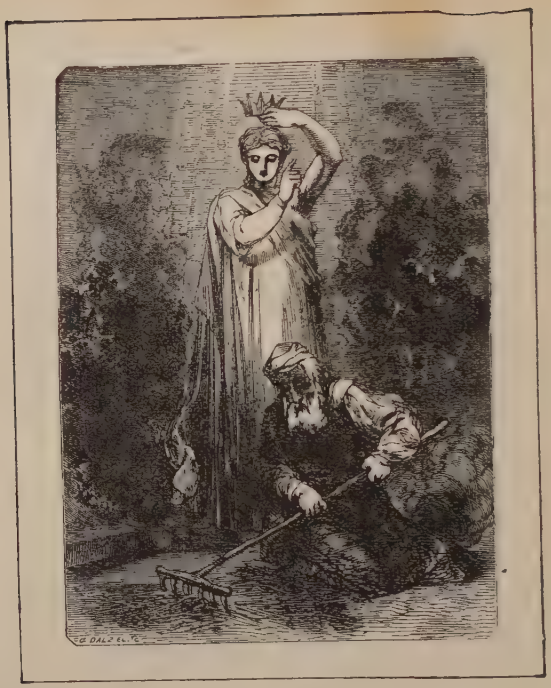
INTER. Then is fulfilled that which also is written of the man that said to his son, "Go, work to-day in my vineyard," and he said to his father, "I will not," but afterwards repented, and went (Matt. xxi. 29).

CHRIS. Then said Christiana, "So be it: Amen. God make it a true saying upon me, and grant that I may be found at the last of Him in peace without spot and blameless."

INTER. "But why standest thou thus at the door? Come in, thou daughter of Abraham; we was talking of thee but now, for tidings have come to us before how thou art become a pilgrim. Come, children, come in; come, maiden, come in." So he had them all into the house.

So when they were within they were bidden sit down and rest them; the which when they had done, those that attended upon the pilgrims in the house came into the room to see them. And one smiled, and another smiled, and they all smiled for joy that Christiana was become a pilgrim. They also looked upon the boys; they stroked them over the faces with the hand in token of their kind reception of them; they also carried it lovingly to Mercy, and bid them all welcome into their master's house.

After a while, because supper was not ready, the Interpreter took them into his significant rooms, and shewed them what Christian, Christiana's husband, had seen some time before. Here, therefore they saw the man in the cage, the man



and his dream, the man that cut his way through his enemies, and the picture of the biggest of them all, together with the rest of those things that were then so profitable to Christian.

This done, and after these things had been somewhat digested by Christiana and her company, the Interpreter takes them apart again, and has them first into a room where was a man that could look no way but downwards, with a muck-rake in his hand. There stood also one over his head with a celestial crown in his hand, and proffered to give him that crown for his muck-rake; but the man did neither look up nor regard, but raked to himself the straws, the small sticks, and dust of the floor.

Then said Christiana, "I persuade myself that I know somewhat the meaning of this, for this is a figure of a man of this world. Is it not, good sir?"

INTER. "Thou hast said the right," said he, "and his muck-rake doth show his carnal mind. And whereas thou seest him rather give heed to rake up straws and sticks and the dust of the floor, than to what He says that calls to him from above with the celestial crown in his hand, it is to shew that heaven is but as a fable to some, and that things here are counted the only things substantial. Now, whereas it was also shewed thee that the man could look no way but downwards, it is to let thee know that earthly things, when they are with power upon men's minds, quite carry their hearts away from God."

CHRIS. Then said Christiana, "Oh, deliver me from this muck-rake!"

INTER. "That prayer," said the Interpreter, "has lain by till 'tis almost rusty. 'Give me not riches' (Prov. xxx. 8), is scarce the prayer of one of ten thousand. Straws, and sticks, and dust with most are the great things now looked after."

With that Mercy and Christiana wept, and said, "It is, alas! too true."

When the Interpreter had shewed them this, he has them into the very best room in the house (a very brave room it was); so he bid them look round about, and see if they could find any thing profitable there. Then they looked round and round; for there was nothing there to be seen but a very great spider on the wall, and that they overlooked.

MER. Then said Mercy, "Sir, I see nothing." But Christiana held her peace.

INTER. But said the Interpreter, "Look again." She therefore looked again, and said, "Here is not any thing but an ugly spider, who hangs by her hands upon the wall." Then said he, "Is there but one spider in all this spacious room?" Then the water stood in Christiana's eyes, for she was a woman quick of apprehension, and she said, "Yes, Lord, there is here more than one; yea, and spiders whose venom is

far more destructive than that which is in her." The Interpreter then looked pleasantly upon her, and said, "Thou hast said the truth." This made Mercy blush, and the boys to cover their faces; for they all began now to understand the riddle.

Then said the Interpreter again, "'The spider taketh hold with her hands,' as you see, 'and is in king's palaces' (Prov. xxx. 28). And wherefore is this recorded, but to shew you, that how full of the venom of sin soever you be, yet you may, by the hand of faith, lay hold of and dwell in the best room that belongs to the King's house above?"

CHRIS. "I thought," said Christiana, "of something of this, but I could not imagine it all. I thought that we were like spiders, and that we looked like ugly creatures, in what fine room soever we were; but that by this spider, this venomous and ill-favoured creature, we were to learn how to act faith, that came not into my mind. And yet she has taken hold with her hands, as I see, and dwells in the best room in the house. God has made nothing in vain."

Then they seemed all to be glad, but the water stood in their eyes. Yet they looked one upon another, and also bowed before the Interpreter.

He had them then into another room where was a hen and chickens, and bid them observe a while. So one of the chickens went to the trough to drink, and every time she drank she lift up her head and her eyes towards heaven. "See," said he, "what this little chick doth, and learn of her to acknowledge whence your mercies come, by receiving them with looking up. Yet again," said he, "observe and look." So they gave heed, and perceived that the hen did walk in a fourfold method towards her chickens. 1. She had a common call, and that she hath all day long. 2. She had a special call, and that she had but sometimes. 3. She had a brooding note. And, 4, She had an outcry (Matt. xxiii. 37).

INTER. "Now," said he, "compare this hen to your King, and these chickens to His obedient ones. For, answerable to her, Himself has His methods, which He walketh in towards His people. By His common call, He gives nothing; by His special call, He always has something to give; He has also a brooding voice for them that are under His wing; and He has an outcry, to give the alarm when He seeth the enemy come. I choose, my darlings, to lead you into the room where such things are, because you are women, and they are easy for you."

CHRIS. "And, sir," said Christiana, "pray let us see some more."

So he had them into the slaughter-house, where was a butcher a killing of a sheep. And behold, the sheep was quiet, and took her death patiently. Then said the Interpreter, "You must learn of this sheep to suffer, and to put up wrongs without murmurings and complaints. Behold how quietly she takes her death; and, without objecting, she suffereth her skin to be pulled over her ears. Your King doth call you His sheep."

After this, he led them into his garden, where was great variety of flowers. And he said, "Do you see all these?" So Christiana said, "Yes." Then said he again, "Behold the

flowers are divers in stature, in quality, and colour, and smell and virtue, and some are better than some. Also where the gardener has set them, there they stand, and quarrel not one with another."

Again, he had them into his field, which he had sowed with wheat and corn; but when they beheld, the tops of all was cut off, only the straw remained. He said again, "This ground was dunged, and ploughed, and sowed; but what shall we do with the crop?" Then said Christiana, "Burn some, and make muck of the rest." Then said the Interpreter again, "Fruit, you see, is that thing you look for, and for want of that you condemn it to the fire, and to be trodden under foot of men. Beware that in this you condemn not yourselves."

Then, as they were coming in from abroad, they espied a little robin with a great spider in his mouth. So the Inter-

preter said, "Look here." So they looked, and Mercy wondered. But Christiana said, "What a disparagement is it to such a little pretty bird as the robin-redbreast is; he being also a bird above many, that loveth to maintain a kind of sociableness with man! I had thought that they lived upon crumbs of bread, or upon other such harmless matter. I like him worse than I did."

The Interpreter then replied, "This robin is an emblem very apt to set forth some professors by; for to sight they are as this robin, pretty of note, colour, and carriage; they seem also to have a very great love for professors that are sincere; and above all other, to desire to sociate with and to be in their company, as if they could live upon the good man's crumbs. They pretend also, that therefore it is that they frequent the house of the godly, and the appointments of the Lord; but when they are by themselves as the robin, they can catch and gobble up spiders, they can change their diet, drink iniquity, and swallow down sin like water."

So when they were come again into the house, because supper as yet was not ready, Christiana again desired that the Interpreter would either shew or tell of some other things that are profitable.

Then the Interpreter began, and said, "The fatter the sow is, the more she desires the mire; the fatter the ox is, the more gamesomely he goes to the slaughter; and the more healthy the lusty man is, the more prone he is unto evil.

"There is a desire in women to go neat and fine; and it is a comely thing to be adorned with that that in God's sight is of great price.

"'Tis easier watching a night or two, than to sit up a whole year together: so 'tis easier for one to begin to profess well, than to hold out as he should to the end.

"Every ship-master, when in a storm, will willingly cast that overboard that is of the smallest value in the vessel. But who will throw the best out first? none but he that feareth not God.

"One leak will sink a ship; and one sin will destroy a sinner.

"He that forgets his friend, is ungrateful unto him; but he that forgets his Saviour, is unmerciful to himself.

"He that lives in sin, and looks for happiness hereafter, is like him that soweth cockle, and thinks to fill his barn with wheat or barley.

"If a man would live well, let him fetch his last day to him, and make it always his company-keeper.

"Whispering, and change of thoughts, proves that sin is in the world.

"If the world, which God sets light by, is counted a thing of that worth with men; what is heaven, which God commendeth?

"If the life that is attended with so many troubles is so loath to be let go by us, what is the life above?

"Every body will cry up the goodness of men; but who is there that is, as he should, affected with the goodness of God?

"We seldom sit down to meat but we eat, and leave; so there is in Jesus Christ more merit and righteousness than the whole world has need of."

When the Interpreter had done, he takes them out into his garden again, and had them to a tree, whose inside was all rotten and gone, and yet it grew and had leaves. Then said Mercy, "What means this?" "This tree," said he, "whose outside is fair, and whose inside is rotten, it is to which many may be compared that are in the garden of God; who, with their mouths, speak high in behalf of God, but indeed will do nothing for Him; whose leaves are fair, but their heart good for nothing but to be tinder for the devil's tinder-box."

Now supper was ready, the table spread, and all things set on the board. So they sate down, and did eat, when one had given thanks. And the Interpreter did usually entertain those that lodged with him with music at meals, so the minstrels played. There was also one that did sing; and a very fine voice he had.

His song was this:

"The Lord is only my support,
And He that doth me feed;
How can I, then, want any thing
Whereof I stand in need?"

When the song and music was ended, the Interpreter asked Christiana what it was that at first did move her to betake herself to a pilgrim's life?

Christiana answered, "First, the loss of my husband came into my mind, at which I was heartily grieved; but all that was but natural affection. Then, after that, came the troubles and pilgrimage of my husband's into my mind, and also how like a churl I had carried it to him as to that. So guilt took hold of my mind, and would have drawn me into the pond, but that opportunely I had a dream of the well-being of my husband, and a letter sent me by the King of that country where my husband dwells, to come to him. The dream and the letter together so wrought upon my mind, that they forced me to this way."

INTER. But met you with no opposition afore you set out of doors?

CHRIS. Yes; a neighbour of mine, one Mrs. Timorous (she was akin to him that would have persuaded my husband to go back for fear of the lions). She all-to-befooled me for, as she called it, my intended desperate adventure. She also urged what she could to dishearten me to it,—the hardship and troubles that my husband met with in the way; but all this I got over pretty well. But a dream that I had, of two ill-lookt ones, that I thought did plot how to make me miscarry in my journey, that hath troubled me much; yea, it still runs in my mind, and makes me afraid of every one that I

meet, lest they should meet me to do me a mischief, and to turn me out of the way. Yea, I may tell my Lord, though I would not have every body know it, that between this and the gate by which we got into the way, we were both so sorely assaulted, that we were made to cry out murder; and the two that made this assault upon us were like the two that I saw in my dream.

INTER. Then said the Interpreter, "Thy beginning is good; thy latter end shall greatly increase." So he addressed himself to Mercy, and said unto her, "And what moved thee to come hither, sweetheart?"

Then Mercy blushed and trembled, and for a while continued silent.

INTER. Then said he, "Be not afraid; only believe, and speak thy mind."

MER. So she began, and said, "Truly, sir, my want of experience is that that makes me covet to be in silence, and that also that fills me with fears of coming short at last. I cannot tell of visions and dreams as my friend Christiana can; nor know I what it is to mourn for my refusing of the council of those that were good relations."

INTER. What was it, then, dearheart, that hath prevailed with thee to do as thou hast done?

MER. Why, when our friend here was packing up to be gone from our town, I and another went accidentally to see her; so we knocked at the door, and went in. When we were within, and seeing what she was doing, we asked what was her meaning. She said she was sent for to go to her husband; and then she up and told us how she had seen him in a dream, dwelling in a curious place among immortals, wearing a crown, playing upon a harp, eating and drinking at his Prince's table, and singing praises to him for bringing him thither, &c. Now methought, while she was telling these things unto us, my heart burned within me, and I said in my heart, if this be true, I will leave my father and my mother, and the land of my nativity, and will, if I may, go along with Christiana.

So I asked her further of the truth of these things, and if she would let me go with her; for I saw now that there was no dwelling, but with the danger of ruin, any longer in our town. But yet I came away with a heavy heart; not for that I was unwilling to come away, but for that so many of my relations were left behind. And I am come with all the desire of my heart, and will go, if I may, with Christiana unto her husband and his King.

INTER. Thy setting out is good, for thou hast given credit to the truth. Thou art a Ruth, who did, for the love that she bore to Naomi, and to the Lord her God, leave father and mother, and the land of her nativity, to come out, and go with a people that she knew not heretofore. "The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord

God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust" (Ruth ii. 11, 12).

Now supper was ended, and preparations was made for bed; the women were laid singly alone, and the boys by themselves. Now when Mercy was in bed, she could not sleep for joy, for that now her doubts of missing at last were removed farther from her than ever they were before; so she lay blessing and praising God, who had had such favour for her.

In the morning they arose with the sun, and prepared themselves for their departure; but the Interpreter would have them tarry a while, "For," said he, "you must orderly go from hence." Then said he to the damsel that at first opened unto them, "Take them, and have them into the garden to the bath, and there wash them, and make them clean from the soil which they have gathered by travelling." Then Innocent, the damsel, took them, and had them into the garden, and brought them to the bath; so she told them that there they must wash and be clean, for so her master would have the women to do that called at his house as they were going on pilgrimage. They then went in and washed, yea, they and the boys and all, and they came out of that bath, not only sweet and clean, but also much enlivened and strengthened in their joints; so when they came in, they looked fairer a deal than when they went out to the washing.

When they were returned out of the garden from the bath, the Interpreter took them, and looked upon them, and said unto them, "Fair as the moon." Then he called for the seal wherewith they used to be sealed that were washed in his bath. So the seal was brought, and he set his mark upon them, that they might be known in the places whither they were yet to go. Now the seal was the contents and sum of the Passover which the children of Israel did eat when they came out from the land of Egypt (Exod. xiii. 8–10), and the mark was set between their eyes. This seal greatly added to their beauty, for it was an ornament to their faces; it also added to their gravity, and made their countenances more like them of angels.

Then said the Interpreter again to the damsel that waited

upon these women, "Go into the vestry, and fetch out garments for these people;" so she went, and fetched out white raiment, and laid it down before him; so he commanded them to put it on. "It was fine linen, white and clean." When

the women were thus adorned, they seemed to be a terror one to the other, for that they could not see that glory each one on herself which they could see in each other. Now, therefore, they began to esteem each other better than themselves; "For you are fairer than I am," said one; "And you are more comely than I am," said another. The children also stood amazed to see into what fashion they were brought.

The Interpreter then called for a man-servant of his, one Great-heart, and bid him take sword, and helmet, and shield. "And take these my daughters," said he, "and conduct them to the house called Beautiful, at which place they will rest next." So he took his weapons, and went before them, and the Interpreter said, "God speed." Those also that belonged to the family sent them away with many a good wish; so they went on their way, and sung—

"This place has been our second stage;
Here we have heard and seen
Those good things that, from age to age,
To others hid have been.

The Dunghill-raker, Spider, Hen,
The Chicken, too, to me
Hath taught a lesson, let me then
Conformed to it be.
The Butcher, Garden, and the Field,
The Robin, and his bait,
Also the Rotten Tree, doth yield
Me argument of weight,
To move me for to watch and pray,
To strive to be sincere,
To take my cross up day by day,
And serve the Lord with fear."

Now I saw in my dream, that they went on, and Great-heart went before them; so they went and came to the place where Christian's burden fell off his back and tumbled into a sepulchre. Here, then, they made a pause, and here also they blessed God. "Now," said Christiana, "it comes to my mind what was said to us at the gate, to wit, that we should have pardon by word and deed: by word, that is, by the promise; by deed, to wit, in the way it was obtained. What the promise is, of that I know something; but what is to have pardon by deed, or in the way that it was obtained? Mr. Great-heart, I suppose you know; wherefore, if you please, let us hear you discourse thereof."

GREAT-HEART. Pardon by the deed done is pardon obtained by some one for another that hath need thereof; not by the person pardoned, but in the way, saith another, in which I have obtained it. So, then, to speak to the question more large, the pardon that you and Mercy and these boys have attained was obtained by another, to wit, by Him that let you in at the gate: and He hath obtained it in this double way—He has performed righteousness to cover you, and spilt blood to wash you in.

CHRIS. But if He parts with His righteousness to us, what will He have for Himself?

GREAT-HEART. He has more righteousness than you have need of, or than He needeth Himself.

CHRIS. Pray make that appear.

GREAT-HEART. With all my heart; but first I must premise

that He of whom we are now about to speak is one that has not His fellow. He has two natures in one person,—plain to be distinguished, impossible to be divided. Unto each of these natures a righteousness belongeth, and each righteous-

ness is essential to that nature. So that one may as easily cause the nature to be extinct, as to separate its justice or righteousness from it. Of these righteousnesses, therefore, we are not made partakers so as that they, or any of them, should be put upon us that we might be made just, and live thereby. Besides these there is a righteousness which this Person has, as these two natures are joined in one. And this is not the righteousness of the Godhead as distinguished from the Manhood, nor the righteousness of the Manhood as distinguished from the Godhead; but a righteousness which standeth in the union of both natures, and may properly be called the righteousness that is essential to His being prepared of God to the capacity of the mediatory office which He was to be entrusted with. If He parts with His first righteousness, He parts with His Godhead; if He parts with His second righteousness, He parts with the purity of His Manhood; if He parts with this third, He parts with that perfection that capacitates Him to the office of mediation. He has, therefore, another righteousness which standeth in performance, or obedience to a revealed will: and that is it that He puts upon sinners, and that by which their sins are covered. Wherefore He saith, "As by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of One shall many be made righteous" (Rom. v. 19).

CHRIS. But are the other righteousnesses of no use to us?

GREAT-HEART. Yes; for though they are essential to His natures and office, and so cannot be communicated unto another, yet it is by virtue of them that the righteousness that justifies is, for that purpose, efficacious. The righteousness of His Godhead gives virtue to His obedience; the righteousness of His Manhood giveth capability to His obedience to justify; and the righteousness that standeth in the union of these two natures to His office, giveth authority to that righteousness to do the work of which it is ordained.

So, then, here is a righteousness that Christ, as God, has no need of, for He is God without it; here is a righteousness that Christ, as man, has no need of to make Him so, for He is perfect man without it; again, here is a righteousness that

Christ, as God-man, has no need of, for He is perfectly so without it. Here, then, is a righteousness that Christ, as God, as man, as God-man, has no need of with reference to Himself, and therefore He can spare it,—a justifying righteousness, that He, for Himself, wanteth not, and therefore He giveth it away. Hence 'tis called "the gift of righteousness" (Rom. v. 17). This righteousness, since Christ Jesus the Lord has made Himself under the law, must be given away; for the law doth not only bind him that is under it to do justly, but to use charity: wherefore he must, he ought by the law, if he hath two coats, to give one to him that hath none. Now our Lord indeed hath two coats, one for Himself and one to spare: wherefore He freely bestows one upon those that have none. And thus, Christiana and Mercy and the rest of you that are here, doth your pardon come by deed, or by the work of another man. Your Lord Christ is He that has worked, and has given away what He wrought for to the next poor beggar He meets.

But again, in order to pardon by deed, there must something be paid to God as a price, as well as something prepared to cover us withal. Sin has delivered us up to the just curse of a righteous law. Now from this curse we must be justified by way of redemption, a price being paid for the harms we have done, and this is by the blood of your Lord, who came and stood in your place and stead, and died your death for your transgressions (Rom. iv. 24). Thus has He ransomed you from your transgressions by blood, and covered your polluted and deformed souls with righteousness. For the sake of which God passeth by you, and will not hurt you, when He comes to judge the world (Gal. iii. 13).

CHRIS. This is brave. Now I see that there was something to be learnt by our being pardoned by word and deed. Good Mercy, let us labour to keep this in mind; and, my children, do you remember it also. But, Sir, was not this it that made my good Christian's burden fall from off his shoulder, and that made him give three leaps for joy?

GREAT-HEART. Yes 'twas the belief of this that cut those strings that could not be cut by other means; and 'twas to

give him a proof of the virtue of this that he was suffered to carry his burden to the cross.

CHRIS. I thought so; for though my heart was lightful and joyous before, yet it is ten times more lightsome and joyous now. And I am persuaded by what I have felt, though I have felt but little as yet, that if the most burdened man in the world was here, and did see and believe as I now do, 'twould make his heart the more merry and blithe.

GREAT-HEART. There is not only comfort and the ease of a burden brought to us by the sight and consideration of these, but an endeared affection begot in us by it. For who can, if he doth once but think that pardon comes, not only by promise but thus, but be affected with the way and means of his redemption, and so with the Man that hath wrought it for him?

CHRIS. True; methinks it makes my heart bleed to think that He should bleed for me. O thou loving one! O thou blessed one! Thou deservest to have me; thou hast bought me. Thou deservest to have me all; thou hast paid for me ten thousand times more than I am worth. No marvel that this made the water stand in my husband's eyes, and that it made him trudge so nimbly on. I am persuaded he wished me with him; but, vile wretch that I was, I let him come all alone. O Mercy, that thy father and mother were here, yea, and Mrs. Timorous also. Nay, I wish now with all my heart that here was Madam Wanton too. Surely, surely their hearts would be affected; nor could the fear of the one, nor the powerful lusts of the other, prevail with them to go home again, and to refuse to become good pilgrims.

GREAT-HEART. You speak now in the warmth of your affections; will it, think you, be always thus with you? Besides, this is not communicated to every one, nor to every one that did see your Jesus bleed. There was that stood by, and that saw the blood run from His heart to the ground, and yet were so far off this, that, instead of lamenting, they laughed at Him; and instead of becoming His disciples, did harden their hearts against Him. So that all that you have, my daughters, you have by a peculiar impression made by a divine contemplating upon what I have spoken to you. Remember that 'twas told you, that the hen, by her common call, gives no meat to her chickens: this you have, therefore, by a special grace.

Now I saw, still in my dream, that they went on until they were come to the place that Simple and Sloth and Presumption lay and slept in when Christian went by on pilgrimage; and behold, they were hanged up in irons a little way off on the other side.

MERCY. Then said Mercy to him that was their guide and conductor, "What are those three men? and for what are they hanged there?"

GREAT-HEART. These three men were men of very bad qualities; they had no mind to be pilgrims themselves, and

whosoever they could they hindered. They were for sloth and folly themselves, and whoever they could persuade with, they made so too; and withal taught them to presume that they should do well at last. They were asleep when Christian went by; and now you go by, they are hanged.

MERCY. But could they persuade any to be of their opinion?

GT.-HEART. Yes, they turned several out of the way. There was Slow-place that they persuaded to do as they. They also prevailed with one Short-wind, with one No-heart, with one Linger-after-lust, and with one Sleepy-head, and with a young woman—her name was Dull—to turn out of the way and become as they. Besides, they brought up an ill report of your Lord, persuading others that he was a task-master. They also brought up an evil report of the good land, saying 'twas not half so good as some pretend it was. They also began to vilify his servants, and to count the very best of them meddlesome, troublesome busy-bodies: further, they would call the bread of God, husks; the comforts of his children

fancies; the travel and labour of pilgrims, things to no purpose.

CHRIS. "Nay," said Christiana, "if they were such, they shall never be bewailed by me; they have but what they deserve, and I think it is well that they hang so near the highway, that others may see and take warning. But had it not been well if their crimes had been engraven in some plate

of iron or brass, and left here, even where they did their mischiefs, for a caution to other bad men?

GREAT-HEART. So it is, as you well may perceive, if you will go a little to the wall.

MERCY. No, no, let them hang, and their names rot, and their crimes live for ever against them. I think it a high favour that they were hanged afore we came hither; who knows else what they might a done to such poor women as we are?

Then she turned it into a song, saying—

"Now then, you three, hang there, and be a sign
To all that shall against the truth combine:
And let him that comes after fear this end,
If unto pilgrims he is not a friend.
And thou, my soul, of all such men beware,
That unto holiness opposers are."

Thus they went on till they came at the foot of the hill Difficulty; where again their good friend Mr. Great-heart took an occasion to tell them of what happened there when Christian himself went by. So he had them first to the spring. "Lo," saith he, "this is the spring that Christian drank of before he went up this hill, and then 'twas clear and good; but now 'tis dirty with the feet of some that are not desirous that pilgrims here should quench their thirst" (Ezek. xxxiv. 18). Thereat Mercy said, "And why so envious trow?" But said their guide, "It will do, if taken up, and put into a vessel that is sweet and good; for then the dirt will sink to the bottom, and the water come out by itself more clear." Thus, therefore, Christiana and her companions were compelled to do. They took it up, and put it into an earthen pot, and so let it stand till the dirt was gone to the bottom, and then they drank thereof.

Next he shewed them the two by-ways that were at the foot of the hill, where Formality and Hypocrisy lost themselves. And said he, "These are dangerous paths; two were here cast away when Christian came by. And although, as you see, these ways are since stopped up with chains, posts, and a ditch, yet there are that will choose to adventure here, rather than take the pains to go up this hill."

CHRIS. "The way of transgressors is hard" (Prov. xiii. 15). 'Tis a wonder that they can get into those ways without danger of breaking their necks.

GREAT-HEART. They will venture; yea, if at any time any of the King's servants doth happen to see them, and doth call unto them, and tell them they are in the wrong ways, and do bid them beware the danger, then they will railingly return them answer, and say, "As for the word that thou

hast spoken unto us in the name of the King, we will not hearken unto thee; but we will certainly do whatsoever thing goeth out of our own mouths," &c. (Jer. xliv. 16, 17). Nay, if you look a little farther, you shall see that these ways are made cautionary enough, not only by these posts, and

ditch, and chain, but also by being hedged up; yet they will choose to go there.

CHRIS. They are idle, they love not to take pains; up-hill way is unpleasant to them. So it is fulfilled unto them as it is written: "The way of the slothful man is a hedge of thorns" (Prov. xv. 19). Yea, they will rather choose to walk upon a snare, than to go up this hill and the rest of this way to the city.

Then they set forward, and began to go up the hill, and up the hill they went; but before they got to the top, Christiana began to pant, and said, "I dare say this is a breathing hill; no marvel if they that love their ease more than their souls choose to themselves a smoother way." Then said Mercy, I must sit down;" also the least of the children began to cry. "Come, come," said Great-heart; "sit not down here, for a little above is the Prince's arbour." Then took he the little boy by the hand, and led him up thereto.

When they were come to the arbour, they were very willing to sit down; for they were all in a pelting heat. Then said Mercy, "How sweet is rest to them that labour! And how good is the Prince of pilgrims to provide such resting-places for them! (Matt. xi. 28.) Of this arbour I have heard much; but I never saw it before. But here let us beware of sleeping; for as I have heard, for that it cost poor Christian dear."

Then said Mr. Great-heart to the little ones, "Come, my pretty boys, how do you do? what think you now of going on pilgrimage?" "Sir," said the least, "I was almost beat out of heart; but I thank you for lending me a hand at my need. And I remember now what my mother has told me, namely, 'That the way to heaven is as up a ladder, and the way to hell is as down a hill.' But I had rather go up the ladder to life, than down the hill to death."

Then said Mercy, "But the proverb is, 'To go down the hill is easy.'" But James said (for that was his name), "The day is coming when, in my opinion, going down hill will be the hardest of all" "'Tis a good boy," said his

master; "thou hast given her a right answer." Then Mercy smiled; but the little boy did blush.

CHRIS. "Come," said Christiana, "will you eat a bit, a little to sweeten your mouths while you sit here to rest your legs? For I have here a piece of pomegranate which Mr. Interpreter put in my hand just when I came out of his doors; he gave me also a piece of an honeycomb and a little bottle of spirits." "I thought he gave you something," said Mercy, "because he called you a to-side." "Yes, so he did," said the other; "but, Mercy, it shall still be as I said it should, when at first we came from home; thou shalt be a sharer in all the good that I have, because thou so willingly didst become my companion." Then she gave to them, and they did eat, both Mercy and the boys. And said Christiana to Mr. Great-heart, "Sir, will you do as we?" But he answered, "You are going on pilgrimage, and presently I shall return; much good may what you have do to you. At home I eat the same every day." Now when they had eaten and drank, and had chatted a little longer, their guide said to them, "The day wears away: if you think good, let us prepare to be going." So they got up to go, and the

little boys went before; but Christiana forgat to take her bottle of spirits with her, so she sent her little boy back to fetch it. Then said Mercy, "I think this is a losing place. Here Christian lost his roll, and here Christiana left her bottle behind her: Sir, what is the cause of this?" So their guide made answer and said, "The cause is sleep or forgetfulness: some sleep when they should keep awake; and some forget when they should remember; and this is the very cause why often, at the resting-places, some pilgrims in some things come off losers. Pilgrims should watch, and remember what they have already received under their greatest enjoyments, but for want of doing so, oft-times their rejoicing ends in tears, and their sunshine in a cloud: witness the story of Christian at this place."

When they were come to the place where Mistrust and Timorous met Christian to persuade him to go back for fear of the lions, they perceived as it were a stage, and before it, towards the road, a broad plate, with a copy of verses written thereon, and underneath, the reason of raising up of that stage in that place rendered.

The verses were these:

"Let him that sees this stage take heed
Unto his heart and tongue,
Lest, if he do not, here he speed
As some have long agone."

The words underneath the verses were, "This stage was built to punish such upon who, through timorousness or mistrust, shall be afraid to go farther on pilgrimage. Also on this stage both Mistrust and Timorous were burned through the tongue with an hot iron, for endeavouring to hinder Christian in his journey."

Then said Mercy, "This is much like to the saying of the Beloved, 'What shall be given unto thee? or what shall be done unto thee, thou false tongue? Sharp arrows of the mighty, with coals of juniper'" (Ps. cxx. 3, 4).

So they went on till they came within sight of the lions. Now Mr. Great-heart was a strong man, so he was not afraid of a lion; but yet when they were come up to the place where the lions were, the boys that went before were glad to cringe behind, for they were afraid of the lions; so they stepped back and went behind. At this their guide smiled, and said, "How now, my boys, do you love to go before when no danger doth approach, and love to come behind so soon as the lions appear?"

Now as they went up, Mr. Great-heart drew his sword, with intent to make a way for the pilgrims in spite of the lions. Then there appeared one that it seems had taken upon him to back the lions. And he said to the pilgrims' guide, "What is the cause of your coming hither?" Now the name of that man was Grim, or Bloody-man, because of his slaying of pilgrims; and he was of the race of the giants.

GREAT-HEART. Then said the pilgrims' guide, "These women and children are going on pilgrimage, and this is the way they must go; and go it they shall, in spite of thee and the lions."

GRIM. This is not their way, neither shall they go therein. I am come forth to withstand them, and to that end will back the lions.

Now to say truth, by reason of the fierceness of the lions, and of the grim carriage of him that did back them, this way had of late lain much unoccupied, and was almost all grown over with grass.

CHRIS. Then said Christiana, "Though the highways have been unoccupied heretofore, and though the travellers have been made in time past to walk through by-paths, it must not be so now I am risen: 'Now I am risen a mother in Israel'" (Judges v. 6, 7).

GRIM. Then he swore by the lions but it should; and

therefore bid them turn aside, for they should not have passage there.

GREAT-HEART. But their guide made first his approach unto Grim, and laid so heavily at him with his sword, that he forced him to a retreat.

GRIM. Then said he that attempted to back the lions, "Will you slay me upon mine own ground?"

GREAT-HEART. "'Tis the King's highway that we are in, and in his way it is that thou hast placed thy lions; but these women and these children, though weak, shall hold on their way in spite of thy lions." And with that he gave him again a down-right blow, and brought him upon his knees. With this blow he also broke his helmet, and with the next he cut off an arm. Then did the giant roar so hideously, that his voice frighted the women; and yet they were glad to see him lie sprawling upon the ground. Now the lions were chained, and so of themselves could do nothing. Wherefore, when old Grim that intended to back them was dead, Mr. Great-heart said to the pilgrims, "Come now, and follow me, and no hurt shall happen to you from the lions." They therefore went on; but the women trembled as they passed by them, the boys also looked as if they would die; but they all got by without further hurt.

Now, then, they were within sight of the porter's lodge, and they soon came up unto it; but they made the more haste after this to go thither, because it is dangerous travelling there in the night. So, when they were come to the gate, the guide knocked, and the porter cried, "Who is there?" But as soon as the guide had said, "It is I," he knew his voice, and came down; for the guide had oft before that come

thither as a conductor of pilgrims. When he was come down, he opened the gate, and seeing the guide standing just before it (for he saw not the women, for they were behind him), he said unto him, "How now, Mr. Great-heart; what is your business here so late to-night?" "I have brought," said he, "some pilgrims hither, where, by my Lord's commandment, they must lodge. I had been here some time ago, had I not been opposed by the giant that did use to back the lions. But I, after a long and tedious combat with him, have cut him off, and have brought the pilgrims hither in safety."

PORTER. Will you not go in, and stay till morning?

GREAT-HEART. No, I will return to my Lord to-night.

CHRIS. Oh, sir, I know not how to be willing you should leave us in our pilgrimage; you have been so faithful and so loving to us, you have fought so stoutly for us, you have been so hearty in counselling of us, that I shall never forget your favour towards us.

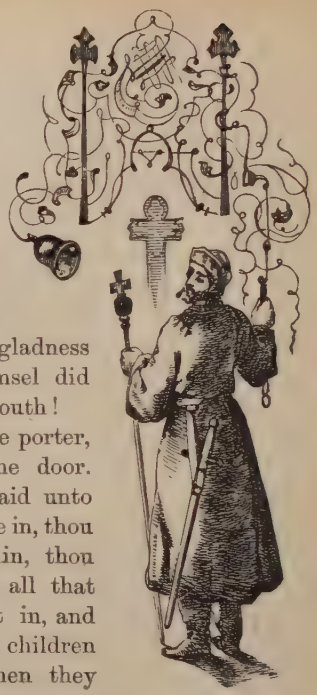
MERCY. Then said Mercy, "Oh, that we might have thy company to our journey's end! How can such poor women as we hold out in a way so full of troubles as this way is without a friend and defender?"

JAMES. Then said James, the youngest of the boys, "Pray, sir, be persuaded to go with us, and help us, because we are so weak, and the way so dangerous as it is."

GREAT-HEART. I am at my Lord's commandment. If he shall allot me to be your guide quite through, I will willingly wait upon you: but here you failed at first; for when he bid me come thus far with you, then you should have begged me of him to have gone quite through with you, and he would have granted your request. However, at present I must withdraw, and so, good Christiana, Mercy, and my brave children, adieu.

Then the porter, Mr. Watchful, asked Christiana of her country and of her kindred, and she said, "I came from the City of Destruction, I am a widow woman, and my husband is dead; his name was Christian the pilgrim." "How?" said the porter, "was he your husband?" "Yes," said she, "and these are his children; and this" (pointing to Mercy)

"is one of my townswomen." Then the porter rang his bell, as at such times he is wont, and there came to the door one of the damsels, whose name was Humble-mind. And to her the porter said, "Go, tell it within that Christiana the wife of Christian and her children are come hither on pilgrimage." She went in, therefore, and told it. But oh, what a noise for gladness was there within when the damsel did but drop that word out of her mouth!



So they came with haste to the porter, for Christiana stood still at the door. Then some of the most grave said unto her, "Come in, Christiana; come in, thou wife of that good man; come in, thou blessed woman; come in, with all that are with thee." So she went in, and they followed her that were her children and her companions. Now when they were gone in, they were had into a very large room, where they were bidden to sit down: so they sat down, and the chief of the house was called to see and welcome the guests. Then they came in, and, understanding who they were, did salute each other with a kiss, and said, "Welcome, ye vessels of the grace of God, welcome to us your friends."

Now, because it was somewhat late, and because the pilgrims were weary with their journey, and also made faint with the sight of the fight and of the terrible lions, therefore they desired, as soon as might be, to prepare to go to rest. "Nay," said those of the family, "refresh yourselves first with a morsel of meat." For they had prepared for them a lamb, with the accustomed sauce belonging thereto (Exod. xii. 3; John i. 29); for the porter had heard before of their coming,

and had told it to them within. So when they had supped, and ended their prayer with a psalm, they desired they might go to rest. "But let us," said Christiana, "if we may be so bold as to choose, be in that chamber that was my husband's when he was here." So they had them up thither, and they lay all in a room. When they were at rest, Christiana and Mercy entered into discourse about things that were convenient.

CHRIS. Little did I think once, that when my husband went on pilgrimage, I should ever a followed.

MERCY. And you as little thought of lying in his bed, and in his chamber to rest, as you do now.

CHRIS. And much less did I ever think of seeing his face with comfort, and of worshipping the Lord the King with him; and yet now I believe I shall.

MERCY. Hark, don't you hear a noise?

CHRIS. Yes, 'tis, as I believe, a noise of music, for joy that we are here.

MERCY. Wonderful! Music in the house, music in the heart, and music also in heaven, for joy that we are here.

Thus they talked a while, and then betook themselves to sleep. So in the morning, when they were awake, Christiana said to Mercy,

CHRIS. What was the matter that you did laugh in your sleep to-night? I suppose you was in a dream.

MERCY. So I was, and a sweet dream it was: but are you sure I laughed?

CHRIS. Yes, you laughed heartily; but prithee, Mercy, tell me thy dream.

MERCY. I was a dreaming that I sat all alone in a solitary place, and was bemoaning of the hardness of my heart. Now I had not sat there long; but methought many were gathered about me to see me, and to hear what it was that I said. So they hearkened, and I went on bemoaning the hardness of my heart. At this, some of them laughed at me, some called me fool, and some began to thrust me about. With that methought I looked up, and saw one coming with wings towards me. So he came directly to me, and said, "Mercy,

what aileth thee? " Now when he had heard me make my complaint, he said, "Peace be to thee." He also wiped mine eyes with his handkerchief, and clad me in silver and gold; he put a chain about my neck, and earrings in mine ears, and a beautiful crown upon my head (Ezek. xvi. 8–11). Then he

took me by the hand, and said, "Mercy, come after me." So he went up and I followed, till we came at a golden gate. Then he knocked, and when they within had opened, the man went in, and I followed him up to a throne, upon which One sat, and he said to me, "Welcome, daughter!" The place looked bright and twinkling like the stars, or rather like the sun; and I thought that I saw your husband there. So I awoke from my dream: but did I laugh?

CHRIS. Laugh! Ay, and well you might, to see yourself so well. For you must give me leave to tell you, that I believe it was a good dream, and that as you have begun to find the first part true, so you shall find the second at last. God speaks once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumbering upon the bed (Job xxxiii. 14, 15). We need not when a-bed lie awake to talk with God; He can visit us while we sleep, and cause us then to hear His voice. Our heart ofttimes wakes when we sleep, and God can speak to that, either by words, by proverbs, by signs and similitudes, as well as if one was awake.

MERCY. Well, I am glad of my dream; for I hope ere long to see it fulfilled to the making of me laugh again.

CHRIS. I think it is now high time to rise, and to know what we must do.

MERCY. Pray, if they invite us to stay a while, let us willingly accept of the proffer. I am the willinger to stay a while here, to grow better acquainted with these maids; methinks Prudence, Piety, and Charity have very comely and sober countenances.

CHRIS. We shall see what they will do.

So when they were up and ready, they came down. And they asked one another of their rest, and if it was comfortable or not.

MERCY. "Very good," said Mercy; "it was one of the best night's lodging that ever I had in my life."

Then said Prudence and Piety, "If you will be persuaded to stay here a while, you shall have what the house will afford."

CHAR. "Ay, and that with a very good will," said Charity.

So they consented, and stayed there about a month or above, and became very profitable one to another. And because Prudence would see how Christiana had brought up her children, she asked leave of her to catechise them. So she gave her free consent. Then she began at the youngest, whose name was James.

PRU. And she said, "Come, James, canst thou tell who made thee?"

JAMES. God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.

PRU. Good boy. And canst thou tell who saves thee?

JAMES. God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.

PRU. Good boy, still. But how doth God the Father save thee?

JAMES. By His grace.

PRU. How doth God the Son save thee?

JAMES. By His righteousness, death and blood, and life.

PRU. And how doth God the Holy Ghost save thee?

JAMES. By His illumination, by His renovation, and by His preservation.

Then said Prudence to Christiana, "You are to be commended for thus bringing up your children. I suppose I need not ask the rest these questions, since the youngest of them can answer them so well. I will therefore now apply myself to the youngest next."

PRU. Then she said, "Come, Joseph" (for his name was Joseph), "will you let me catechise you?"

JOS. With all my heart.

PRU. What is man?

JOS. A reasonable creature, so made by God, as my brother said.

PRU. What is supposed by this word 'saved'?

JOS. That man by sin has brought himself into a state of captivity and misery.

PRU. What is supposed by his being saved by the Trinity?

JOS. That sin is so great and mighty a tyrant that none can pull us out of its clutches but God, and that God is so good and loving to man as to pull him indeed out of this miserable state.

PRU. What is God's design in saving of poor men?

JOS. The glorifying of His name, of His grace and justice, &c.; and the everlasting happiness of His creature.

PRU. Who are they that must be saved?

JOS. Those that accept of His salvation.

PRU. Good boy, Joseph; thy mother has taught thee well, and thou hast hearkened to what she has said unto thee.

Then said Prudence to Samuel, who was the eldest but one:

PRU. Come, Samuel, are you willing that I should catechise you also?

SAM. Yes, forsooth, if you please.

PRU. What is heaven?

SAM. A place and state most blessed, because God dwelleth there.

PRU. What is hell?

Sam. A place and state most woful, because it is the dwelling-place of sin, the devil, and death.

Pru. Why wouldest thou go to heaven?

Sam. That I may see God, and serve Him without weariness; that I may see Christ, and love Him everlastingly; that I may have that fulness of the Holy Spirit in me that I can by no means here enjoy.

Pru. "A very good boy also, and one that has learned well." Then she addressed herself to the eldest, whose name was Matthew, and she said to him, "Come, Matthew, shall I also catechise you?"

Mat. With a very good will.

Pru. I ask, then, if there was ever any thing that had a being antecedent to, or before God?

Mat. No, for God is eternal; nor is there any thing, excepting Himself, that had a being until the beginning of the first day: "for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is."

PRU. What do you think of the Bible?

MAT. It is the holy word of God.

PRU. Is there nothing written therein but what you understand?

MAT. Yes, a great deal.

PRU. What do you do when you meet with such places therein that you do not understand?

MAT. I think God is wiser than I. I pray also that He will please to let me know all therein that He knows will be for my good.

PRU. How believe you as touching the resurrection of the dead?

MAT. I believe they shall rise the same that was buried,—the same in nature, though not in corruption. And I believe this upon a double account: first, because God has promised it; secondly, because He is able to perform it.

Then said Prudence to the boys, "You must still hearken to your mother, for she can learn you more. You must also diligently give ear to what good talk you shall hear from others; for, for your sakes do they speak good things. Observe also, and that with carefulness, what the heavens and the earth do teach you; but especially be much in the meditation of that book that was the cause of your father's becoming a pilgrim. I, for my part, my children, will teach you what I can while you are here; and shall be glad if you will ask me questions that tend to godly edifying."

Now by that these pilgrims had been at this place a week, Mercy had a visitor that pretended some good will unto her, and his name was Mr. Brisk. A man of some breeding, and that pretended to religion; but a man that stuck very close to the world. So he came once or twice, or more, to Mercy, and offered love unto her. Now Mercy was of a fair countenance, and therefore the more alluring.

Her mind also was, to be always busying of herself in doing; for when she had nothing to do for herself, she would be making of hose and garments for others, and would bestow them upon them that had need. And Mr. Brisk, not knowing where or how she disposed of what she made, seemed to be greatly taken for that he found her never idle. "I will warrant her a good housewife," quoth he to himself.

Mercy then revealed the business to the maidens that were of the house, and inquired of them concerning him; for they did know him better than she. So they told her that he was a very busy young man, and one that pretended to religion; but was, as they feared, a stranger to the power of that which was good.

"Nay, then," said Mercy, "I will look no more on him, for I purpose never to have a clog to my soul."

Prudence then replied, "That there needed no great matter of discouragement to be given to him; her continuing so as she had begun to do for the poor would quickly cool his courage."

So the next time he comes he finds her at her old work, a-making of things for the poor. Then said he, "What,

always at it?" "Yes," said she, "either for myself or for others." "And what canst thee earn a day?" quoth he. "I do these things," said she, "that I may be rich in good works, laying up in store a good foundation against the time to come, that I may lay hold on eternal life" (1 Tim. vi. 17–19). "Why, prithee, what dost thou with them?" said he. "Clothe the naked," said she. With that his countenance fell. So he forbore to come at her again. And when he was asked the reason why, he said, "That Mercy was a pretty lass, but troubled with ill conditions."

When he had left her, Prudence said, "Did I not tell thee that Mr. Brisk would soon forsake thee? yea, he will raise up

an ill report of thee; for notwithstanding his pretence to religion, and his seeming love to Mercy, yet Mercy and he are of tempers so different, that I believe they will never come together."

MERCY. I might a had husbands afore now, though I spake not of it to any; but they were such as did not like my conditions, though never did any of them find fault with my person; so they and I could not agree.

PRU. Mercy in our days is little set by, any further than as to its name; the practice which is set forth by thy conditions there are but few that can abide.

MERCY. "Well," said Mercy, "if nobody will have me, I will die a maid, or my conditions shall be to me as a husband. For I cannot change my nature, and to have one that lies cross to me in this, that I purpose never to admit of as long as I live. I had a sister named Bountiful that was married to one of these churls; but he and she could never agree; but because my sister was resolved to do as she had begun, that is, to shew kindness to the poor, therefore her husband first cried her down at the cross, and then turned her out of his doors."

PRU. And yet he was a professor, I warrant you.

MERCY. Yes, such a one as he was; and of such as he the world is now full: but I am for none of them all.

Now Matthew, the eldest son of Christiana, fell sick, and his sickness was sore upon him, for he was much pained in his bowels, so that he was with it at times pulled as 'twere both ends together. There dwelt also not far from thence one Mr. Skill, an ancient and well-approved physician. So Christiana desired it, and they sent for him, and he came. When he was entered the room and had a little observed the boy, he concluded that he was sick of the gripes. Then he said to his mother, "What diet has Matthew of late fed upon?" "Diet!" said Christiana, "nothing but that which is wholesome." The physician answered, "This boy has been tampering with something that lies in his maw undigested, and that will not away without means. And I tell you he must be purged, or else he will die."

Sam. Then said Samuel, "Mother, mother, what was that which my brother did gather up and eat so soon as we were come from the gate that is at the head of this way? You know that there was an orchard on the left hand, on the other side of the wall, and some of the trees hung over the wall, and my brother did plash and did eat."

Chris. "True, my child," said Christiana, "he did take thereof and did eat, naughty boy as he was; I did chide him, and yet he would eat thereof."

Skill. I knew he had eaten something that was not whole-

some food. And that food, to wit, that fruit, is even the most hurtful of all. It is the fruit of Beelzebub's orchard. I do marvel that none did warn you of it; many have died thereof.

CHRIS. Then Christiana began to cry, and she said, "Oh, naughty boy, and oh, careless mother, what shall I do for my son?"

SKILL. Come, do not be too much dejected; the boy may do well again; but he must purge and vomit.

CHRIS. Pray, sir, try the utmost of your skill with him, whatever it costs.

SKILL. "Nay, I hope I shall be reasonable." So he made him a purge, but it was too weak. 'Twas said it was made of the blood of a goat, the ashes of an heifer, and with some of the juice of hyssop, &c. (Heb. x. 1–4.) When Mr. Skill had seen that that purge was too weak, he made him one to the purpose. 'Twas made *ex Carne et Sanguine Christi* (you know physicians give strange medicines to their patients), and it was made up into pills with a promise or two, and a proportionable quantity of salt. (John vi. 54-57; Mark ix. 49.) Now he was to take them three at a time, fasting, in half a quarter of a pint of the tears of repentance (Heb. ix. 14; Zech. xii. 10.) When this potion was prepared and

brought to the boy, he was loath to take it, though torn with the gripes as if he should be pulled in pieces. "Come, come," said the physician, "you must take it." "It goes against my stomach," said the boy. "I must have you take it," said his mother. "I shall vomit it up again," said the boy. "Pray, sir," said Christiana to Mr. Skill, "how does it taste?" "It has no ill taste," said the doctor; and with that she touched one of the pills with the tip of her tongue. "Oh, Matthew!" said she, "this potion is sweeter than honey. If thou lovest thy mother, if thou lovest thy brothers, if thou lovest Mercy, if thou lovest thy life, take it." So with much ado, after a short prayer for the blessing of God upon it, he took it, and it wrought kindly with him. It caused him to purge, it caused him to sleep, and rest quietly, it put him into a fine heat and breathing sweat, and did quite rid him of his gripes.

So in little time he got up and walked about with a staff, and would go from room to room, and talk with Prudence, Piety, and Charity of his distemper and how he was healed.

So when the boy was healed, Christiana asked Mr. Skill, saying, "Sir, what will content you for your pains and care to and of my child?" And he said, "You must pay the master of the college of physicians, according to rules made in that case and provided." (Heb. xiii. 11–15.)

CHRIS. "But, sir," said she, "what is this pill good for else?"

SKILL. It is an universal pill, 'tis good against all the diseases that pilgrims are incident to; and when it is well prepared it will keep good time out of mind.

CHRIS. Pray, sir, make me up twelve boxes of them; for if I can get these, I will never take other physic.

SKILL. "These pills are good to prevent diseases, as well as to cure when one is sick. Yea, I dare say it, and stand to it, that if a man will but use this physic as he should, it will make him live for ever (John vi. 50). But, good Christiana, thou must give these pills no other way but as I have prescribed; for if you do, they will do no good." So he gave unto Christiana physic for herself, and her boys, and for

Mercy; and bid Matthew take heed how he eat any more green plums, and kissed them, and went his way.

It was told you before that Prudence bid the boys that if at any time they would, they should ask her some questions that might be profitable, and she would say something to them.

Mat. Then Matthew, who had been sick, asked her, "Why, for the most part, physic should be bitter to our palates?"

Pru. To shew how unwelcome the word of God and the effects thereof are to a carnal heart.

Mat. Why does physic, if it does good, purge and cause that we vomit?

Pru. To shew that the word, when it works effectually, cleanseth the heart and mind. For, look, what the one doth to the body, the other doth to the soul.

Mat. What should we learn by seeing the flame of our fire go upwards? and by seeing the beams and sweet influences of the sun strike downwards?

PRU. By the going up of the fire we are taught to ascend to heaven by fervent and hot desires. And by the sun, his sending his heat, beams, and sweet influences downwards, we are taught that the Saviour of the world, though high, reaches down with His grace and love to us below.

MAT. Where have the clouds their water?

PRU. Out of the sea.

MAT. What may we learn from that?

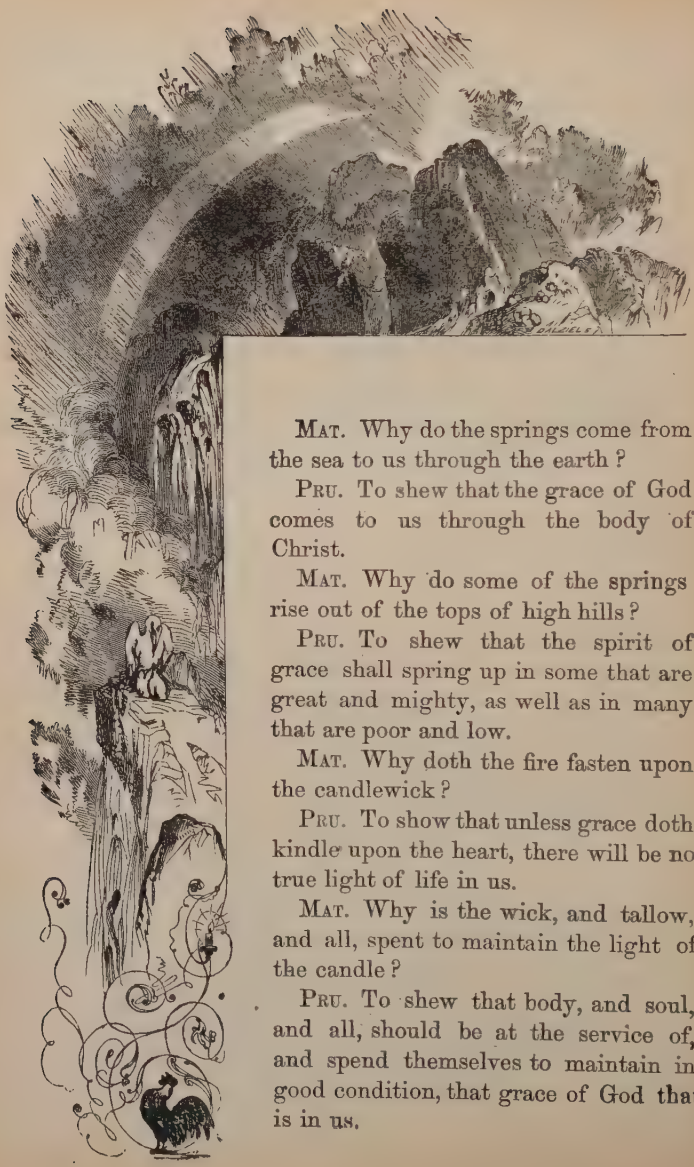
PRU. That ministers should fetch their doctrine from God.

MAT. Why do they empty themselves upon the earth?

PRU. To shew that ministers should give out what they know of God to the world.

MAT. Why is the rainbow caused by the sun?

PRU. To shew that the covenant of God's grace is confirmed to us in Christ.



MAT. Why do the springs come from the sea to us through the earth?

PRU. To shew that the grace of God comes to us through the body of Christ.

MAT. Why do some of the springs rise out of the tops of high hills?

PRU. To shew that the spirit of grace shall spring up in some that are great and mighty, as well as in many that are poor and low.

MAT. Why doth the fire fasten upon the candlewick?

PRU. To show that unless grace doth kindle upon the heart, there will be no true light of life in us.

MAT. Why is the wick, and tallow, and all, spent to maintain the light of the candle?

PRU. To shew that body, and soul, and all, should be at the service of, and spend themselves to maintain in good condition, that grace of God that is in us.

MAT. Why doth the pelican pierce her own breast with her bill?

PRU. To nourish her young ones with her blood, and thereby to shew that Christ the blessed so loveth His young, His people, as to save them from death by His blood.

MAT. What may one learn by hearing the cock to crow?

PRU. Learn to remember Peter's sin and Peter's repentance. The cock's crowing shews also that day is coming on; let, then, the crowing of the cock put thee in mind of that last and terrible day of judgment.

Now about this time their month was out, wherefore they signified to those of the house that 'twas convenient for them to up and be going. Then said Joseph to his mother, "It is convenient that you forget not to send to the house of Mr. Interpreter, to pray him to grant that Mr. Great-heart should be sent unto us, that he may be our conductor the rest of our way." "Good boy," said she, "I had almost forgot." So she drew up a petition, and prayed Mr. Watchful the porter to send it by some fit man to her good friend Mr. Interpreter; who, when it was come, and he had seen the contents of the petition, said to the messenger, "Go, tell them that I will send him."

When the family where Christiana was saw that they had a purpose to go forward, they called the whole house together to give thanks to their King for sending of them such profitable guests as these. Which done, they said to Christiana, "And shall we not shew thee something, according as our custom is to do to pilgrims, on which thou mayest meditate when thou art upon the way?" So they took Christiana, her children, and Mercy into the closet, and shewed them one of the apples that Eve did eat of, and that she also did give to her husband, and that for the eating of which they both were turned out of Paradise, and asked her what she thought that was. Then Christiana said, "'Tis food or poison, I know not which." So they opened the matter to her, and she held up her hands, and wondered (Gen. iii. 6; Rom. vii. 24).

Then they had her to a place and shewed her Jacob's ladder.

Now at that time there were some angels ascending upon

it. So Christiana looked and looked to see the angels go up, and so did the rest of the company. Then they were going into another place to shew them something else, but James said to his mother, "Pray bid them stay here a little longer, for this is a curious sight." So they turned again, and stood feeding their eyes with this so pleasant a prospect (Gen. xxviii. 12). After this they had them into a place where did hang up a golden anchor; so they bid Christiana take it down, "For,"

said they, "you shall have it with you, for 'tis of absolute necessity that you should, that you may lay hold of that within the veil, and stand steadfast, in case you should meet with turbulent weather;" so they were glad thereof (Joel iii. 16; Heb. vi. 19). Then they took them, and had them to the mount upon which Abraham our father had offered up Isaac his son, and shewed them the altar, the wood, the fire, and the knife; for they remain to be seen to this very day (Gen. xxii. 9). When they had seen it, they held up their hands and blessed themselves, and said, "Oh, what a man for love to his Master and for denial to himself was Abraham!" After they had shewed them all these things, Prudence took them into the dining-room, where stood a pair of excellent virginals: so she played upon them, and turned what she had shewed them into this excellent song, saying:

"Eve's apple we have shewed you,
Of that be you aware:
You have seen Jacob's ladder, too,
Upon which angels are.

An anchor you receivèd have;
But let not these suffice,
Until with Abra'm you have gave
Your best a sacrifice."

Now about this time one knocked at the door. So the porter opened, and behold, Mr. Great-heart was there; but when he was come in, what joy was there! For it came now fresh again into their minds how, but a while ago, he had slain old Grim Bloody-man, the Giant, and had delivered them from the lions.

Then said Mr. Great-heart to Christiana and to Mercy, "My Lord hath sent each of you a bottle of wine, and also some parched corn, together with a couple of pomegranates. He has also sent the boys some figs and raisins to refresh you in your way."

Then they addressed themselves to their journey, and Pru-

dence and Piety went along with them. When they came at the gate Christiana asked the porter if any of late went by. He said, "No, only one some time since, who also told me that of late there had been a great robbery committed on the King's highway, as you go; but he saith the thieves are taken, and will shortly be tried for their lives." Then Christiana and Mercy was afraid; but Matthew said, "Mother, fear nothing as long as Mr. Great-heart is to go with us and to be our conductor."

Then said Christiana to the porter, "Sir, I am much

obliged to you for all the kindnesses that you have shewed me since I came hither; and also for that you have been so loving and kind to my children. I know not how to gratify your kindness, wherefore pray, as a token of my respects to you, accept of this small mite." So she put a gold angel in his hand, and he made her a low obeisance, and said, "Let thy garments be always white, and let thy head want no ointment. Let Mercy live and not die, and let not her works be few."

And to the boys he said, "Do you fly youthful lusts, and follow after godliness with them that are grave and wise, so shall you put gladness into your mother's heart, and obtain praise of all that are sober-minded." So they thanked the porter and departed.

Now I saw in my dream that they went forward until they were come to the brow of the hill, where Piety, bethinking herself, cried out, "Alas! I have forgot what I intended to bestow upon Christiana and her companions. I will go back and fetch it." So she ran and fetched it.

While she was gone, Christiana thought she heard in a grove, a little way off on the right hand, a most curious melodious note, with words much like these:

"Through all my life thy favour is
So frankly shew'd to me,
That in thy house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be."

And listening still, she thought she heard another answer it, saying:

"For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure."

So Christiana asked Prudence what 'twas that made those curious notes? "They are," said she, "our country birds: they sing these notes but seldom, except it be at the Spring, when the flowers appear and the sun shines warm, and then you may hear them all day long. I often," said she, "go out to hear them, we also ofttimes keep them tame in our house. They are very fine company for us when we are melancholy; also they make the woods, and groves, and solitary places, places desirous to be in" (Song ii. 11, 12).

By this time Piety was come again; so she said to Christiana, "Look here; I have brought thee a scheme of all those things that thou hast seen at our house, upon which thou mayest look when thou findest thyself forgetful, and call those things again to remembrance for thy edification and comfort."

Now they began to go down the hill into the Valley of Humiliation. It was a steep hill, and the way was slippery; but they were very careful, so they got down pretty well. When they were down in the valley, Piety said to Christiana, "This is the place where Christian, your husband, met with the foul fiend Apollyon, and where they had that dreadful fight that they had. I know you cannot but have heard thereof. But be of good courage, as long as you have here Mr. Great-heart to be your guide and conductor we hope you will fare the better." So when these two had committed the

pilgrims unto the conduct of their guide, he went forward and they went after.

GREAT-HEART. Then said Mr. Great-heart, "We need not to be so afraid of this valley; for here is nothing to hurt us, unless we procure it to ourselves. 'Tis true, Christian did here meet with Apollyon, with whom he also had a sore combat; but that fray was the fruit of those slips that he got in his going down the hill. For they that get slips there must look for combats here; and hence it is that this valley has got so hard a name. For the common people, when they hear that some frightful thing has befallen such an one in such a place, are of an opinion that that place is haunted with some foul fiend or evil spirit, when, alas, it is for the fruit of their doing that such things do befal them there.

"This Valley of Humiliation is of itself as fruitful a place as any the crow flies over, and I am persuaded, if we could hit upon it, we might find somewhere hereabouts something that might give us an account why Christian was so hardly beset in this place."

Then James said to his mother, "Lo, yonder stands a pillar, and it looks as if something was written thereon; let us go and see what it is." So they went, and found there written, "Let Christian's slips before he came hither, and the battles that he met with in this place, be a warning to those that come after."

"Lo," said their guide, "did not I tell you, that there was something hereabouts that would give intimation of the reason why Christian was so hard beset in this place?"

Then turning himself to Christiana, he said, "No disparagement to Christian more than to many others, whose hap and lot his was. For 'tis easier going up than down this hill; and that can be said but of few hills in all these parts of the world. But we will leave the good man,—he is at rest, he also had a brave victory over his enemy; let Him grant that dwelleth above, that we fare no worse, when we come to be tried, than he.

"But we will come again to this Valley of Humiliation. It is the best and most fruitful piece of ground in all those parts. It is fat ground, and, as you see, consisteth much in meadows; and if a man was to come here in the summer-time, as we do now, if he knew not any thing before thereof, and if he also delighted himself in the sight of his eyes, he might see that that would be delightful to him. Behold, how green this valley is! also how beautified with lilies!* I have also known many labouring men that have got good estates in this Valley of Humiliation (for God resisteth the proud, but gives more, more grace to the humble); for indeed it is a very fruitful soil, and doth bring forth by handfuls. Some also have wished that the next way

* Song ii. 1; James iv. 6; 1 Peter v. 5.

to their Father's house were here, that they might be troubled no more with either hills or mountains to go over; but the way is the way, and there's an end."

Now as they were going along and talking, they espied a boy feeding his father's sheep. The boy was in very mean

clothes, but of a very fresh and well-favoured countenance; and as he sate by himself, he sung. "Hark," said Mr. Great-heart, "to what the shepherd's boy saith."

So they hearkened, and he said:

"He that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.
I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much;
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because thou savest such.
Fulness to such a burden is
That go on pilgrimage:
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age." *

Then said their guide, "Do you hear him? I will dare to say that this boy lives a merrier life, and wears more of that herb called heart's-ease in his bosom, than he that is clad in silk and velvet: but we will proceed in our discourse.

"In this valley our Lord formerly had his country-house; he loved much to be here. He loved also to walk these meadows, for he found the air was pleasant. Besides, here a man shall be free from the noise and from the hurryings of this life: all states are full of noise and confusion; only the Valley of Humiliation is that empty and solitary place. Here a man shall not be so let and hindered in his contemplation as in other places he is apt to be. This is a valley that nobody walks in but those that love a pilgrim's life. And though Christian had the hard hap to meet here with Apollyon, and to enter with him a brisk encounter, yet I must tell you, that in former times men have met with angels here, have found pearls here, and have in this place found the words of life (Hos. xii. 4, 5).

"Did I say, our Lord had here in former days his country-

* Phil. iv. 12, 13; Heb. xiii. 5.

house, and that he loved here to walk? I will add, in this place, and to the people that live and trace these grounds, he has left a yearly revenue to be faithfully paid them at certain seasons for their maintenance by the way, and for their further encouragement to go on in their pilgrimage" (Matt. xi. 29).

SAM. Now as they went on, Samuel said to Mr. Great-heart, "Sir, I perceive that in this valley my father and Apollyon had their battle; but whereabout was the fight, for I perceive this valley is large?"

GREAT-HEART. Your father had that battle with Apollyon at a place yonder, before us, in a narrow passage just beyond Forgetful Green. And indeed that place is the most dangerous place in all these parts. For if at any time the pilgrims meet with any brunt, it is when they forget what favours they have received, and how unworthy they are of them. This is the place also where others have been hard put to it. But

more of the place when we are come to it; for I persuade myself that, to this day, there remains either some sign of the battle, or some monument to testify that such a battle there was fought.

MERCY. Then said Mercy, "I think I am as well in this valley as I have been anywhere else in all our journey. The place methinks suits with my spirit. I love to be in such places where there is no rattling with coaches, nor rumbling with wheels. Methinks here one may, without much molestation, be thinking what he is, whence he came, what he has done, and to what the King has called him. Here one may think, and break at heart and melt in one's spirit, until one's eyes become like the fish-pools of Heshbon. They that go rightly through this valley of Baca make it a well; the rain that God sends down from heaven upon them that are here also filleth the pools. This valley is that from whence also the King will give to them vineyards, and they that go through it shall sing * (as Christian did, for all he met with Apollyon)."

GREAT-HEART. "'Tis true," said their guide, "I have gone through this valley many a time, and never was bett r than when here. I have also been a conduct to several pilgrims, and they have confessed the same, 'To this man will I look,' saith the King, 'even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and that trembles at my word.'"

Now they were come to the place where the afore-mentioned battle was fought. Then said the guide to Christiana, her children, and Mercy, "This is the place; on this ground Christian stood, and up there came Apollyon against him. And look, did not I tell you, here is some of your husband's blood upon these stones to this day. Behold also, how here and there are yet to be seen upon the place some of the shivers of Apollyon's broken darts. See also how they did beat the ground with their feet, as they fought to make good their places against each other; how also with their by-blows they did split the very stones in pieces. Verily Christian

* Song vii. 4; Ps. lxxxiv. 5–7; Hos. ii. 15.

did here play the man, and shewed himself as stout as could, had he been there, even Hercules himself. When Apollyon was beat, he made his retreat to the next valley, that is called the Valley of the Shadow of Death, unto which we shall come anon. Lo, yonder also stands a monument on which is engraven this battle, and Christian's victory, to his fame throughout all ages."

So because it stood just on the way-side before them, they stepped to it, and read the writing, which, word for word, was this:

"Hard by here was a battle fought,
Most strange, and yet most true:
Christian and Apollyon sought
Each other to subdue.
The man so bravely play'd the man
He made the fiend to fly:
Of which a monument I stand,
The same to testify."

When they had passed by this place, they came upon the borders of the shadow of Death, and this valley was longer than the other; a place also most strangely haunted with evil things, as many are able to testify. But these women and

children went the better through it, because they had daylight, and because Mr. Great-heart was their conductor.

When they were entered upon this valley, they thought that they heard a groaning as of dead men, a very great groaning. They thought also they did hear words of lamentation spoken, as of some in extreme torment. These things made the boys to quake; the women also looked pale and wan; but their guide bid them be of good comfort.

So they went on a little farther, and they thought that they felt the ground begin to shake under them, as if some hollow place was there; they heard also a kind of a hissing as of serpents; but nothing as yet appeared. Then said the boys, "Are we not yet at the end of this doleful place?" But the guide also bid them be of good courage, and look well to their feet, "Lest haply," said he, "you be taken in some snare."

Now James began to be sick; but I think the cause thereof was fear: so his mother gave him some of that glass of spirits that she had given her at the Interpreter's house, and three of the pills that Mr. Skill had prepared, and the boy began to revive. Thus they went on, till they came to about the middle of the valley, and then Christiana said, "Methinks I see something yonder upon the road before us, a thing of such a shape such as I have not seen." Then said Joseph, "Mother, what is it?" "An ugly thing, child, an ugly thing," said she. "But, mother, what is it like?" said he. "'Tis like I cannot tell what," said she. And now it was but a little way off. Then said she, "It is nigh."

"Well, well," said Mr. Great-heart, "let them that are most afraid keep close to me." So the fiend came on, and the conductor met it; but when it was just come to him, it vanished to all their sights. Then remembered they what had been said some time ago, "Resist the devil, and he will fly from you."

They went therefore on, as being a little refreshed; but they had not gone far, before Mercy, looking behind her, saw, as she thought, something most like a lion, and it came a great padding pace after; and it had a hollow voice of roar-

ing, and at every roar that it gave, it made all the valley echo, and their hearts to ache, save the heart of him that was their guide. So it came up, and Mr. Great-heart went behind, and put the pilgrims all before him. The lion also came on apace, and Mr. Great-heart addressed himself to give him battle. But when he saw that it was determined that resistance

should be made, he also drew back, and came no farther (1 Pet. v. 8, 9).

Then they went on again, and their conductor did go before them, till they came at a place where was cast up a pit the whole breadth of the way; and before they could be prepared to go over that, a great mist and a darkness fell upon them, so that they could not see. Then said the pilgrims, "Alas! now what shall we do?" But their guide made answer, "Fear not; stand still, and see what an end will be put to this also:" so they stayed there because their path was marred. They then also thought that they did hear more apparently the noise and rushing of the enemies; the fire, also and the smoke of the pit was much easier to be discerned. Then said Christiana to Mercy, "Now I see what my poor husband went through. I have heard much of this place, but I never was here afore now; poor man! he went here all alone in the night; he had night almost quite through the way; also these fiends were busy about him, as if they would have torn him in pieces. Many have spoke of it, but none can tell what the Valley of the Shadow of Death should mean until they come in it themselves. 'The heart knows its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddleth not with its joy.' To be here is a fearful thing."

GREAT-HEART. This is like doing business in great waters, or like going down into the deep; this is like being in the heart of the sea, and like going down to the bottoms of the mountains. Now it seems as if the earth with its bars were about us for ever. "But let them that walk in darkness, and have no light, trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon their God." For my part, as I have told you already, I have gone often through this valley, and have been much harder put to it than now I am, and yet you see I am alive. I would not boast, for that I am not mine own Saviour; but I trust we shall have a good deliverance. Come, let us pray for light to Him that can lighten our darkness, and that can rebuke, not only these, but all the Satans in hell.

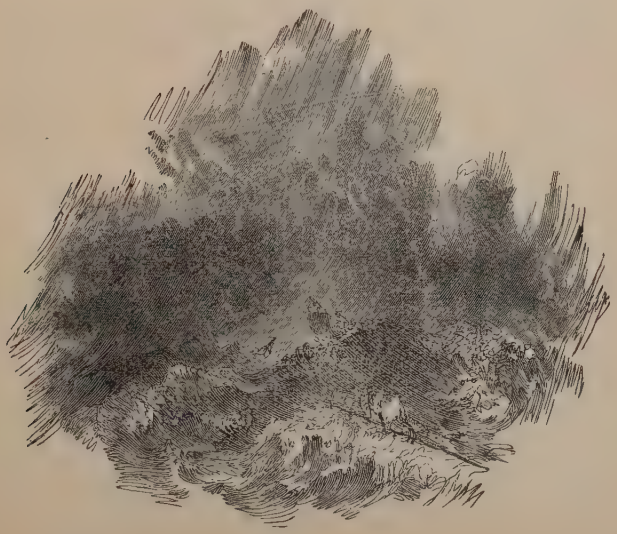
So they cried and prayed, and God sent light and deliver-

ance, for there was now no let in their way; no, not there, where but now they were stopped with a pit.

Yet they were not got through the valley; so they went on still, and behold, great stinks and loathsome smells, to the great annoyance of them. Then said Mercy to Christiana, "There is not such pleasant being here as at the Gate, or at the Interpreter's, or at the house where we lay last."

"Oh, but," said one of the boys, "it is not so bad to go through here, as it is to abide here always; and for aught I know, one reason why we must go this way to the house prepared for us is, that our home might be made the sweeter to us."

"Well said, Samuel," quoth the guide; "thou hast now spoke like a man." "Why, if ever I get out here again," said the boy, "I think I shall prize light and good way better than ever I did in all my life." Then said the guide, "We shall be out by and by."



So on they went, and Joseph said, "Cannot we see to the end of this valley as yet?" Then said the guide, "Look to your feet, for you shall presently be among the snares." So they looked to their feet and went on; but they were troubled much with the snares. Now when they were come among the snares, they espied a man cast into the ditch on the left hand, with his flesh all rent and torn. Then said the guide, "That is one Heedless, that was a going this way; he has lain there a great while. There was one Takeheed with him when he was taken and slain, but he escaped their hands. You cannot imagine how many are killed here about; and yet men are so foolishly venturous, as to set out lightly on pilgrimage, and to come without a guide. Poor Christian! it was a wonder that he here escaped; but he was beloved of his God; also he had a good heart of his own, or else he could never a done it." Now they drew towards the end of the way, and just there, where Christian had seen the cave when he went by, out thence came forth Maul, a giant. This Maul did use to spoil young pilgrims with sophistry, and he called Great-heart by his name, and said unto him, "How many times have you been forbidden to do these things?" Then said Mr. Great-heart, "What things?" "What things?" quoth the giant, "you know what things; but I will put an end to your trade." "But pray," said Mr. Great-heart, "before we fall to it, let us understand wherefore we must fight" (now the women and children stood trembling, and knew not what to do). Quoth the giant, "You rob the country, and rob it with the worst of thefts." "These are but generals," said Mr. Great-heart, "come to particulars, man."

Then said the giant, "Thou practisest the craft of a kidnapper; thou gatherest up women and children, and carriest them into a strange country, to the weakening of my master's kingdom." But now Great-heart replied, "I am a servant of the God of heaven, my business is to persuade sinners to repentance; I am commanded to do my endeavour to turn men, women, and children from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God; and if this be indeed the ground of thy quarrel, let us fall to it as soon as thou wilt."

Then the giant came up, and Mr. Great-heart went to meet him, and as he went he drew his sword, but the giant had a club. So without more ado they fell to it, and at the first blow the giant stroke Mr. Great-heart down upon one of his knees: with that, the women and children cried out. So Mr. Great-heart, recovering himself, laid about him in full lusty manner, and gave the giant a wound in his arm: thus he fought for the space of an hour to that height of heat, that the breath came out of the giant's nostrils as the heat doth out of a boiling cauldron.

Then they sat down to rest them, but Mr. Great-heart betook him to prayer; also the women and children did nothing but sigh and cry all the time that the battle did last.

When they had rested them, and taken breath, they both fell to it again, and Mr. Great-heart with a full blow fetched the giant down to the ground. "Nay, hold, and let me recover," quoth he. So Mr. Great-heart fairly let him get up; so to it they went again; and the giant missed but little of all-to-breaking Mr. Great-heart's skull with his club.

Mr. Great-heart seeing that, runs to him in the full heat of his spirit, and pierceth him under the fifth rib; with that the giant began to faint, and could hold up his club no longer. Then Mr. Great-heart seconded his blow, and smit the head of the giant from his shoulders. Then the women and children rejoiced, and Mr. Great-heart also praised God for the deliverance He had wrought.

When this was done, they amongst them erected a pillar, and fastened the giant's head thereon, and wrote underneath, in letters that passengers might read:

"He that did wear this head was one
That pilgrims did misuse;
He stopt their way, he sparèd none,
But did them all abuse;
Until that I, Great-heart, arose,
The pilgrim's guide to be;
Until that I did him oppose
That was their enemy."

Now I saw that they went to the ascent that was a little way off, cast up to be a prospect for pilgrims (that was the place from whence Christian had the first sight of Faithful his brother). Wherefore here they sat down, and rested; they also here did eat and drink and make merry, for that they had gotten deliverance from this so dangerous an enemy. As they sat thus and did eat, Christiana asked the guide, "If he had caught no hurt in the battle?" Then said Mr. Great-heart, "No, save a little on my flesh; yet that also shall be so far from being to my determent, that it is, at present, a proof of my love to my Master and you, and shall be a means, by grace, to increase my reward at last."

"But was you not afraid, good sir, when you see him come out with his club?"

"It is my duty," said he, "to distrust mine own ability, that I may have reliance on Him that is stronger than all." (2 Cor. iv.)

"But what did you think when he fetched you down to the ground at the first blow?"

"Why, I thought," quoth he, "that so my Master Himself was served, and yet He it was that conquered at the last."

MATT. When you all have thought what you please, I think God has been wonderful good unto us, both in bringing us out of this valley, and in delivering us out of the hand of this enemy; for my part, I see no reason why we should distrust our God any more, since He has now, and in such a place as this, given us such testimony of His love as this.

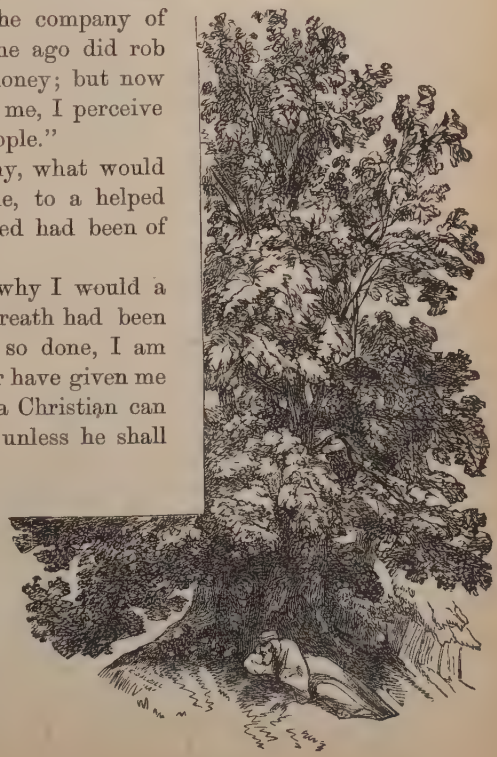
Then they got up and went forward. Now a little before

them stood an oak; and under it, when they came to it, they found an old pilgrim, fast asleep; they knew that he was a pilgrim by his clothes and his staff and his girdle.

So the guide, Mr. Great-heart, awaked him, and the old gentleman, as he lift up his eyes, cried out, "What's the matter? who are you? and what is your business here?"

GREAT-HEART. "Come, man, be not so hot; here is none but friends." Yet the old man gets up and stands upon his guard, and will know of them what they were. Then said the guide, "My name is Great-heart, I am the guide of these pilgrims, which are going to the celestial country."

HONEST. Then said Mr. Honest, "I cry you mercy; I feared that you had been of the company of those that some time ago did rob Little-faith of his money; but now I look better about me, I perceive you are honester people."



GREAT-HEART. Why, what would or could you a done, to a helped yourself, if we indeed had been of that company?

HONEST. Done! why I would a fought as long as breath had been in me; and had I so done, I am sure you could never have given me the worst on't; for a Christian can never be overcome, unless he shall yield of himself.

GT.-HT. "Well said, father Honest," quoth the guide, "for by this, I know thou art a cock of the right kind, for thou hast said the truth."

HONEST. And by this also I know that thou knowest what true pilgrimage is; for all others do think that we are the soonest overcome of any.

GREAT-HEART. Well, now we are so happily met, pray let me crave your name, and the name of the place you came from?

HONEST. My name I cannot, but I came from the town of Stupidity; it lieth about four degrees beyond the City of Destruction.

GREAT-HEART. Oh! are you that countryman, then? I deem I have half a guess of you; your name is Old Honesty, is it not?

HONEST. So the old gentleman blushed, and said, "Not Honesty in the abstract, but Honest is my name; and I wish that my nature shall agree to what I am called. But, sir," said the old gentleman, "how could you guess that I am such a man, since I came from such a place?"

GREAT-HEART. I had heard of you before by my master; for He knows all things that are done on the earth. But I have often wondered that any should come from your place, for your town is worse than is the City of Destruction itself.

HONEST. Yes, we lie more off from the sun, and so are more cold and senseless; but was a man in a mountain of ice, yet if the sun of righteousness will arise upon him, his frozen heart shall feel a thaw; and thus it hath been with me.

GREAT-HEART. I believe it, father Honest, I believe it; for I know the thing is true.

Then the old gentleman saluted all the pilgrims with a holy kiss of charity, and asked them of their names, and how they had fared since they set out on their pilgrimage.

CHRIS. Then said Christiana, "My name I suppose you have heard of; good Christian was my husband, and these four were his children." But can you think how the old gentleman was taken when she told him who she was! He skipped, he smiled, and blessed them with a thousand good wishes, saying:

HONEST. "I have heard much of your husband, and of his

travels and wars which he underwent in his days. Be it spoken to your comfort, the name of your husband rings all over these parts of the world: his faith, his courage, his enduring, and his sincerity under all, has made his name famous." Then he turned him to the boys, and asked them of their names, which they told him: and then said he unto them, "Matthew, be thou like Matthew the publican, not in vice, but in virtue. Samuel," said he, "be thou like Samuel the prophet, a man of faith and prayer. Joseph," said he, "be thou like Joseph in Potiphar's house, chaste, and one that flies from temptation. And James, be thou like James the Just, and like James the brother of our Lord." *

Then they told him of Mercy, and how she had left her town and her kindred to come along with Christiana and with her sons. At that the old honest man said, "Mercy

* Matt. x. 3; Ps. xcix. 6; Gen. xxxix.; Acts i. 13, 14.

is thy name? by mercy shalt thou be sustained, and carried through all those difficulties that shall assault thee in thy way; till thou shalt come thither where thou shalt look the fountain of mercy in the face with comfort."

All this while the guide, Mr. Great-heart, was very much pleased, and smiled upon his companion.

Now as they walked along together, the guide asked the old gentleman if he did not know one Mr. Fearing that came on pilgrimage out of his parts.

HONEST. "Yes, very well," said he; "he was a man that had the root of the matter in him, but he was one of the most troublesome pilgrims that ever I met with in all my days."

GREAT-HEART. I perceive you knew him, for you have given a very right character of him.

HONEST. Knew him! I was a great companion of his, I was with him most an end; when he first began to think of what would come upon us hereafter, I was with him.

GREAT-HEART. I was his guide from my master's house to the gates of the Celestial City.

HONEST. Then you knew him to be a troublesome one.

GREAT-HEART. I did so, but I could very well bear it; for men of my calling are oftentimes entrusted with the conduct of such as he was.

HONEST. Well, then, pray let us hear a little of him, and how he managed himself under your conduct.

GREAT-HEART. "Why, he was always afraid that he should come short of whither he had a desire to go. Every thing frightened him that he heard any body speak of, that had but the least appearance of opposition in it. I hear that he lay roaring at the Slough of Despond for above a month together, nor durst he, for all he saw several go over before him, venture, though they, many of them, offered to lend him their hand. He would not go back again neither. The Celestial City, he said he should die if he came not to it; and yet was dejected at every difficulty, and stumbled at every straw that any body cast in his way. Well, after he had lain at the Slough of Despond a great while, as I have

told you, one sunshine morning, I do not know how, he ventured, and so got over. But when he was over, he would scarce believe it. He had, I think, a Slough of Despond in his mind, a slough that he carried everywhere with him, or else he could never have been as he was. So he came up to the gate,—you know what I mean,—that stands at the head of this way, and there also he stood a good while before he would adventure to knock. When the gate was opened, he would give back, and give place to others, and say that he was not worthy. For, for all he gat before some to the gate, yet many of them went in before him. There the poor man would stand shaking and shrinking; I dare say it would have pitied one's heart to have seen him; nor would he go back again. At last he took the hammer that hanged on the gate in his hand, and gave a small rap or two; then one opened to him, but he shrunk back as before. He that opened stept out after him, and said, 'Thou trembling one, what wantest thou?' With that he fell down to the ground. He that spoke to him wondered to see him so faint. So he said to him, 'Peace be to thee; up, for I have set open the door to thee; come in, for thou art blest.' With that he gat up, and went in trembling; and when he was in, he was ashamed to shew his face. Well, after he had been entertained there a while, as you know how the manner is, he was bid go on his way, and also told the way he should take. So he came till he came to our house; but as he behaved himself at the gate, so did he at my master the Interpreter's door. He lay thereabout in the cold a good while before he would adventure to call: yet he would not go back. And the nights were long and cold then. Nay, of had a note of necessity in his bosom to my master, to receive him, and grant him the comfort of his house; and also to allow him a stout and valiant conduct, because he was himself so chicken-hearted a man; and yet for all that he was afraid to call at the door. So he lay up and down thereabouts till, poor man, he was almost starved; yea, so great was his dejection, that though he saw several others for knocking got in, yet he was afraid to venture. At last, I think I looked out of the window, and

perceiving a man to be up and down about the door, I went out to him, and asked what he was; but, poor man, the water stood in his eyes. So I perceived what he wanted. I went therefore in, and told it in the house, and we shewed the thing to our Lord; so he sent me out again to entreat him to come in, but I dare say I had hard work to do it. At last he came in, and I will say that for my Lord, he carried it wonderful lovingly to him. There were but a few good bits at the table, but some of it was laid upon his trencher. Then he presented the note, and my Lord looked thereon, and said his desire should be granted. So when he had been there a good while, he seemed to get some heart, and to be a little more comfortable; for my master, you must know, is one of very tender bowels, specially to them that are afraid, wherefore he carried it so towards him, as might tend most to his encouragement. Well, when he had had a sight of the things of the place, and was ready to take his journey to go to the city, my Lord, as he did to Christian before, gave him a bottle of spirits, and some comfortable things to eat. Thus we set forward, and I went before him; but the man was but

of few words, only he would sigh aloud.

"When we were come to where the three fellows were hanged, he said, that he doubted that that would be his end also. Only he seemed glad when he saw the cross and the sepulchre. There I confess he desired to stay a little to look; and he seemed for a while after to be a little cheery. When we came at the Hill Difficulty, he made no stick at that, nor did he much fear the lions; for you must know that his trouble was not about such things as those, his fear was about his acceptance at last.

"I got him in at the house Beautiful I think before he was willing; also, when he was in, I brought him acquainted with the damsels that were of the place; but he was ashamed to make himself much for company; he desired much to be alone, yet he always loved good talk and often would get behind the screen to hear it; he also loved much to see ancient things, and to be pondering them in his mind. He told me afterwards, that he loved to be in those two houses from which he came last, to wit, at the Gate, and that of the Interpreter's, but that he durst not be so bold to ask.

"When we went also from the house Beautiful, down the hill, into the Valley of Humiliation, he went down as well as ever I saw a man in my life; for he cared not how mean he was so he might be happy at last. Yea, I think there was a kind of a sympathy betwixt that valley and him; for I never saw him better in all his pilgrimage than when he was in that valley.

"Here he would lie down, embrace the ground, and kiss the very flowers that grew in this valley (Lam. iii. 27-29). He would now be up every morning by break of day, tracing and walking to and fro in this valley.

"But when he was come to the entrance of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I thought I should have lost my man; not for that he had any inclination to go back,—that he always abhorred,—but he was ready to die for fear. 'Oh, the hobgoblins will have me, the hobgoblins will have me!' cried he, and I could not beat him out on't. He made such a noise and such an outcry here, that, had they but heard him, 'twas enough to encourage them to come and fall upon us.

"But this I took very great notice of, that this valley was as

quiet while he went through it, as ever I knew it before or since. I suppose those enemies here had now a special check from our Lord, and a command not to meddle until Mr. Fearing was passed over it.

"It would be too tedious to tell you of all, we will therefore only mention a passage or two more. When he was come at Vanity Fair, I thought he would have fought with all the men in the fair; I feared there we should both have been knocked o' th' head, so hot was he against their fooleries. Upon the enchanted ground he was also very wakeful. But when he was come at the river where was no bridge, there again he was in a heavy case; now, now, he said, he should be drowned for ever, and so never see that face with comfort that he had come so many miles to behold.

"And here also I took notice of what was very remarkable, the water of that river was lower at this time than ever I saw it in all my life; so he went over at last not much above wet-shod. When he was going up to the gate, Mr. Great-heart began to take his leave of him, and to wish him a good reception above, so he said, 'I shall, I shall.' Then parted we asunder, and I saw him no more."

HONEST. Then it seems he was well at last.

GREAT-HEART. Yes, yes; I never had doubt about him: he was a man of a choice spirit, only he was always kept very low; and that made his life so burdensome to himself, and so troublesome to others (Ps. lxxxviii.). He was, above many, tender of sin; he was so afraid of doing injuries to others, that he often would deny himself of that which was lawful because he would not offend (Rom. xiv. 21; 1 Cor. viii. 13).

HONEST. But what should be the reason that such a good man should be all his days so much in the dark?

GREAT-HEART. There are two sorts of reasons for it; one is, the wise God will have it so; some must pipe, and some must weep (Matt. xi. 16–18): now Mr. Fearing was one that played upon this bass. He and his fellows sound the sackbut, whose notes are more doleful than the notes of other music are. Though, indeed, some say, the bass is the ground of music. And for my part, I care not at all for that profession that begins not in heaviness of mind. The first string that the musician usually touches is the bass, when he intends to put all in tune; God also plays upon this string first when he sets the soul in tune for Himself. Only here was the imperfection of Mr. Fearing, he could play upon no other music but this till toward his latter end.

I make bold to talk thus metaphorically for the ripening of the wits of young readers, and because, in the Book of the Revelations, the saved are compared to a company of musicians that play upon their trumpets and harps, and sing their songs before the throne (Rev. viii. 2; xiv. 2, 3).

HONEST. He was a very zealous man, as one may see by what relation you have given of him. Difficulties, lions, or Vanity Fair, he feared not at all; 'twas only sin, death, and hell that was to him a terror, because he had some doubts about his interest in that celestial country.

GREAT-HEART. You say right: those were the things that were his troublers, and they, as you have well observed, arose from the weakness of his mind thereabout, not from weakness of spirit as to the practical part of a pilgrim's life. I dare believe, that, as the proverb is, he could have bit a fire brand,

had it stood in his way; but the things with which he was oppressed no man ever yet could shake off with ease.

Chris. Then said Christiana, "This relation of Mr. Fearing has done me good. I thought nobody had been like me, but I see there was some semblance 'twixt this good man and I, only we differed in two things; his troubles were so great they brake out, but mine I kept within. His also lay so hard upon him they made him that he could not knock at the houses provided for entertainment; but my trouble was always such as made me knock the louder."

MERCY. If I might also speak my heart, I must say, that something of him has also dwelt in me. For I have ever been more afraid of the lake and the loss of a place in paradise, than I have been of the loss of other things. Oh, thought I, may I have the happiness to have a habitation there; 'tis enough, though I part with all the world to win it.

MATT. Then said Matthew, "Fear was one thing that made me think that I was far from having that within me that accompanies salvation; but if it was so with such a good man as he, why may it not also go well with me?"

JAMES. "No fears, no grace," said James. "Though there is not always grace where there is the fear of hell, yet, to be sure, there is no grace where there is no fear of God."

GREAT-HEART. Well said, James, thou hast hit the mark, for the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom; and, to be sure, they that want the beginning have neither middle nor end. But we will here conclude our discourse of Mr. Fearing after we have sent after him this farewell:

"Well, Master Fearing, thou didst fear
Thy God; and wast afraid
Of doing anything, while here,
That would have thee betray'd.
And didst thou fear the Lake and Pit?
Would others did so too;
For, as for them that want thy wit,
They do themselves undo."

Now I saw that they still went on in their talk; for after Mr. Great-heart had made an end with Mr. Fearing, Mr. Honest began to tell them of another, but his name was Mr. Self-will. "He pretended himself to be a pilgrim," said Mr. Honest; "but I persuade myself he never came in at the gate that stands at the head of the way."

GREAT-HEART. Had you ever any talk with him about it?

HONEST. Yes, more than once or twice; but he would always be like himself, self-willed. He neither cared for man nor argument, nor yet example; what his mind prompted him to, that he would do, and nothing else could he be got to.

GREAT-HEART. Pray, what principles did he hold, for I suppose you can tell?

HONEST. He held that a man might follow the vices as well as the virtues of the pilgrims, and that if he did both, he should be certainly saved.

GREAT-HEART. How? If he had said, 'tis possible for the best to be guilty of the vices as well as to partake of the virtues of the pilgrims, he could not much a been blamed? for, indeed, we are exempted from no vice absolutely, but on condition that we watch and strive. But this I perceive is not the thing. But, if I understand you right, your meaning is, that he was of that opinion that it was allowable so to be.

HONEST. Ay, ay, so I mean, and so he believed and practised.

GREAT-HEART. But what ground had he for his so saying?

HONEST. Why, he said he had the Scripture for his warrant.

GREAT-HEART. Prithee, Mr. Honest, present us with a few particulars.

HONEST. So I will; he said, to have to do with other men's wives had been practised by David, God's beloved, and therefore he could do it. He said, to have more women than one was a thing that Solomon practised, and therefore he could do it. He said that Sarah and the godly midwives of Egypt lied, and so did save Rahab, and therefore he could do it. He said that the disciples went at the bidding of their Master, and took away the owner's ass, and therefore he could do so too. He said, that Jacob got the inheritance of his father in a way of guile and dissimulation, and therefore he could do so too.

GREAT-HEART. High bass, indeed! and you are sure he was of this opinion?

HONEST. I have heard him plead for it, bring Scripture for it, bring argument for it, &c.

GREAT-HEART. An opinion that is not fit to be, with any allowance, in the world.

HONEST. You must understand me rightly. He did not say that any man might do this; but, that those that had the virtues of those that did such things, might also do the same.

GREAT-HEART. "But what more false than such a conclusion? For this is as much as to say, that because good men heretofore have sinned of infirmity, therefore he had allowance to do it of a presumptuous mind. Or if because a child, by the blast of the wind, or for that it stumbled at a stone, fell down and defiled itself in mire, therefore he might wilfully lie down and wallow like a boar therein. Who could a thought that any one could so far a been blinded by the power of lust? But what is written must be true, 'They stumble at the Word, being disobedient, whereunto also they were appointed' (1 Pet. ii. 8).

"His supposing that such may have the godly man's virtues who addict themselves to their vices, is also a delusion as strong as the other. 'Tis just as if the dog should say, I have, or may have, the qualities of the child, because I lick up its stinking excrements. To eat up the sin of God's people is no sign of one that is possessed with their virtues (Hos. iv. 8). Nor can I believe that one that is of this opinion can at present have faith or love in him. But I know you have made strong objections against him; prithee, what can he say for himself?"

HONEST. Why, he says, "To do this by way of opinion, seems abundance more honest, than to do it, and yet hold contrary to it in opinion."

GREAT-HEART. A very wicked answer; for though to let loose the bridle to lusts while our opinions are against such things is bad, yet to sin, and plead a toleration so to do, is worse; the one stumbles beholders accidentally, the other pleads them into the snare.

HONEST. There are many of this man's mind that have not this man's mouth; and that makes going on pilgrimage of so little esteem as it is.

GREAT-HEART. You have said the truth, and it is to be lamented. But he that feareth the King of Paradise shall come out of them all.

CHRIS. There are strange opinions in the world; I know one that said 'twas time enough to repent when they come to die.

GREAT-HEART. Such are not over wise. That man would a been loath, might he have had a week to run twenty mile in for his life, to have deferred that journey to the last hour of that week.

HONEST. "You say right; and yet the generality of them that count themselves pilgrims, do indeed do thus. I am, as you see, an old man, and have been a traveller in this road many a day; and I have taken notice of many things.

"I have seen some that have set out as if they would drive all the world afore them, who yet have, in a few days, died as they in the wilderness, and so never gat sight of the promised land.

"I have seen some that have promised nothing at first setting out to be pilgrims, and that one would a thought could not have lived a day, that have yet proved very good pilgrims.

"I have seen some that have run hastily forward, that again have, after a little time, run as fast just back again.

"I have seen some who have spoke very well of a pilgrim's life at first, that, after a while, have spoken as much against it.

"I have heard some, when they first set out for paradise, say positively there is such a place, who, when they have been almost there, have come back again, and said there is none.

"I have heard some vaunt what they would do in case they should be opposed, that have, even at a false alarm, fled faith, the pilgrim's way, and all."

Now as they were thus in their way, there came one running to meet them, and said, "Gentlemen, and you of the weaker sort, if you

love life, shift for yourselves, for the robbers are before you."

GREAT-HEART. Then said Mr. Great-heart, "They be the three that set upon Little-faith heretofore. Well," said he, "we are ready for them;" so they went on their way. Now they looked at every turning when they should a met with the villains; but whether they heard of Mr. Great-heart, or whether they had some other game, they came not up to the pilgrims.

Christiana then wished for an inn for herself and her children, because they were weary. Then said Mr. Honest, "There is one a little before us, where a very honourable disciple, one Gaius, dwells" (Rom. xvi. 23). So they all concluded to turn in thither; and the rather, because the old gentleman gave him so good a report. So when they came to the door, they went in, not knocking, for folks use not to knock at the door of an inn. Then they called for the master

of the house, and he came to them. So they asked if they might lie there that night.

GAIUS. "Yes, gentlemen, if you be true men; for my house is for none but pilgrims." Then was Christiana, Mercy, and the boys the more glad, for that the innkeeper was a lover of pilgrims. So they called for rooms, and he shewed them one for Christiana and her children and Mercy, and another for Mr. Great-heart and the old gentleman.

GREAT-HEART. Then said Mr. Great-heart, "Good Gaius, what hast thou for supper? for these pilgrims have come far to-day, and are weary."

GAIUS. "It is late," said Gaius, "so we cannot conveniently go out to seek food; but such as we have, you shall be welcome to, if that will content."

GREAT-HEART. We will be content with what thou hast in the house; for as much as I have proved thee, thou art never destitute of that which is convenient.

Then he went down and spake to the cook, whose name was Taste-that-which-is-good, to get ready supper for so many pilgrims. This done, he comes up again, saying, "Come, my good friends, you are welcome to me, and I am glad that I have an house to entertain you; and while supper is making ready, if you please, let us entertain one another with some good discourse." So they all said, "Content."

GAIUS. Then said Gaius, "Whose wife is this aged matron? and whose daughter is this young damsel?"

GREAT-HEART. The woman is the wife of one Christian, a pilgrim of former times, and these are his four children. The maid is one of her acquaintance one that she hath persuaded to come with her on pilgrimage. The boys take all after their father, and covet to tread in his steps. Yea, if they do but see any place where the old pilgrim hath lain, or any print of his foot, it ministereth joy to their hearts, and they covet to lie or tread in the same.

GAIUS. Then said Gaius, "Is this Christian's wife, and are these Christian's children? I knew your husband's father, yea, also, his father's father. Many have been good of this stock; their ancestors dwelt first at Antioch (Acts xi. 26).

Christian's progenitors (I suppose you have heard your husband talk of them) were very worthy men. They have, above any that I know, shewed themselves m n of great virtue and courage for the Lord of the pilgrims, his ways, and them that loved him. I have heard of many of your husband's relations that have stood all trials for the sake of the truth. Stephen, that was one of the first of the family from whence your husband sprang, was knocked o' th' head with stones (Acts vii. 59, 60). James, another of this generation, was slain with the edge of the sword (Acts xii. 2). To say nothing of Paul and Peter, men anciently of the family from whence your husband came. There was Ignatius, who was cast to the lions; Romanus, whose flesh was cut by pieces from his bones;

and Polycarp, that played the man in the fire. There was he that was hanged up in a basket in the sun, for the wasps to eat; and he who they put into a sack, and cast him into the sea, to be drowned. 'Twould be impossible utterly to count up all of that family that have suffered injuries and death for the love of a pilgrim's life. Nor can I but be glad to see that thy husband has left behind him four such boys as these. I hope they will bear up their father's name, and tread in their father's steps, and come to their father's end."

GREAT-HEART. Indeed, sir, they are likely lads; they seem to choose heartily their father's ways.

GAIUS. That is it that I said, wherefore Christian's family is like still to spread abroad upon the face of the ground, and yet to be numerous upon the face of the earth. Wherefore let Christiana look out some damsels for her sons, to whom they may be betrothed, &c., that the name of their father, and the house of his progenitors, may never be forgotten in the world.

HONEST. 'Tis pity this family should fall, and be extinct.

GAIUS. "Fall it cannot, but be diminished it may; but let

Christiana take my advice, and that's the way to uphold it. And, Christiana," said this innkeeper, "I am glad to see thee and thy friend Mercy together here, a lovely couple. And may I advise, take Mercy into a nearer relation to thee. If she will, let her be given to Matthew, thy eldest son. 'Tis the way to preserve you a posterity in the earth." So this match was concluded, and in process of time they were married. But more of that hereafter.

Gaius also proceeded, and said, "I will now speak on the behalf of women, to take away their reproach. For as death and the curse came into the world by a woman, so also did life and health: 'God sent forth His son made of a woman' (Gen. iii.; Gal. iv. 4). Yea, to shew how much those that came after did abhor the act of their mother, this sex, in the Old Testament, coveted children, if happily this or that woman might be the mother of the Saviour of the world. I will say again, that when the Saviour was come, women rejoiced in Him before either man or angel (Luke ii.). I read not that ever any man did give unto Christ so much as one groat; but the women followed Him, and ministered to Him of their substance. 'Twas a woman that washed His feet with tears, and a woman that anointed His body to the burial. They were women that wept when He was going to the cross; and women that followed Him from the cross, and that sat by His sepulchre when He was buried. They were women that was first with Him at His resurrection-morn, and women that brought tiding first to His disciples that He was risen from the dead.* Women, therefore, are highly favoured; and shew by these things that they are sharers with us in the grace of life."

Now the cook sent up to signify that supper was almost ready; and sent one to lay the cloth, the trenchers, and to set the salt and bread in order.

Then said Matthew, "The sight of this cloth, and of this forerunner of a supper, begetteth in me a greater appetite to my food than I had before."

* Luke vii. 37–50; viii. 2, 3; xxiii. 27; xxiv. 22, 23; John ii. 3; xi. 2; Matt. xvii. 55-61.

Gaius. So let all ministering doctrines to thee in this life beget in thee a greater desire to sit at the supper of the great King in His kingdom; for all preaching, books, and ordinances here, are but as the laying of the trenchers, and as setting of salt upon the board, when compared with the feast that our Lord will make for us when we come to His house.

So supper came up, and first a heave-shoulder and a wave-breast was set on the table before them, to shew that they must begin their meal with prayer and praise to God.* The

* Levit. vii. 32–34; x. 14, 15; Psalm xxv. 1; Heb. xiii. 15.

heave-shoulder David lifted his heart up to God with, and with the wave-breast, where his heart lay, with that he used to lean upon his harp when he played. These two dishes were very fresh and good, and they all eat heartily well thereof.

The next they brought up was a bottle of wine, red as blood. So Gaius said to them, "Drink freely; this is the juice of the true vine, that makes glad the heart of God and man." So they drank and were merry.*

The next was a dish of milk well crumbed. But Gaius said, "Let the boys have that, that they may grow thereby" (1 Pet. ii. 1, 2).

Then they brought up in course a dish of butter and honey. Then said Gaius, "Eat freely of this, for this is good to cheer up and strengthen your judgments and understandings. This was our Lord's dish when He was a child: 'Butter and honey shall He eat, that He may know to refuse the evil, and choose the good'" (Isa. vii. 15).

Then they brought them up a dish of apples, and they were very good tasted fruit. Then said Matthew, "May we eat apples, since they were such by and with which the serpent beguiled our first mother?"

* Deut. xxxii. 14; Judges ix. 13; John xv. 1.

Then said Gaius:

> "Apples were they with which we were beguiled,
> Yet sin, not apples, hath our souls defiled.
> Apples forbid, if eat, corrupts the blood;
> To eat such, when commanded, does us good.
> Drink of his flagons, then, thou Church, His dove,
> And eat His apples, who are sick of love."

Then said Matthew, "I made the scruple, because I, a while since, was sick with eating of fruit."

Gaius. Forbidden fruit will make you sick, but not what our Lord has tolerated.

While they were thus talking, they were presented with another dish, and 'twas a dish of nuts (Song vi. 11). Then said some at the table, "Nuts spoil tender teeth, specially the teeth of children." Which, when Gaius heard, he said:

> "Hard texts are nuts (I will not call them cheaters),
> Whose shells do keep their kernels from the eaters.
> Ope, then, the shells, and you shall have the meat,—
> They here are brought for you to crack and eat."

Then were they very merry, and sat at the table a long time, talking of many things. Then said the old gentleman, "My good landlord, while we are cracking your nuts, if you please, do you open this riddle:

"A man there was, though some did count him mad,
The more he cast away, the more he had."

Then they all gave good heed, wondering what good Gaius would say; so he sat still awhile, and then thus replied:

"He that bestows his goods upon the poor,
Shall have as much again, and ten times more."

Then said Joseph, "I dare say, sir, I did not think you could a found it out."

"Oh," said Gaius, "I have been trained up in this way a great while. Nothing teaches like experience; I have learned of my Lord to be kind, and have found by experience that I have gained thereby. 'There is that scattereth, yet increaseth; and there is than withholdeth more that is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.' 'There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing; there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches'" (Prov. xi. 24; xiii. 7).

Then Samuel whispered to Christiana his mother, and said, "Mother, this is a very good man's house; let us stay here a good while, and let my brother Matthew be married here to Mercy, before we go any farther."

The which, Gaius the host overhearing, said, "With a very good will, my child."

So they stayed there more than a month, and Mercy was given to Matthew to wife.

While they stayed here, Mercy, as her custom was, would be making coats and garments to give to the poor, by which she brought up a very good report upon the pilgrims.

But to return again to our story. After supper, the lads desired a bed, for that they were weary with travelling. Then Gaius called to shew them their chamber; but said Mercy, "I will have them to bed." So she had them to bed, and they slept well, but the rest sat up all night, for Gaius and they were such suitable company, that they could not tell how to part. Then, after much talk of their Lord, themselves, and their journey, old Mr. Honest, he that put forth the riddle to Gaius, began to nod. Then said Great-heart, "What, sir! you begin to be drowsy; come, rub up; now here's a riddle for you." Then said Mr. Honest, "Let's hear it."

Then said Mr. Great-heart,

> "He that will kill, must first be overcome;
> Who live abroad would, first must die at home."

"Ha," said Mr. Honest, "it is a hard one, hard to expound, and harder to practise. But come, landlord," said he, "I will, if you please, leave my part to you; do you expound it, and I will hear what you say."

"No," said Gaius; "'twas put to you, and 'tis expected that you should answer it."

Then said the old gentleman:

> "He first by grace must conquer'd be
> That sin would mortify;
> And who that lives would convince me,
> Unto himself must die."

"It is right," said Gaius; "good doctrine and experience teaches this. For, first, until grace displays itself, and over-

comes the soul with its glory, it is altogether without heart to oppose sin. Besides, if sin is Satan's cords, by which the soul lies bound, how should it make resistance before it is loosed from that infirmity?

"2dly. Nor will any that knows either reason or grace believe that such a man can be a living monument of grace that is a slave to his own corruptions.

"And now it comes in my mind, I will tell you a story worth the hearing. There were two men that went on pilgrimage, the one began when he was young, the other when he was old. The young man had strong corruptions to grapple with, the old man's were decayed with the decays of nature. The young man trod his steps as even as did the old one, and was every way as light as he; who now, or which of them, had their graces shining clearest, since both seemed to be alike?"

HONEST. "The young man's, doubtless. For that which

heads it against the greatest opposition, gives best demonstration that it is strongest: specially when it also holdeth pace with that that meets not with half so much; as, to be sure, old age does not.

"Besides, I have observed that old men have blessed themselves with this mistake; namely, taking the decays of nature for a gracious conquest over corruptions, and so have been apt to beguile themselves. Indeed, old men that are gracious, are best able to give advice to them that are young, because they have seen most of the emptiness of things. But yet, for an old and a young to set out both together, the young one has the advantage of the fairest discovery of a work of grace within him, though the old man's corruptions are naturally the weakest."

Thus they sat talking till break of day. Now when the family was up, Christiana bid her son James that he should read a chapter; so he read the 53d of Isaiah. When he had done, Mr. Honest asked why it was said, "That the Saviour

is said to come out of a dry ground, and also that he had no form nor comeliness in Him?"

GREAT-HEART. Then said Mr. Great-heart, "To the first I answer, because the Church of the Jews, of which Christ came, had then lost almost all the sap and spirit of religion. To the second I say, the words are spoken in the person of the unbelievers, who, because they want that eye that can see into our Prince's heart, therefore they judge of Him by the meanness of His outside.

"Just like those that know not that precious stones are covered over with a homely crust; who, when they have found one, because they know not what they have found, cast it again away, as men do a common stone."

"Well," said Gaius, "now you are here, and since, as I know, Mr. Great-heart is good at his weapons, if you please, after we have refreshed ourselves, we will walk into the fields, to see if we can do any good. About a mile from hence there is one Slay-good, a giant that doth much annoy the King's highway in these parts. And I know whereabout his haunt is: he is master of a number of thieves; 'twould be well if we could clear these parts of him."

So they consented and went, Mr. Great-heart with his sword, helmet, and shield, and the rest with spears and staves.

When they came to the place where he was, they found him with one Feeble-mind in his hands, whom his servants had brought unto him, having taken him in the way; now the giant was rifling of him, with a purpose, after that, to pick his bones; for he was of the nature of flesh-eaters.

Well, so soon as he saw Mr. Great-heart and his friends at the mouth of his cave with their weapons, he demanded what they wanted.

GREAT-HEART. "We want thee; for we are come to revenge the quarrel of the many that thou hast slain of the pilgrims, when thou hast dragged them out of the King's high-way; wherefore, come out of thy cave." So he armed himself and came out, and to a battle they went, and fought for above an hour, and then stood still to take wind.

Slay-good. Then said the giant, "Why are you here on my ground?"

Great-heart. "To revenge the blood of pilgrims, as I also told thee before." So they went to it again, and the giant made Mr. Great-heart give back, but he came up again, and in the greatness of his mind, he let fly with such stoutness at the giant's head and sides, that he made him let his

weapon fall out of his hand. So he smote him and slew him, and cut off his head, and brought it away to the inn. He also took Feeble-mind the pilgrim, and brought him with him to his lodgings. When they were come home, they shewed his head to the family, and then set it up as they had done others before, for a terror to those that should attempt to do as he hereafter.

Then they asked Mr. Feeble-mind how he fell into his hands.

FEEBLE-MIND. Then said the poor man, "I am a sickly man, as you see, and because death did usually, once a day, knock at my door, I thought I should never be well at home. So I betook myself to a pilgrim's life; and have travelled hither from the town of Uncertain, where I and my father were born. I am a man of no strength at all, of body, nor yet of mind, but would, if I could, though I can but crawl, spend my life in the pilgrim's way. When I came at the gate that is at the head of the way, the Lord of the place did entertain me freely. Neither objected he against my weakly looks, nor against my feeble mind; but gave me such things that were necessary for my journey, and bid me hope to the end. When I came to the house of the Interpreter, I received much kindness there; and because the hill Difficulty was judged too hard for me, I was carried up that by one of his servants. Indeed, I have found much relief from pilgrims, though none was willing to go so softly as I am forced to do. Yet still, as they came on, they bid me be of good cheer, and said, that it was the will of their Lord that comfort should be given to the feeble-minded, and so went on their own pace (1 Thes. v. 14). When I was come up to Assault Lane, then this giant met with me, and bid me prepare for an encounter; but alas, feeble one that I was, I had more need of a cordial. So he came up and took me. I conc ited he should not kill me; also when he had got me into his den, since I went not with him willingly, I believed I should come out alive again. For I have heard, that not any pilgrim that is taken captive by violent hands, if he keeps heart-whole towards his master, is, by the laws of Providence, to die by the hand of the enemy.

Robbed, I looked to be, and robbed to be sure I am; but I am, as you see, escaped with life, for the which I thank my King as author, and you as the means. Other brunts I also look for; but this I have resolved on, to wit, to run when I can, to go when I cannot run, and to creep when I cannot go. As to the main, I thank Him that loves me, I am fixed; my way is before me, my mind is beyond the river that has no bridge, though I am, as you see, but of a feeble mind."

HONEST. Then said old Mr. Honest, "Have not you, some time ago, been acquainted with one Mr. Fearing, a pilgrim?"

FEEBLE-MIND. Acquainted with him! yes. He came from the town of Stupidity, which lieth four degrees to the northward of the city of Destruction, and as many off of where I was born; yet we were well acquainted, for indeed he was

mine uncle, my father's brother; he and I have been much of a temper; he was a little shorter than I, but yet we were much of a complexion.

HONEST. I perceive you know him, and I am apt to believe also that you were related one to another; for you have his whitely look, a cast like his with your eye, and your speech is much alike.

FEEBLE-MIND. Most have said so that have known us both; and besides, what I have read in him, I have for the most part found in myself.

GAIUS. "Come, sir," said good Gaius, "be of good cheer, you are welcome to me and to my house; and what thou hast a mind to, call for freely; and what thou wouldst have my servants do for thee, they will do it with a ready mind."

FEEBLE-MIND. Then said Mr. Feeble-mind, "This is unexpected favour, and as the sun shining out of a very dark cloud. Did giant Slay-good intend me this favour when he stopped me, and resolved to let me go no farther? Did he intend that after he had rifled my pockets, I should go to Gaius mine host? Yet so it is."

Now, just as Mr. Feeble-mind and Gaius was thus in talk, there comes one running, and called at the door, and told, that about a mile and a half off there was one Mr. Not-right, a pilgrim, struck dead upon the place where he was with a thunderbolt.

FEEBLE-MIND. "Alas!" said Mr. Feeble-mind, "is he slain? he overtook me some days before I came so far as hither, and would be my company-keeper. He also was with me when Slay-good the giant took me, but he was nimble of his heels, and escaped. But it seems he escaped to die, and I was took to live.

"What, one would think, doth seek to slay outright,
Ofttimes delivers from the saddest plight.
That very Providence, whose face is death,
Doth ofttimes to the lowly life bequeath.
I taken was, he did escape and flee,
Hands crost gives death to him and life to me."

Now about this time Matthew and Mercy were married; also Gaius gave his daughter Phœbe to James, Matthew's brother, to wife; after which time, they yet stayed above ten days at Gaius's house, spending their time and the seasons like as pilgrims use to do.

When they were to depart, Gaius made them a feast, and they did eat and drink, and were merry. Now the hour was come that they must be gone, wherefore Mr. Great-heart called for a reckoning. But Gaius told him that at his house it was not the custom for pilgrims to pay for their entertainment. He boarded them by the year, but looked for his pay from the good Samaritan, who had promised him, at his return, whatsoever charge he was at with them faithfully to repay him (Luke x. 33–35). Then said Mr. Great-heart to him:

GREAT-HEART. Beloved, thou dost faithfully; whatsoever thou dost to the brethren and to strangers which have borne

witness of thy charity before the Church, whom if thou (yet) bring forward on their journey after a godly sort, thou shalt do well (3 John, 5, 6).

Then Gaius took his leave of them all, and of his children, and particularly of Mr. Feeble-mind. He also gave him something to drink by the way.

Now Mr. Feeble-mind, when they were going out of the door, made as if he intended to linger. The which when Mr. Great-heart espied, he said, "Come, Mr. Feeble-mind, pray do you go along with us, I will be your conductor, and you shall fare as the rest."

FEEBLE-MIND. Alas, I want a suitable companion; you are all lusty and strong, but I, as you see, am weak; I choose, therefore, rather to come behind, lest, by reason of my many infirmities, I should be both a burden to myself and to you. I am, as I said, a man of a weak and feeble mind, and shall be offended and made weak at that which others can bear. I shall like no laughing; I shall like no gay attire; I shall like no unprofitable questions. Nay, I am so weak a man, as to be offended with that which others have a liberty to do. I do not yet know all the truth; I am a very ignorant Christian man; sometimes, if I hear some rejoice in the Lord, it troubles me because I cannot do so too. It is with me as it is with a weak man among the strong, or as with a sick man among the healthy, or as a lamp despised. ("He that is ready to slip with his feet, is as a lamp despised in the thought of him that is at ease." Job xii. 5.) So that I know not what to do.

GREAT-HEART. "But, brother," said Mr. Great-heart, "I have it in commission to comfort the feeble-minded and to support the weak. You must needs go along with us; we will wait for you, we will lend you our help, we will deny ourselves of some things, both opinionative and practical, for your sake; we will not enter into doubtful disputations before you, we will be made all things to you rather than you shall be left behind" (Rom. xiv.; 1 Cor. viii. ix. 22).

Now all this while they were at Gaius's door; and behold, as they were thus in the heat of their discourse, Mr. Ready-

to-halt came by with his crutches in his hand, and he also was going on pilgrimage (Ps. xxxviii. 17).

FEEBLE-MIND. Then said Mr. Feeble-mind to him, "Man, how camest thou hither? I was but just now complaining that I had not a suitable companion, but thou art according to my wish. Welcome, welcome, good Mr. Ready-to-halt; I hope thee and I may be some help."

READY-TO-HALT. "I shall be glad of thy company," said the other; "and, good Mr. Feeble-mind, rather than we will part, since we are thus happily met, I will lend thee one of my crutches."

FEEBLE-MIND. "Nay," said he, "though I thank thee for thy good will, I am not inclined to halt before I am lame. Howbeit, I think, when occasion is, it may help me against a dog."

READY-TO-HALT. If either myself or my crutches can do thee a pleasure, we are both at thy command, good Mr. Feeble-mind.

Thus, therefore, they went on; Mr. Great-heart and Mr. Honest went before, Christiana and her children went next, and Mr. Feeble-mind and Mr. Ready-to-halt came behind with his crutches. Then said Mr. Honest:

HONEST. Pray, sir, now we are upon the road, tell us some profitable things of some that have gone on pilgrimage before us.

GREAT-HEART. With a good will. I suppose you have heard how Christian of old did meet with Apollyon in the Valley of Humiliation, and also what hard work he had to go through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Also, I think, you cannot but have heard how Faithful was put to it with Madam Wanton, with Adam the first, with one Discontent, and Shame; four as deceitful villains as a man can meet with upon the road.

HONEST. Yes, I have heard of all this; but, indeed, good Faithful was hardest put to it with Shame; he was an unwearied one.

GREAT-HEART. Ay, for as the pilgrim well said, "He of all men had the wrong name."

HONEST. But pray, sir, where was it that Christian and Faithful met Talkative? that same was also a notable one.

GREAT-HEART. He was a confident fool, yet many follow his ways.

HONEST. He had like to a beguiled Faithful.

GREAT-HEART. Ay, but Christian put him into a way quickly to find him out.

Thus they went on till they came at the place where Evan-

gelist met with Christian and Faithful, and prophesied to them of what should befall them at Vanity Fair.

GREAT-HEART. Then said their guide, "Hereabouts did Christian and Faithful meet with Evangelist, who prophesied to them of what troubles they should meet with at Vanity Fair."

HONEST. Say you so? I dare say it was a hard chapter that then he did read unto them!

GREAT-HEART. 'Twas so; but he gave them encouragement withal. But what do we talk of them; they were a couple of lion-like men; they had set their faces like flint. Don't you remember how undaunted they were when they stood before the judge?

HONEST. Well, Faithful bravely suffered.

GREAT-HEART. So he did; and as brave things came on't; for Hopeful and some others, as the story relates it, were converted by his death.

HONEST. Well, but pray go on; for you are well acquainted with things.

GREAT-HEART. Above all that Christian met with after he had past through Vanity Fair, one By-ends was the arch one.

HONEST. By-ends! what was he?

GREAT-HEART. A very arch fellow, a downright hypocrite; one that would be religious which way ever the world went: but so cunning, that he would be sure neither to lose nor suffer for it. He had his mode of religion for every fresh occasion; and his wife was as good at it as he. He would turn and change from opinion to opinion; yea, and plead for so doing too. But so far as I could learn, he came to an ill end with his by-ends; nor did I ever hear that any of his children were ever of any esteem with any that truly feared God.

Now by this time they were come within sight of the town of Vanity, where Vanity Fair is kept. So when they saw that they were so near the town, they consulted with one another how they should pass through the town; and some said one thing and some another. At last Mr. Great-heart said, "I have, as you may understand, often been a conductor

of pilgrims through this town; now I am acquainted with one Mr. Mnason, a Cyprusian by nation, an old disciple, at whose house we may lodge. If you think good," said he, "we will turn in there."

"Content," said old Honest; "Content," said Christiana; "Content," said Mr. Feeble-mind; and so they said all. Now you must think it was even-tide by that they got to the out-

side of the town, but Mr. Great-heart knew the way to the old man's house. So thither they came; and he called at the door, and the old man within knew his tongue so soon as ever he heard it; so he opened, and they all came in. Then said Mnason their host, "How far have ye come to day?" So they said, "From the house of Gaius our friend." "I promise you," said he, "you have gone a good stitch; you may well be a weary; sit down." So they sat down.

GREAT-HEART. Then said their guide, "Come, what cheer, sirs? I dare say you are welcome to my friend."

MNASON. "I also," said Mr. Mnason, "do bid you welcome; and whatever you want, do but say, and we will do what we can to get it for you."

HONEST. Our great want, awhile since, was harbour and good company; and now I hope we have both.

MNASON. For harbour, you see what it is; but for good company, that will appear in the trial.

GREAT-HEART. "Well," said Mr. Great-heart, "will you have the pilgrims up into their lodging?"

MNASON. "I will," said Mr. Mnason.

So he had them to their respective places; and also shewed them a very fair dining-room, where they might be and sup together, until time was come to go to rest.

Now when they were set in their places, and were a little cheery after their journey, Mr. Honest asked his landlord, if there were any store of good people in the town.

MNASON. We have a few; for indeed they are but a few when compared with them on the other side.

HONEST. But how shall we do to see some of them? for the sight of good men to them that are going on pilgrimage is like to the appearing of the moon and the stars to them that are sailing upon the seas.

MNASON. Then Mr. Mnason stamped with his foot, and his daughter Grace came up; so he said unto her, "Grace, go you, tell my friends, Mr. Contrite, Mr. Holy-man, Mr. Love-saint, Mr. Dare-not-lie, and Mr. Penitent, that I have a friend or two at my house that have a mind this evening to see them."

So Grace went to call them, and they came, and, after salutation made, they sat down together at the table.

Then said Mr. Mnason, their landlord, "My neighbours, I have, as you see, a company of strangers come to my house; they are pilgrims, they come from afar, and are going to Mount Zion. But who," quoth he, "do you think this is (pointing with his finger to Christiana)? It is Christiana, the wife of Christian, that famous pilgrim, who, with Faithful his brother, were so shamefully handled in our town." At that they stood amazed, saying, "We little thought to see Christiana, when Grace came to call us; wherefore this is a very comfortable surprise." Then they asked her of her welfare, and if these young men were her husband's sons. And when she had told them they were, they said, "The King whom you love and serve make you as your father, and bring you where he is in peace."

Then Mr. Honest (when they were all sat down) asked Mr. Contrite and the rest, in what posture their town was at present.

CONTRITE. You may be sure we are full of hurry in fair-time. 'Tis hard keeping our hearts and spirits in any good order when we are in a cumbered condition. He that lives in such a place as this is, and that has to do with such as we have, has need of an item, to caution him to take heed, every moment of the day.

HONEST. But how are your neighbours for quietness?

CONTRITE. They are much more moderate now than formerly. You know how Christian and Faithful were used at our town; but of late, I say, they have been far more moderate. I think the blood of Faithful lieth with load upon them till now; for since they burned him, they have been ashamed to burn any more. In

those days we were afraid to walk the streets; but now we can shew our heads. Then the name of a professor was odious; now, specially in some parts of our town (for you know our town is large), religion is counted honourable.

Then said Mr. Contrite to them, "Pray how fareth it with you in your pilgrimage? how stands the country affected towards you?"

Honest. It happens to us as it happeneth to wayfaring men; sometimes our way is clean, sometimes foul; sometimes up hill, sometimes down hill: we are seldom at a certainty. The wind is not always on our backs, nor is every one a friend that we meet with in the way. We have met with some notable rubs already; and what are yet behind we know not; but, for the most part, we find it true that has been talked of old: "A good man must suffer trouble."

Contrite. You talk of rubs; what rubs have you met withal?

HONEST. Nay, ask Mr. Great-heart, our guide; for he can give the best account of that.

GREAT-HEART. We have been beset three or four times already: first, Christiana and her children were beset with two ruffians, that they feared would a took away their lives; we was beset with Giant Bloody-man, Giant Maul, and Giant Slay-good; indeed we did rather beset the last than were beset of him. And thus it was: after we had been some time at the house of Gaius, mine host, and of the whole Church, we were minded upon a time to take our weapons with us, and so go see if we could light upon any of those that were enemies to pilgrims; for we heard that there was a notable one thereabouts. Now Gaius knew his haunt better than I, because he dwelt thereabout; so we looked and looked, till at last we discerned the mouth of his cave; then we were glad, and plucked up our spirits. So we approached up to his den; and lo, when we came there, he had dragged by mere force into his net this poor man, Mr. Feeble-mind, and was about to bring him to his end. But when he saw us, supposing, as we thought, he had had another prey, he left the poor man in his hole, and came out. So we fell to it full sore, and he lustily laid about him; but in conclusion, he was brought down to the ground, and his head cut off, and set up by the wayside for a terror to such as should after practise such ungodliness. That I tell you the truth, here is the man himself to affirm it, who was as a lamb taken out of the mouth of the lion.

FEEBLE-MIND. Then said Mr. Feeble-mind, "I found this true to my cost and comfort; to my cost, when he threatened to pick my bones every moment; and to my comfort, when I saw Mr. Great-heart and his friends with their weapons approach so near for my deliverance."

HOLY-MAN. Then said Mr. Holy-man, "There are two things that they have need to be possessed with that go on pilgrimage —courage and an unspotted life. If they have not courage, they can never hold on their way; and if their lives be loose, they will make the very name of a pilgrim stink."

LOVE-SAINT. Then said Mr. Love-saint, "I hope this caution

is not needful amongst you. But truly there are many that go upon the road that rather declare themselves strangers to pilgrimage, than strangers and pilgrims in the earth."

DARE-NOT-LIE. Then said Mr. Dare-not lie, "'Tis true, they neither have the pilgrim's weed, nor the pilgrim's courage; they go not uprightly, but all awry with their feet,—one shoe goes inward, another outward, and their hosen out behind; there a rag and there a rent, to the disparagement of their Lord."

PENITENT. "These things," said Mr. Penitent, "they ought

to be troubled for; nor are the pilgrims like to have that grace put upon them and their pilgrim's progress as they desire, until the way is cleared of such spots and blemishes."

Thus they sat talking and spending the time, until supper was set upon the table, unto which they went and refreshed their weary bodies: so they went to rest. Now they stayed in this fair a great while, at the house of this Mr. Mnason, who, in process of time, gave his daughter Grace unto Samuel, Christiana's son, to wife; and his daughter Martha to Joseph.

The time, as I said, that they lay here was long (for it was not now as in former times). Wherefore the pilgrims grew acquainted with many of the good people of the town, and did them what service they could. Mercy, as she was wont, laboured much for the poor, wherefore their bellies and backs blessed her, and she was there an ornament to her profession.

And to say the truth for Grace, Phœbe, and Martha, they were all of a very good nature, and did much good in their place. They were also all of them very fruitful, so that Christian's name, as was said before, was like to live in the world.

While they lay here, there came a monster out of the woods, and slew many of the people of the town. It would also carry away their children, and teach them to suck its whelps. Now no man in the town durst so much as face this monster; but all men fled when they heard of the noise of his coming.

The monster was like unto no one beast upon the earth. Its body was like a dragon, and it had seven heads and ten horns (Rev. xii. 3). It made great havoc of children, and yet it was governed by a woman. This monster propounded conditions to men; and such men as loved their lives more than their souls accepted of those conditions. So they came under.

Now this Mr. Great-heart, together with these that came to visit the pilgrims at Mr. Mnason's house, entered into a covenant to go and engage this beast, if perhaps they might deliver the people of this town from the paws and mouths of this so devouring a serpent.

Then did Mr. Great-heart, Mr. Contrite, Mr. Holy-man, Mr. Dare-not-lie, and Mr. Penitent, with their weapons, go forth to meet him. Now the monster at first was very rampant, and looked upon these enemies with great disdain; but they so belaboured him, being sturdy men at arms, that they made him make a retreat; so they came home to Mr. Mnason's house again.

The monster, you must know, had his certain seasons to come out in, and to make his attempts upon the children of the people of the town; also these seasons did these valiant worthies watch him in, and did still continually assault him; insomuch that, in process of time, he became not only wounded, but lame; also he has not made that havoc of the townsmen's children as formerly he has done. And it is verily believed by some, that this beast will die of his wounds.

This, therefore, made Mr. Great-heart and his fellows of great fame in this town; so that many of the people that wanted their taste of things, yet had a reverent esteem and respect for them. Upon this account, therefore, it was that these pilgrims got not much hurt here. True, there were some

of the baser sort, that could see no more than a mole, nor understand more than a beast; these had no reverence for these men, nor took they notice of their valour or adventures.

Well, the time grew on that the pilgrims must go on their way, wherefore they prepared for their journey. They sent for their friends, they conferred with them, they had some time set apart, therein to commit each other to the protection of their Prince. There was again that brought them of such things as they had, that was fit for the weak and the strong, for the women and the men; and so laded them with such things as was necessary (Acts xxviii. 10).

Then they set forwards on their way; and their friends accompanying them so far as was convenient, they again committed each other to the protection of their King, and parted.

They therefore that were of the pilgrims' company went on, and Mr. Great-heart went before them. Now the women and children being weakly, they were forced to go as they could bear; by this means Mr. Ready-to-halt and Mr. Feeble-mind had more to sympathise with their condition.

When they were gone from the townsmen, and when their friends had bid them farewell, they quickly came to the place where Faithful was put to death. There, therefore, they made a stand, and thanked Him that had enabled him to bear his cross so well; and the rather, because they now found that they had a benefit by such a manly suffering as his was.

They went on, therefore, after this, a good way further, talking of Christian and Faithful, and how Hopeful joined himself to Christian after that Faithful was dead.

Now they were come up with the Hill Lucre; where the silver-mine was which took Demas off from his pilgrimage, and into which, as some think, By-ends fell and perished; wherefore they considered that. But when they were come to the old monument that stood over against the Hill Lucre, to wit, to the pillar of salt that stood also within view of Sodom and its stinking lake, they marvelled, as did Christian before, that men of that knowledge and ripeness of wit, as

they was, should be so blinded as to turn aside here. Only they considered again, that nature is not affected with the harms that others have met with, specially if that thing upon which they look has an attracting virtue upon the foolish eye.

I saw now that they went on till they came at the river that was on this side of the Delectable Mountains, to the river where the fine trees grow on both sides, and whose leaves, if taken inwardly, are good against surfeits; where the meadows are green all the year long, and where they might lie down safely. (Ps. xxiii.)

By this river-side, in the meadow, there were cotes and folds for sheep, an house built for the nourishing and bringing up of those lambs, the babes of those women that go on pilgrimage.

Also
there was here
one that was
entrusted with
them, who
could have
compassion, and

that could gather these lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and that could gently lead those that were with young (Heb. v. 2; Isa. xl. 11). Now to the care of this man Christiana admonished her four daughters to commit their little ones, that by these waters they might be housed, harboured, succoured, and nourished, and that none of them might be lacking in time to come. This man, if any of them go astray or be lost, he will bring them again; he will also bind up that which was broken, and will strengthen them that are sick (Jer. xxiii. 4; Ezek. xxxiv. 11–16). Here they will never want meat and drink and clothing; here they will be kept from thieves and robbers, for this man will die before one of those committed to his trust shall be lost. Besides, here they shall be sure to have good nurture and admonition, and shall be taught to walk in right paths; and that, you know, is a favour of no small account. Also here, as you see, are delicate waters, pleasant meadows, dainty flowers, variety of trees, and such as bear wholesome fruit. Fruit, not like that that Matthew eat of, that fell over the wall out of Beelzebub's garden, but fruit that procureth health where there is none, and that continueth and increaseth it where it is.

So they were content to commit their little ones to him; and that which was also an encouragement to them so to do was for that all this was to be at the charge of the King, and so was an hospital to young children and orphans.

Now they went on; and when they were come to By-path meadow, to the stile over which Christian went with his fellow Hopeful, when they were taken by Giant Despair and put into Doubting Castle, they sat down and consulted what was best to be done, to wit, now they were so strong, and had got such a man as Mr. Great-heart for their conductor, whether they had not best to make an attempt upon the giant, demolish his castle, and if there were any pilgrims in it, to set them at liberty before they went any farther. So one said one thing, and another said the contrary. One questioned if it was lawful to go upon unconsecrated ground, another said they might, provided their end was good; but Mr. Great-heart said, "Though that assertion offered last cannot be uni-

versally true, yet I have a commandment to resist sin, to overcome evil, to fight the good fight of faith. And, I pray, with whom should I fight this good fight if not with Giant Despair? I will therefore attempt the taking away of his life and the demolishing of Doubting Castle." Then said he, "Who will go with me?"

Then said old Honest, "I will;" "And so will we too," said Christian's four sons, Matthew, Samuel, James, and Joseph; for they were young men, and strong (1 John ii. 13, 14).

So they left the women in the road, and with them Mr. Feeble-mind and Mr. Ready-to-halt, with his crutches, to be their guard until they came back; for in that place, though Giant Despair dwelt so near, they keeping in the road, "a little child might lead them" (Isa. xi. 6).

So Mr. Great-heart, old Honest, and the four young men, went to go up to Doubting Castle to look for Giant Despair. When they came at the castle-gate, they knocked for entrance with an unusual noise. At that the old Giant comes to the gate, and Diffidence his wife follows: then said he, "Who and what is he that is so hardy as after this manner to molest the Giant Despair?" Mr. Great-heart replied, "It is I, Great-heart, one of the King of the celestial country's conductors of pilgrims to their place; and I demand of thee that thou open thy gates for my entrance; prepare thyself also to fight, for I am come to take away thy head, and to demolish Doubting Castle."

Now Giant Despair, because he was a giant, thought no man could overcome him; and again, thought he, since heretofore I have made a conquest of angels, shall Great-heart make me afraid? So he harnessed himself and went out. He had a cap of steel upon his head, a breast-plate of fire girded to him, and he came out in iron shoes, with a great club in his hand. Then these six men made up to him, and beset him behind and before; also when Diffidence the giantess came up to help him, old Mr. Honest cut her down at one blow. Then they fought for their lives, and Giant Despair was brought down to the ground, but was very loath to die.

He struggled hard, and had as, they say, as many lives as a cat; but Great-heart was his death, for he left him not till he had severed his head from his shoulders.

Then they fell to demolishing Doubting Castle, and that, you know, might with ease be done, since Giant Despair was dead. They were seven days in destroying of that; and in it of pilgrims they found one Mr. Despondency, almost starved to death, and one Much-afraid, his daughter; these two they saved alive. But it would a made you a wondered to have seen the dead bodies that lay here and there in the castle-yard, and how full of dead men's bones the dungeon was.

When Mr. Great-heart and his companions had performed this exploit, they took Mr. Despondency and his daughter Much-afraid into their protection, for they were honest people, though they were prisoners in Doubting Castle to that tyrant Giant Despair. They therefore, I say, took with them the

head of the giant (for his body they had buried under a heap of stones), and down to the road and to their companions they came, and shewed them what they had done. Now when Feeble-mind and Ready-to-halt saw that it was the head of Giant Despair indeed, they were very jocund and merry. Now Christiana, if need was, could play upon the viol, and her daughter Mercy upon the lute; so, since they were so merry-disposed, she played them a lesson, and Ready-to-halt would dance. So he took Despondency's daughter named Much-afraid by the hand, and to dancing they went in the road. True, he could not dance without one crutch in his hand, but, I promise you, he footed it well; also the girl was to be commended, for she answered the music handsomely.

As for Mr. Despondency, the music was not much to him; he was for feeding rather than dancing, for that he was almost starved. So Christiana gave him some of her bottle of spirits for present relief, and then prepared him something to eat; and in little time the old gentleman came to himself, and began to be finely revived.

Now I saw in my dream, when all these things were finished, Mr. Great-heart took the head of Giant Despair, and

set it upon a pole by the highway side, right over against the pillar that Christian erected for a caution to pilgrims that came after, to take heed of entering into his grounds.

Then he writ under it, upon a marble stone, these verses following:

"This is the head of him whose name only,
In former times, did pilgrims terrify.
His castle's down, and Diffidence his wife
Brave Master Great-heart has bereft of life.
Despondency, his daughter Much-afraid,
Great-heart for them also the man has played.
Who hereof doubts, if he'll but cast his eye
Up hither, may his scruples satisfy;
This head, also when doubting cripples dance,
Doth shew from fears they have deliverance."

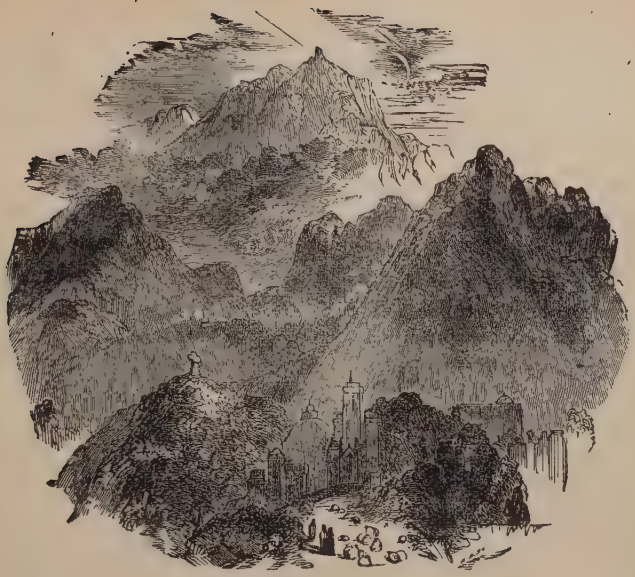
When these men had thus bravely shewed themselves against Doubting Castle, and had slain Giant Despair, they went forward, and went on till they came to the Delectable Mountains, where Christian and Hopeful refreshed themselves with the varieties of the place. They also acquainted themselves with the shepherds there, who welcomed them, as they had done Christian before, unto the Delectable Mountains.

Now the shepherds seeing so great a train follow Mr. Great-heart (for with him they were well acquainted), they said unto him, "Good sir, you have got a goodly company here; pray where did you find all these?"

Then Mr. Great-heart replied,

"First, here's Christiana and her train;
Her sons, and her sons' wives, who, like the wain,
Keep by the pole, and do by compass steer
From sin to grace, else they had not been here.
Next, here's old Honest come on pilgrimage;
Ready-to-halt too, who, I dare engage,
True-hearted is; and so is Feeble-mind,
Who willing was not to be left behind.
Despondency, good man, is coming after,
And so also is Much-afraid his daughter.
May we have entertainment here, or must
We farther go? let's know whereon to trust."

Then said the shepherds, "This is a comfortable company: you are welcome to us, for we have for the feeble as for the



strong; our Prince has an eye to what is done to the least of these (Matt. xxv. 40). Therefore infirmity must not be a block to our entertainment."

So they had them to the palace-door, and then said unto them, "Come in, Mr. Feeble-mind; come in, Mr. Ready-to-halt; come in, Mr. Despondency, and Mrs. Much-afraid, his daughter. These, Mr. Great-heart," said the shepherds to the guide, "we call in by name, for that they are most subject to draw back; but as for you, and the rest that are strong, we leave you to your wonted liberty." Then said Mr. Great-heart, "This day I see that grace doth shine in your faces, and that you are my Lord's shepherds indeed; for that you have not pushed these diseased neither with side nor shoulder, but have rather strewed their way into the palace with flowers, as you should" (Ezek. xxxiv. 21).

So the feeble and weak went in, and Mr. Great-heart and the rest did follow. When they were also set down, the shepherds said to those of the weakest sort, "What is it that you would have? for," said they, "all things must be managed here to the supporting of the weak, as well as the warning of the unruly."

So they made them a feast of things easy of digestion, and that were pleasant to the palate, and nourishing; the which, when they had received, they went to their rest, each one respectively unto his proper place. When morning was come, because the mountains were high and the day clear, and because it was the custom of the shepherds to shew to the pilgrims, before their departure, some rarities; therefore, after they were ready, and had refreshed themselves, the shepherds took them out into the fields, and shewed them first what they had shewed to Christian before.

Then they had them to some new places. The first was to Mount Marvel, where they looked, and beheld a man at a distance that tumbled the hills about with words. Then they asked the shepherds what that should mean. So they told them that that man was the son of one Great-grace, of whom you read in the first part of the records of the "Pilgrim's Progress;" and he is set there to teach pilgrims how to believe down, or to tumble out of their ways, what difficulties they shall meet with, by faith (Mark xi. 23, 24). Then said Mr. Great-heart, "I know him; he is a man above many."

Then they had them to another place, called Mount Innocent; and there they saw a man clothed all in white, and two men, Prejudice and Ill-will, continually casting dirt upon him. Now, behold, the dirt, whatsoever they cast at him, would in little time fall off again, and his garment would look as clear as if no dirt had been cast thereat.

Then said the pilgrims, "What means this?" The shepherds answered, "This man is named Godly-man, and this garment is to shew the innocency of his life. Now those that throw dirt at him are such as hate his well-doing; but, as you see, the dirt will not stick upon his clothes: so it shall

be with him that liveth truly innocently in the world. Whoever they be that would make such men dirty, they labour all in vain; for God, by that a little time is spent, will cause that their innocence shall break forth as the light, and their righteousness as the noon-day."

Then they took them, and had them to Mount Charity, where they shewed them a man that had a bundle of cloth lying before him, out of which he cut coats and garments for the poor that stood about him; yet his bundle or roll of cloth was never the less.

Then said they, "What should this be?" "This is," said the shepherds, "to shew you, that he that hath a heart to give

of his labour to the poor, shall never want wherewithal. He that watereth shall be watered himself. And the cake that the widow gave to the prophet did not cause that she had ever the less in her barrel."

They had them also to a place where they saw one Fool and one Want-wit washing of an Ethiopian with intention to make him white; but the more they washed him the blacker he was. They then asked the shepherds what that should mean. So they told them, saying, "Thus shall it be with the vile person; all means used to get such an one a good name shall, in conclusion, tend but to make him more abominable. Thus it was with the Pharisees, and so shall it be with all hypocrites."

Then said Mercy the wife of Matthew to Christiana her mother, "Mother, I would, if it might be, see the hole in the hill, or that commonly called the By-way to Hell." So her mother brake her mind to the shepherds. Then they went to the door; it was in the side of an hill, and they opened it, and bid Mercy hearken awhile. So she hearkened, and heard one saying, "Cursed be my father for holding of my feet back from the way of peace and life;" and another said, "Oh, that I had been torn in pieces before I had, to save my life, lost my soul;" and another said, "If I were to live again, how would I deny myself rather than come to this place." Then there was as if the very earth had groaned and quaked under the feet of this young woman for fear; so she looked white, and came trembling away, saying, "Blessed be he and she that is delivered from this place."

Now when the shepherds had shewed them all these things, then they had them back to the palace, and entertained them with what the house would afford; but Mercy, being a young and breeding woman, longed for something that she saw there, but was ashamed to ask. Her mother-in-law then

asked her what she ailed, for she looked as one not well. Then said Mercy, "There is a looking-glass hangs up in the dining-room, off of which I cannot take my mind; if, therefore, I have it not, I think I shall miscarry." Then said her mother, "I will mention thy wants to the shepherds, and they will not deny it thee." But she said, "I am ashamed that these men should know that I longed." "Nay, my daughter," said she, "it is no shame but a virtue to long for such a thing as that;" so Mercy said, "Then, mother, if you please, ask the shepherds if they are willing to sell it."

Now the glass was one of a thousand. It would present a man, one way, with his own feature exactly; and turn it but another way, and it would shew one the very face and similitude of the Prince of pilgrims himself. Yea, I have talked with them that can tell, and they have said, that they have

seen the very crown of thorns upon His head by looking in that glass; they have therein also seen the holes in His hands, in His feet, and His side. Yea, such an excellency is there in that glass, that it will shew Him to one where they have a mind to see Him, whether living or dead, whether in earth or heaven, whether in a state of humiliation or in His exaltation, whether coming to suffer or coming to reign.*

Christiana, therefore, went to the shepherds apart (now the names of the shepherds are Knowledge, Experience, Watchful, and Sincere), and said unto them, "There is one of my daughters, a breeding woman, that I think doth long for something that she hath seen in this house, and she thinks she shall miscarry if she should by you be denied."

EXPERIENCE. "Call her, call her; she shall assuredly have what we can help her to." So they called her, and said to her, "Mercy, what is that thing thou wouldest have?" Then she blushed, and said, "The great glass that hangs up in the dining-room." So Sincere ran and fetched it; and with a joyful consent it was given her. Then she bowed her head and gave thanks, and said, "By this I know that I have obtained favour in your eyes."

They also gave to the other young women such things as they desired, and to their husbands great commendations for that they joined with Mr. Greatheart to the slaying of Giant Despair and the demolishing of Doubting Castle.

About Christiana's neck the shepherds put a bracelet, and so they did about the necks of her four daughters; also they put ear-rings in their ears and jewels on their foreheads.

When they were minded to go hence, they let them go in peace; but gave not to them those certain cautions which before were given to Christian and his companion. The reason was, for that these had Great-heart to be their guide, who was one that was well acquainted with things, and so could give them their cautions more seasonably, to wit, even then when the danger was nigh the approaching.

* James i. 23; 1 Cor. xiii. 12; 2 Cor. iii. 18.

What cautions Christian and his companion had received of the shepherds, they had also lost by that the time was come that they had need to put them in practice. Wherefore here was the advantage that this company had over the other.

From hence they went on singing; and they said:

"Behold, how fitly are the stages set
For their relief that pilgrims are become;
And how they us receive without one let
That make the other life our mark and home.

What novelties they have to us they give,
That we, though pilgrims, joyful lives may live;
They do upon us too such things bestow,
That shew we pilgrims are where'er we go."

When they were gone from the shepherds, they quickly came to the place where Christian met with one Turn-away, that dwelt in the town of Apostacy. Wherefore of him, Mr. Great-heart their guide did now put them in mind, saying, "This is the place where Christian met with one Turn-away, who carried with him the character of his rebellion at his back. And this I have to say concerning this man, He would hearken to no counsel, but once a falling, persuasion could not stop him (Heb. x. 26–29). When he came to the place where the cross and the sepulchre was, he did meet with one that did bid him look there; but he gnashed with his teeth, and stamped, and said he was resolved to go back to his own town. Before he came to the gate, he met with Evangelist, who offered to lay hands on him, to turn him into the way again. But this Turn-away resisted him, and having done much despite unto him, he got away over the wall, and so escaped his hand."

Then they went on, and just at the place where Little-faith formerly was robbed there stood a man with his sword drawn, and his face all bloody. Then said Mr. Great-heart, "What art thou?" The man made answer, saying, "I am one whose name is Valiant-for-truth. I am a pilgrim, and am going to the Celestial City. Now as I was in my way, there was three men did beset me, and propounded unto me these three things: 1. Whether I would become one of them? 2. Or go back from whence I came? 3. Or die upon the place? To the first I answered, I had been a true man a long season, and therefore it could not be expected that I now should cast in my lot with thieves (Prov. i. 10–14). Then they demanded what I would say to the second. So I told them that the place from whence I came, had I not found incommodity there, I had not forsaken it at all; but finding it altogether unsuitable to me, and very unprofitable for me, I forsook it for this way. Then they asked me what I said to

the third; and I told them my life cost more dear far, than that I should lightly give it away. Besides, you have nothing to do thus to put things to my choice; wherefore at your peril be it if you meddle. Then these three, to wit, Wild-head, Inconsiderate, and Pragmatic, drew upon me, and I also drew upon them.

"So we fell to it, one against three, for the space of above three hours. They have left upon me, as you see, some of the marks of their valour, and have also carried away with them some of mine. They are but just now gone. I suppose they might, as the saying is, hear your horse dash, and so they betook them to flight."

GREAT-HEART. But here was great odds, three against one!

VALIANT. "'Tis true; but little and more are nothing to him that has the truth on his side. Though an host should encamp against me, said one, my heart shall not fear. Though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident, &c. (Ps. xxvii. 3.) Besides," said he, "I have read in some records, that one man has fought an army; and how many did Samson slay with the jawbone of an ass?"

GREAT-HEART. Then said the guide, "Why did you not cry out, that some might a come in for your succour."

VALIANT. So did I, to my King, who I knew could hear, and afford invisible help; and that was sufficient for me.

GREAT-HEART. Then said Great-heart to Mr. Valiant-for-truth, "Thou hast worthily behaved thyself: let me see thy sword." So he shewed it him.

When he had taken it in his hand, and looked thereon a while, he said, "Ah, it is a right Jerusalem blade!"

VALIANT. It is so. Let a man have one of these blades, with a hand to wield it, and skill to use it, and he may venture upon an angel with it. He need not fear its holding, if he can but tell how to lay on. Its edges will never blunt. It will cut flesh, and bones, and soul, and spirit, and all (Ephes. vi. 12–17; Heb. iv. 12).

GREAT-HEART. But you fought a great while, I wonder you was not weary.

VALIANT. I fought till my sword did cleave to my hand (2 Sam. xxiii. 10); and when they were joined together, as if a sword grew out of my arm, and when the blood run through my fingers, then I fought with most courage.

GREAT-HEART. Thou hast done well; thou hast resisted unto blood, striving against sin. Thou shalt abide by us, come in, and go out with us, for we are thy companions.

Then they took him and washed his wounds, and gave him of what they had to refresh him; and so they went on together. Now as they went on, because Mr. Great-heart was delighted in him (for he loved one greatly that he found to be a man of his hands), and because there was with his company them that was feeble and weak therefore he questioned with him about many things; as first, "What countryman he was?"

VALIANT. I am of Dark-land, for there I was born; and there my father and mother are still.

GREAT-HEART. "Dark-land," said the guide; "doth not that lie upon the same coast with the City of Destruction?"

VALIANT. Yes, it doth. Now that which caused me to come on pilgrimage was this. We had one Mr. Tell-true came into our parts, and he told it about what Christian had done, that went from the City of Destruction; namely, how he had for-

saken his wife and children, and had betaken himself to a pilgrim's life. It was also confidently reported how he had killed a serpent that did come out to resist him in his journey; and how he got through to whither he intended. It was also told what welcome he had at all his Lord's lodgings, specially when he came to the gates of the Celestial City; "For there," said the man, "he was received with sound of trumpet by a

company of shining ones." He told it also how all the bells in the city did ring for joy at his reception, and what golden garments he was clothed with, with many other things that now I shall forbear to relate. In a word, that man so told the story of Christian and his travels, that my heart fell into a burning haste to be gone after him; nor could father or mother stay me; so I got from them, and am come thus far on my way.

GREAT-HEART. You came in at the gate, did you not?

VALIANT. Yes, yes; for the same man also told us, that all would be nothing, if we did not begin to enter this way at the gate.

GREAT-HEART. "Look you," said the guide to Christiana, "the pilgrimage of your husband, and what he has gotten thereby, is spread abroad far and near."

VALIANT. Why, is this Christian's wife?

GREAT-HEART. Yes, that it is; and these are also her four sons.

VALIANT. What! and going on pilgrimage too?

GREAT-HEART. Yes, verily; they are following after.

VALIANT. It glads me at heart! Good man! How joyful will he be when he shall see them that would not go with him, yet to enter after him in at the gates into the city.

GREAT-HEART. Without doubt it will be a comfort to him; for next to the joy of seeing himself there, it will be a joy to meet there his wife and his children.

VALIANT. But now you are upon that, pray let me hear your opinion about it. Some make a question whether we shall know one another when we are there.

GREAT-HEART. "Do they think they shall know themselves, then? or that they shall rejoice to see themselves in that bliss? And if they think they shall know and do these, why not know others, and rejoice in their welfare also?

"Again, since relations are our second self, though that state will be dissolved there, yet why may it not be rationally concluded, that we shall be more glad to see them there, than to see they are wanting?"

VALIANT. Well, I perceive whereabouts you are as to this.

Have you any more things to ask me about my beginning to come on pilgrimage?

GREAT-HEART. Yes; was your father and mother willing that you should become a pilgrim?

VALIANT. Oh, no; they used all means imaginable to persuade me to stay at home.

GREAT-HEART. Why, what could they say against it?

VALIANT. They said it was an idle life, and if I myself were not inclined to sloth and laziness, I would never countenance a pilgrim's condition.

GREAT-HEART. And what did they say else?

VALIANT. Why, they told me that it was a dangerous way; "yea, the most dangerous way in the world," said they, "is that which the pilgrims go."

GREAT-HEART. Did they shew wherein this way was so dangerous?

VALIANT. Yes; and that in many particulars.

GREAT-HEART. Name some of them.

VALIANT. They told me of the Slough of Despond, where Christian was wellnigh smothered They told me that there were archers standing ready in Beelzebub Castle to shoot

them that should knock at the wicket-gate for entrance. They told me also of the wood and dark mountains, of the hill Difficulty, of the lions, and also of the three giants, Bloody-man, Maul, and Slay-good. They said, moreover, that there was a foul fiend haunted the Valley of Humiliation, and that Christian was by him almost bereft of life. "Besides," said they, "you must go over the Valley of the Shadow of Death, where the hobgoblins are, where the light is darkness, where the way is full of snares, pits, traps, and gins." They told me also of Giant Despair, of Doubting Castle, and of the ruins that the pilgrims met with there. Further, they said, I must go over the Enchanted Ground, which was dangerous. And that, after all this, I should find a river, over which I should find no bridge, and that that river did lie betwixt me and the Celestial Country.

GREAT-HEART. And was this all?

VALIANT. No; they also told me that this way was full of deceivers, and of persons that laid await there to turn good men out of the path.

GREAT-HEART. But how did they make that out?

VALIANT. They told me that Mr. Worldly Wiseman did there lie in wait to deceive. They also said that there was Formality and Hypocrisy continually on the road. They said also that By-ends, Talkative, or Demas, would go near to gather me up; that the Flatterer would catch me in his net; or, that, with green-headed Ignorance, I would presume to go on to the gate, from whence he was sent back to the hole that was in the side of the hill, and made to go the by-way to hell.

GREAT-HEART. I promise you, this was enough to discourage. But did they make an end here?

VALIANT. No; stay. They told me also of many that had tried that way of old, and that had gone a great way therein, to see if they could find something of the glory there that so many had so much talked of from time to time; and how they came back again, and befooled themselves for setting a foot out of doors in that path, to the satisfaction of all the country. And they named several that did so, as Obstinate

and Pliable, Mistrust and Timorous, Turn-away and old Atheist, with several more, who, they said, had, some of them, gone far to see if they could find, but not one of them found so much advantage by going as amounted to the weight of a feather.

GREAT-HEART. Said they anything more to discourage you?

VALIANT. Yes; they told me of one Mr. Fearing, who was a pilgrim, and how he found this way so solitary, that he never had comfortable hour therein; also that Mr. Despondency had like to a been starved therein; yea, and also, which I had almost forgot, that Christian himself, about whom there has been such a noise, after all his adventures for a celestial crown, was certainly drowned in the Black River, and never went foot farther; however it was smothered up.

GREAT-HEART. And did none of these things discourage you?

VALIANT. No; they seemed but as so many nothings to me.

GREAT-HEART. How came that about?

VALIANT. Why, I still believed what Mr. Tell-true had said; and that carried me beyond them all.

GREAT-HEART. Then this was your victory, even your faith.

VALIANT. It was so; I believed, and therefore came out, got into the way, fought all that set themselves against me, and, by believing, am come to this place.

"Who would true valour see
Let him come hither;
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather.
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avow'd intent
To be a pilgrim.

Who so beset him round
With dismal stories
Do but themselves confound;
His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright,
He'll with a giant fight;
But he will have a right
To be a pilgrim.

Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
Can daunt his spirit:
He knows he at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then, fancies, fly away!
He'll fear not what men say;
He'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim."

By this time they were got to the Enchanted Ground, where the air naturally tended to make one drowsy. And that place was all grown over with briers and thorns, excepting here and there, where was an enchanted arbour, upon which, if a man sits, or in which, if a man sleeps, 'tis a question, say some, whether ever they shall rise or wake again in this world. Over this forest, therefore, they went, both one with another; and Mr. Great-heart went before, for that he was the guide, and Mr. Valiant-for-truth he came behind, being there a guard, for fear lest peradventure some fiend, or dragon, or giant, or thief, should fall upon their rear, and so do mischief. They went on here each man with his sword drawn in his hand, for they knew it was a dangerous place. Also they cheered up one

another as well as they could. Feeble-mind Mr. Great-heart commanded should come up after him, and Mr. Despondency was under the eye of Mr. Valiant.

Now they had not gone far, but a great mist and a darkness fell upon them all, so that they could scarce, for a great while, see the one the other. Wherefore they were forced for some time to feel for one another by words, for they walked not by sight.

But any one must think, that here was but sorry going for the best of them all; but how much worse for the women and children, who both of feet and heart were but tender. Yet so it was, that, through the encouraging words of he that led in the front, and of him that brought them up behind, they made a pretty good shift to wag along.

The way also was here very wearisome through dirt and slabbiness. Nor was there on all this ground so much as one inn or victualling-house, therein to refresh the feebler sort. Here, therefore, was grunting and puffing and sighing: while one tumbleth over a bush, another sticks fast in the dirt, and the children, some of them, lost their shoes in the mire. While one cries out, "I am down;" and another, "Ho! where are you?" and a third, "The bushes have got such fast hold on me, I think I cannot get away from them."

Then they came at an arbour, warm, and promising much refreshing to the pilgrims; for it was finely wrought above-head, beautified with greens, furnished with benches and settles. It also had in it a soft couch whereon the weary might lean. This, you must think, all things considered, was tempting; for the pilgrims already began to be foiled with the badness of the way; but there was not one of them that made so much as a motion to stop there. Yea, for aught I could perceive, they continually gave so good heed to the advice of their guide, and he did so faithfully tell them of dangers, and of the nature of dangers when they were at them, that usually, when they were nearest to them, they did most pluck up their spirits, and hearten one another to deny the flesh. This arbour was called the Slothful's Friend, on

purpose to allure, if it might be, some of the pilgrims there, to take up their rest when weary.

I saw then in my dream, that they went on in this their solitary ground, till they came to a place at which a man is apt to lose his way. Now, though, when it was light, their guide could well enough tell how to miss those ways that led wrong, yet, in the dark, he was put to a stand; but he had in his pocket a map of all ways leading to or from the Celestial City; wherefore he struck a light (for he never goes also without his tinder-box), and takes a view of his book or map, which bids him be careful in that place to turn to the right-hand way. And had he not here been careful to look in his map, they had all, in probability, been smothered in the mud; for just a little before them, and that at the end of the cleanest way too, was a pit, none knows how deep, full of nothing but mud, there made on purpose to destroy the pilgrims in.

Then thought I with myself, who that goeth on pilgrimage, but would have one of these maps about him, that he may look, when he is at a stand, which is the way he must take?

They went on then in this Enchanted Ground, till they came to where was another arbour, and it was built by the highway-side. And in that arbour there lay two men whose names were Heedless and Too-bold. These two went thus far on pilgrimage; but here, being wearied with their journey, they sat down to rest themselves, and so fell fast asleep. When the pilgrims saw them, they stood still and shook their heads, for they knew that the sleepers were in a pitiful case. Then they consulted what to do, whether to go on and leave them in their sleep, or to step to them and try to awake them. So they concluded to go to them and wake them, that is, if they could; but with this caution, namely, to take heed that themselves did not sit down, nor embrace the offered benefit of that arbour.

So they went in and spake to the men, and called each by his name (for the guide, it seems, did know them); but there was no voice nor answer. Then the guide did shake them,

and do what he could to disturb them. Then said one of them, "I will pay you when I take my money;" at which the guide shook his head. "I will fight so long as I can hold my sword in my hand," said the other. At that, one of the children laughed.

Then said Christiana, "What is the meaning of this?" The guide said, "They talk in their sleep. If you strike them, beat them, or whatever else you do to them, they will answer you after this fashion; or as one of them said in old time, when the waves of the sea did beat upon him, and he slept as one upon the mast of a ship, 'When I awake I will seek it again' (Prov. xxiii. 34, 35). You know, when m talk in their sleeps, they say anything; but their words are not governed either by faith or reason. There is an inco-

herency in their words now, as there was before, betwixt their going on pilgrimage and sitting down here. This, then, is the mischief on't; when heedless ones go on pilgrimage, 'tis twenty to one but they are served thus. For this Enchanted Ground is one of the last refuges that the enemy to pilgrims has; wherefore it is, as you see, placed almost at the end of the way; and so it standeth against us with the more advantage. For when, thinks the enemy, will these fools be so desirous to sit down as when they are weary? and when so like to be weary as when almost at their journey's end? Therefore it is, I say, that the Enchanted Ground is placed so nigh to the land Beulah, and so near the end of their race. Wherefore let pilgrims look to themselves, lest it happen to them as it has done to these that, as you see, are fallen asleep, and none can wake them."

Then the pilgrims desired with trembling to go forward, only they prayed their guide to strike a light, that they might go the rest of their way by the help of the light of a lantern (2 Pet. i. 19). So he struck a light, and they went by the help of that through the rest of this way, though the darkness was very great.

But the children began to be sorely weary, and they cried out unto Him that loveth pilgrims, to make their way more comfortable. So by that they had gone a little farther, a wind arose that drove away the fog; so the air became more clear.

Yet they were not off, by much, of the Enchanted Ground; only now they could see one another better, and the way wherein they should walk.

Now, when they were almost at the end of this ground, they perceived that a little before them was a solemn noise, as of one that was much concerned. So they went on and looked before them, and behold, they saw, as they thought, a man upon his knees, with hands and eyes lifted up, and speaking, as they thought, earnestly to one that was above. They drew nigh, but could not tell what he said; so they went softly till he had done. When he had done, he got up, and began to run towards the Celestial City. Then Mr. Great-heart called after him, saying, "Soho, friend, let us have your company, if you go, as I suppose you do, to the Celestial City." So the man stopped, and they came up to him. But so soon as Mr. Honest saw him, he said, "I know this man." Then said Mr. Valiant-for-truth, "Prithee, who is it?" "'Tis one," said he, "that comes from whereabouts I dwelt, his name is Standfast; he is certainly a right-good pilgrim."

So they came up one to another, and presently Standfast said to old Honest, "Ho, Father Honest, are you there?" "Ay," said he, "that I am, as sure as you are there." "Right glad am I," said Mr. Standfast, "that I have found you on this road." "And as glad am I," said the other, "that I espied you upon your knees." Then Mr. Standfast blushed, and said, "But why; did you see me?" "Yes, that I did," quoth the other; "and with my heart was glad at the sight." "Why, what did you think?" said Standfast. "Think," said old Honest, "what should I think? I thought we had an honest man upon the road, and therefore should have his company by and by." "If you thought not amiss, how happy am I! But if I be not as I should, I alone must bear it." "That is true," said the other; "but your fear doth further confirm me that things are right betwixt the Prince of

pilgrims and your soul. For he saith, 'Blessed is the man that feareth always.'"

VALIANT. Well, but brother, I pray thee tell us what was it that was the cause of thy being upon thy knees, even now? Was it for that some special mercy laid obligations upon thee, or how?

STANDFAST. Why, we are, as you see, upon the Enchanted Ground, and as I was coming along, I was musing with myself of what a dangerous road the road in this place was, and how many that had come even thus far on pilgrimage, had here been stopped, and been destroyed. I thought also of the manner of the death with which this place destroyeth men. Those that die here, die of no violent distemper; the death which such die is not grievous to them. For he that goeth away in a sleep, begins that journey with desire and pleasure. Yea, such acquiesce in the will of that disease.

HONEST. Then Mr. Honest, interrupting of him, said, "Did you see the two men asleep in the arbour?"

STANDFAST. Ay, ay, I saw Heedless and Too-bold there; and for aught I know, there they will lie till they rot (Prov. x. 7). But let me go on in my tale. As I was thus musing, as I said, there was one in very pleasant attire, but old, that presented herself unto me, and offered me three things, to wit, her body, her purse, and her bed. Now the truth is, I was both aweary and sleepy; I am also as poor as an owlet, and that perhaps the witch knew. Well, I repulsed her once and twice, but she put by my repulses, and smiled. Then I began to be angry, but she mattered that nothing at all. Then she made offers again, and said, "If I would be ruled by her, she would make me great and happy. For," said she, "I am the mistress of the world, and men are made happy by me." Then I asked her name, and she told me it was "Madam Bubble." This set me further from her; but she still followed me with enticements. Then I betook me, as you see, to my knees, and with hands lifted up, and cries, I prayed to Him that had said He would help. So just as you came up, the gentlewoman went her way. Then I continued to give thanks for this my great deliverance; for I verily believe she

intended no good, but rather sought to make stop of me in my journey.

HONEST. Without doubt her designs were bad. But stay, now you talk of her, methinks I either have seen her, or have read some story of her.

STANDFAST. Perhaps you have done both.

HONEST. Madam Bubble! Is she not a tall, comely dame, something of a swarthy complexion?

STANDFAST. Right, you hit it, she is just such an one.

HONEST. Doth she not speak very smoothly, and give you a smile at the end of a sentence?

STANDFAST. You fall right upon it again, for these are her very actions.

HONEST. Doth she not wear a great purse by her side, and

is not her hand often in it, fingering her money, as if that was her heart's delight?

STANDFAST. 'Tis just so. Had she stood by all this while, you could not more amply have set her forth before me, nor have better described her features.

HONEST. Then he that drew her picture was a good limner, and he that wrote of her said true.

GREAT-HEART. This woman is a witch, and it is by virtue of her sorceries that this ground is enchanted; whoever doth lay their head down in her lap, had as good lay it down upon that block over which the axe doth hang; and whoever lay their eyes upon her beauty, are counted the enemies of God (James iv. 4; 1 John ii. 15). This is she that maintaineth in their splendour all those that are the enemies of pilgrims. Yea, this is she that has bought off many a man from a pilgrim's life. She is a great gossiper, she is always, both she and her daughters, at one pilgrim's heels or other, now commending, and then preferring the excellencies of this life. She is a bold and impudent slut; she will talk with any man. She always laugheth poor pilgrims to scorn, but highly commends the rich. If there be one cunning to get money in a place, she will speak well of him from house to house. She loveth banqueting and feasting mainly well; she is always at one full table or another. She has given it out in some places that she is a goddess, and therefore some do worship her. She has her times and open places of cheating, and she will say and avow it, that none can shew a good comparable to

hers. She promiseth to dwell with children's children, if they will but love and make much of her. She will cast out of her purse gold like dust, in some places and to some persons. She loves to be sought after, spoken well of, and to lie in the bosoms of men. She is never weary of commending her commodities, and she loves them most that think best of her. She will promise to some crowns and kingdoms, if they will but take her advice; yet many has she brought to the halter, and ten thousand times more to hell.

STANDFAST. "Oh!" said Standfast, "what a mercy is it that I did resist her; for whither might she a drawn me?"

GREAT-HEART. "Whither! nay, none but God knows whither. But in general, to be sure, she would a drawn thee 'into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition' (1 Tim. vi. 9).

"'Twas she that set Absalom against his father, and Jeroboam against his master. 'Twas she that persuaded Judas to sell his Lord, and that prevailed with Demas to forsake the godly pilgrim's life: none can tell of the mischief that she doth. She makes variance betwixt rulers and subjects, betwixt parents and children, 'twixt neighbour and neighbour, 'twixt a man and his wife, 'twixt a man and himself, 'twixt the flesh and the heart.

"Wherefore, good master Standfast, be as your name is, and when you have done all, stand."

At this discourse, there was among the pilgrims a mixture of joy and trembling; but at length they brake out and sang:

"What danger is the pilgrim in,
How many are his foes,
How many ways there are to sin,
No living mortal knows!
Some of the ditch shy are, yet can
Lie tumbling on the mire;
Some, though they shun the frying-pan,
Do leap into the fire."

After this I beheld until they were come unto the land of Beulah, where the sun shineth night and day. Here, because

they was weary, they betook themselves a while to rest. And because this country was common for pilgrims, and because the orchards and vineyards that were here belonged to the King of the Celestial Country, therefore they were licensed to make bold with any of his things.

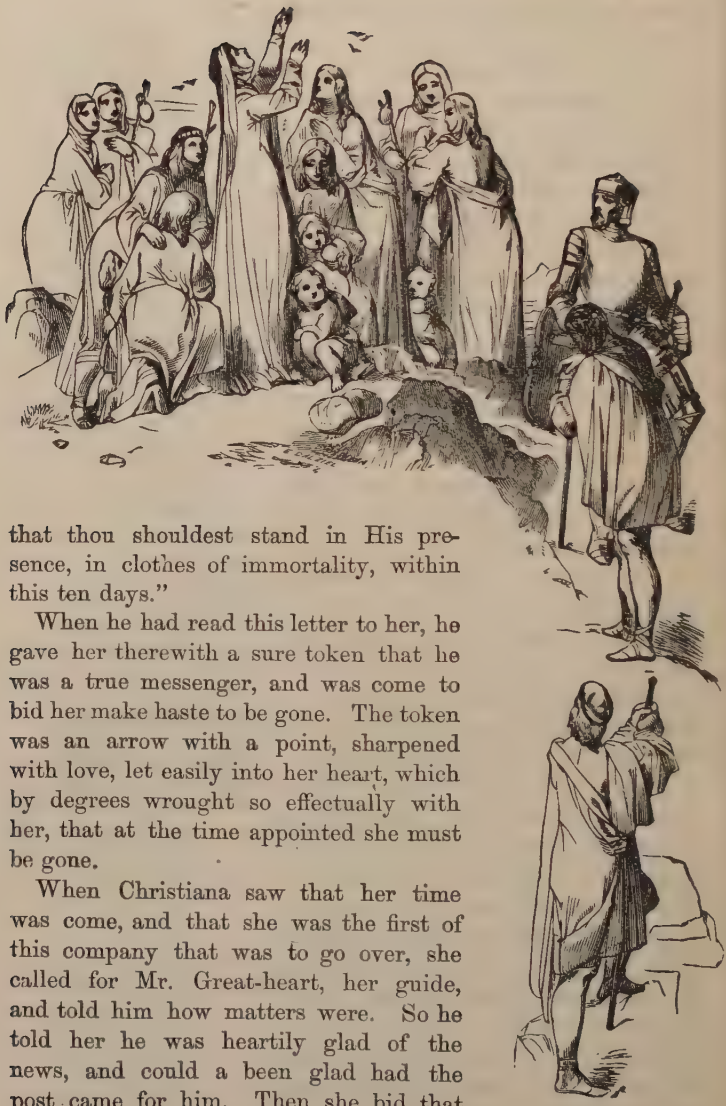
But a little while soon refreshed them here, for the bells did so ring, and the trumpets continually sound so melodiously, that they could not sleep; and yet they received as much refreshing as if they had slept their sleep never so soundly. Here also all the noise of them that walked the streets was, "More pilgrims are come to town." And another would answer, saying, "And so many went over the water, and were let in at the golden gates to-day." They would cry again, "There is now a legion of shining ones just come to town, by which we know that there are more pilgrims upon the road; for here they come to wait for them, and to comfort them after all their sorrow." Then the pilgrims got up and walked to and fro; but how were their ears now filled with heavenly noises, and their eyes delighted with celestial visions! In this land they heard nothing, saw nothing, felt nothing, smelt nothing, tasted nothing, that was offensive to their stomach or mind; only when they tasted of the water of the river, over which they were to go, they thought that tasted a little bitterish to

the palate, but it proved sweeter when 'twas down.

In this place there was a record kept of the names of them that had been pilgrims of old, and a history of all the famous acts that they had done. It was here also much discoursed, how the river to some had had its flowings, and what ebbings it has had while others have gone over. It has been in a manner dry for some, while it has overflowed its banks for others.

In this place, the children of the town would go into the King's gardens, and gather nosegays for the pilgrims, and bring them to them with much affection. Here also grew camphor, with spikenard, and saffron, calamus, and cinnamon, with all its trees of frankincense, myrrh, and aloes, with all chief spices. With these the pilgrims' chambers were perfumed while they stayed here; and with these were their bodies anointed, to prepare them to go over the river when the time appointed was come.

Now, while they lay here and waited for the good hour, there was a noise in the town that there was a post come from the Celestial city with matter of great importance to one Christiana, the wife of Christian the pilgrim. So inquiry was made for her, and the house was found out where she was, so the post presented her with a letter; the contents whereof was, "Hail, good woman, I bring thee tidings that the Master calleth for thee, and expecteth



that thou shouldest stand in His presence, in clothes of immortality, within this ten days."

When he had read this letter to her, he gave her therewith a sure token that he was a true messenger, and was come to bid her make haste to be gone. The token was an arrow with a point, sharpened with love, let easily into her heart, which by degrees wrought so effectually with her, that at the time appointed she must be gone.

When Christiana saw that her time was come, and that she was the first of this company that was to go over, she called for Mr. Great-heart, her guide, and told him how matters were. So he told her he was heartily glad of the news, and could a been glad had the post came for him. Then she bid that

he should give advice how all things should be prepared for her journey.

So he told her saying, "Thus and thus it must be, and we that survive will accompany you to the river-side."

Then she called for her children, and gave them her blessing; and told them that she yet read with comfort the mark that was set in their foreheads, and was glad to see them with her there, and that they had kept their garments so white. Lastly, she bequeathed to the poor that little she had, and commanded her sons and her daughters to be ready against the messenger should come for them.

When she had spoken these words to her guide and to her children, she called for Mr. Valiant-for-truth, and said unto him, "Sir, you have in all places shewed yourself true-hearted, be faithful unto death, and my King will give you a crown of life. I would also entreat you to have an eye to my children; and if at any time you see them faint, speak comfortably to them. For my daughters, my sons' wives, they have been faithful; and a fulfilling of the promise upon them will be their end." But she gave Mr. Standfast a ring.

Then she called for old Mr. Honest, and said of him, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile." Then said he, "I wish you a fair day when you set out for Mount Zion, and shall be glad to see that you go over the river dryshod." But she answered,

"Come wet, come dry, I long to be gone; for however the weather is in my journey, I shall have time enough when come there, to sit down and rest me, and dry me."

Then came in that good man Mr. Ready-to-halt to see her. So she said to him, "Thy travel hither has been with difficulty; but that will make thy rest the sweeter. But watch, and be ready, for at an hour when you think not, the messenger may come."

After him came in Mr. Despondency and his daughter Much-afraid; to whom she said, "You ought with thankfulness for ever to remember your deliverance from the hands of Giant Despair and out of Doubting Castle. The effect of that mercy is, that you are brought with safety hither. Be ye watchful, and cast away fear; be sober, and hope to the end."

Then she said to Mr. Feeble-mind, "Thou wast delivered from the mouth of Giant Slaygood, that thou mightest live in the light of the living for ever, and see thy King with comfort. Only I advise thee to repent thee of thy aptness to fear and doubt of His goodness before He sends for thee, lest thou shouldest, when He comes, be forced to stand before Him for that fault with blushing."

Now the day drew on that Christiana must be gone. So the road was full of people to see her take her journey. But behold, all the banks beyond the river were full of horses and chariots, which were come down from above to accompany her to the city-gate. So she came forth, and entered the river with a beckon of farewell to those that followed her to the river-side. The last word she was heard to say here was, "I come, Lord, to be with Thee, and bless Thee."

So her children and friends returned to their place, for that those that waited for Christiana had carried her out of their sight. So she went and called, and entered in at the gate with all the ceremonies of joy that her husband Christian had done before her.

At her departure her children wept, but Mr. Great-heart and Mr. Valiant played upon the well-tuned cymbal and harp for joy. So all departed to their respective places.

In process of time there came a post to the town again, and his business was with Mr. Ready-to-halt. So he inquired him out, and said to him, "I am come to thee in the name of Him whom thou hast loved and followed, though upon crutches. And my message is to tell thee, that He expects thee at His table to sup with Him in His kingdom the next day after Easter. Wherefore prepare thyself for this journey."

Then he also gave him a token that he was a true messenger, saying, "I have broken thy golden bowl, and loosed thy silver cord" (Eccles. xii. 6).

After this, Mr. Ready-to-halt called for his fellow-pilgrims,

nd told them, saying, "I am sent for, and God shall surely visit you also." So he desired Mr. Valiant to make his will. And because he had nothing to bequeath to them that should survive him but his crutches and his good wishes, therefore thus he said, "These crutches I bequeath to my son that shall tread in my steps, with an hundred warm wishes that he may prove better than I have done."

Then he thanked Mr. Great-heart for his conduct and kindness, and so addressed himself to his journey. When he came at the brink of the river, he said, "Now I shall have no more need of these crutches, since yonder are chariots and horses for me to ride on." The last words he was heard to say was, "Welcome, life!" So he went his way.

After this, Mr. Feeble-mind had tidings brought him that the post sounded his horn at his chamber-door. Then he came in and told him, saying, "I am come to tell thee that thy Master has need of thee, and that in very little time thou must behold His face in brightness. And take this as a token of the truth of my message, 'Those that look out at the windows shall be darkened'" (Eccles. xii. 3).

Then Mr. Feeble-mind called for his friends, and told them what errand had been brought unto him, and what token he had received of the truth of the message. Then he said, "Since I have nothing to bequeath to any, to what purpose should I make a will? As for my feeble mind, that I will leave behind me, for that I have no need of that in the place whither I go; nor is it worth bestowing upon the poorest pilgrim; wherefore, when I am gone, I desire that you, Mr. Valiant, would bury it in a dunghill." This done, and the day being come in which he was to depart, he entered the river as the rest. His last words were, "Hold out faith and patience." So he went over to the other side.

When days had many of them passed away, Mr. Despondency was sent for. For a post was come, and brought this message to him: "Trembling man, these are to summon thee to be ready with thy King by the next Lord's day, to shout for joy for thy deliverance from all thy doubtings."

And said the messenger, "That my message is true, take this for a proof." So he gave him the grasshopper to be a burden unto him (Eccles. xii. 5). Now **Mr.** Despondency's daughter, whose name was Much-afraid, said, when she heard what was done, that she would go with her father. Then Mr. Despondency said to his friends, "Myself and my daughter, you know what we have been, and how troublesomely we have behaved ourselves in every company. My will and my daughter's is, that our desponds and slavish fears be by no man ever received from the day of our departure for ever; for I know that after my death, they will offer themselves to others. For, to be plain with you, they are ghosts, the which we entertained when we first began to be pilgrims, and could never shake them off after. And they will walk about, and

seek entertainment of the pilgrims; but for our sakes, shut ye the doors upon them."

When the time was come for them to depart, they went to the brink of the river. The last words of Mr. Despondency were, "Farewell night, welcome day!" His daughter went through the river singing; but none could understand what she said.

Then it came to pass, a while after, that there was a post in the town that inquired for Mr. Honest. So he came to his house where he was, and delivered to his hand these lines:—"Thou art commanded to be ready against this day seven-night, to present thyself before thy Lord at His Father's house. And for a token that my message is true, 'all the daughters of music shall be brought low'" (Eccles. xii. 4). Then Mr. Honest called for his friends, and said unto them, "I die, but shall make no will. As for my honesty, it shall go with me; let him that comes after be told of this." When the day that he was to be gone was come, he addressed himself to go over the river. Now the river at that time overflowed the banks in some places. But Mr. Honest, in his life-time, had spoken to one Good-conscience to meet him there, the which he also did, and lent him his hand, and so helped him over. The last words of Mr. Honest were, "Grace reigns." So he left the world.

After this it was noised abroad that Mr. Valiant-for-truth was taken with a summons by the same post as the other; and had this for a token that the summons was true, that his pitcher was broken at the fountain (Eccles. xii. 6). When he understood it, he called for his friends, and told them of it. Then said he, "I am going to my Father's, and though with great difficulty I am got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought His battles who now will be my Rewarder." When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the river-side; into which as he went he said, "Death,

where is thy sting?" And as he went down deeper, he said, "Grave, where is thy victory?" So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

Then there came forth a summons for Mr. Standfast (this Mr. Standfast was he that the rest of the pilgrims found upon his knees in the Enchanted Ground); for the post brought it him open in his hands. The contents whereof were, that he must prepare for a change of life, for his Master was not willing that he should be so far from Him any longer. At this Mr. Standfast was put into a muse; "Nay," said the messenger, "you need not doubt of the truth of my message, for here is a token of the truth thereof, 'thy wheel is broken at the cistern'" (Eccles. xii. 6). Then he called to him Mr. Great-heart, who was their guide, and said unto him, "Sir, although it was not my hap to be much in your good company in the days of my pilgrimage, yet, since the time I knew you, you have been profitable to me. When I came from home, I left behind me a wife and five small children. Let me entreat you at your return (for I know that you will go, and return to your Master's house, in hopes that you may

yet be a conductor to more of the holy pilgrims), that you send to my family, and let them be acquainted with all that hath and shall happen unto me. Tell them, moreover, of my happy arrival to this place, and of the present late blessed condition that I am in. Tell them also of Christian and Christiana his wife, and how she and her children came after her husband. Tell them also of what a happy end she made, and whither she is gone. I have little or nothing to send to my family, except it be prayers and tears for them; of which it will suffice if thou acquaint them, if peradventure they may prevail." When Mr. Standfast had thus set things in order, and the time being come for him to haste him away, he also went down to the river. Now there was a great calm at that time in the river, wherefore Mr. Standfast, when he was about half-way in, stood awhile, and talked to his companions that had waited upon him thither. And he said:

"This river has been a terror to many; yea, the thoughts of it also have often frighted me. But now, methinks I stand easy; my foot is fixed upon that upon which the feet of the priests that bare the ark of the covenant stood, while Israel went over this Jordan (Jos. iii. 17). The waters, indeed, are to the palate bitter, and to the stomach cold; yet the thoughts of what I am going to, and of the conduct that waits for me on the other side, doth lie as a glowing coal at my heart.

"I see myself now at the end of my journey, my toilsome days are ended. I am going now to see that head that was crowned with thorns, and that face that was spit upon for me.

"I have formerly lived by hearsay and faith; but now I go where I shall live by sight, and shall be with Him in whose company I delight myself.

"I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of, and wherever I have seen the print of His shoe in the earth, there I have coveted to set my foot too.

"His name has been to me as a civet-box, yea, sweeter than all perfumes. His voice to me has been most sweet, and His countenance I have more desired than they that have most desired the light of the sun. His word I did use to gather for my food, and for antidotes against my faintings. He has

held me, and I have kept me from mine iniquities, yea, my steps hath He strengthened in His way."

Now while he was thus in discourse, his countenance changed, his strong man bowed under him; and after he had said, "Take me, for I come unto Thee!" he ceased to be seen of them.

But glorious it was to see how the open region was filled with horses and chariots, with trumpeters and pipers, with singers and players on stringed instruments, to welcome the pilgrims as they went up, and followed one another in at the beautiful gate of the city.

As for Christian's children, the four boys that Christiana brought with her, with their wives and children, I did not stay where I was till they were gone over. Also, since I came away, I heard one say, that they were yet alive, and so would be for the increase of the Church in that place where they were for a time.

Shall it be my lot to go that way again, I may give those that desire it an account of what I here am silent about; meantime, I bid my reader adieu.

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